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Life of William Wilberforce. By his Sons, ROBERT ISAAC WILBERFORCE, M. A., Vicar of East Farlough, late Fellow of Oriel College; and SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, M. A., Rector of Brighthelmston. 4 vols. 8vo., London: 1838.

These volumes record the life of a man who, in an age fertile beyond most others in illustrious characters, reached, by paths till then unexplored, an eminence never before attained by any private member of the British Parliament. We believe we shall render an acceptable service to our readers, by placing them in possession of a general outline of this biography.

William Wilberforce was born at Hull on the 24th of August, 1759. His father, a merchant of that town, traced his descent from a family which had for many generations possessed a large estate at Wilberfoss, in the East Riding of the county of York. From that place was derived the name which the taste, or caprice of his later progenitors, modulated into the form in which it was borne by their celebrated descendant. His mother was nearly allied to many persons of consideration; amongst whom are numbered the present Bishops of Winchester and Chester, and the members of the great London banking-house, of which Lord Carrington was the head.

The father of William Wilberforce died before his son had completed his tenth year; and the ample patrimony which he then inherited was afterwards largely increased on the death of a paternal uncle, to whose guardianship his childhood was committed. By that kinsman he was placed at a school in the immediate neighbourhood of his own residence at Wimbledon, in Surrey. The following are the characteristic terms in which, at the distance of many years, the pupil recorded his recollections of this first stage of his literary education:—'Mr. Chalmers, the master, himself a Scotchman, had an usher of the same nation, whose red beard, for he scarcely shaved once a month, I shall

never forget. They taught French, arithmetic, and Latin. With Greek we did not much meddle. It was frequented chiefly by the sons of merchants, and they taught therefore every thing, and nothing. Here I continued some time as a parlour boarder. I was sent at first among the lodgers, and I can remember, even now, the nauseous food with which we were supplied, and which I could not eat without sickness.'

His early years were not, however, to pass away without some impressions more important, if not more abiding, than those which had been left on his sensitive nerves by the red beard of one of his Scotch teachers, and by the ill savour of the dinners of the other. His uncle's wife was a disciple of George Whitfield, and under her pious care he acquired a familiarity with the Sacred Writings, and a habit of devotion of which the results were perceptible throughout the whole of his more mature life. While still a schoolboy, he had written several religious letters, 'much in accordance with the opinions which he subsequently adopted,' and which, but for his peremptory interdict, the zeal of some indiscreet friend would have given to the world. 'If I had staid with my uncle, I should probably have been a bigoted despised Methodist,' is the conclusion which Mr. Wilberforce formed on looking back to this period, after an interval of nearly thirty years. His mother's foresight, apprehending this result, induced her to withdraw him from his uncle's house, and to place him under the charge of the master of the endowed school at Pocklington, in Yorkshire,—a sound and well-beneficed divine, whose orthodoxy would seem to have been entirely unalloyed by the rigours of Methodism. The boy was encouraged to lead a life of idleness and pleasure, wasting his time in a round of visits to the neighbouring gentry, to whom he was recommended by his social talents, especially by his rare skill in singing; while, during his school vacations, the religious impressions of his childhood were combated by a constant succession of such convivial gaieties as the town

of Hull could afford. Ill as this discipline was calculated to lay the foundation of good intellectual habits, it was still less adapted to substitute for the excitement and dogmatism of Whitfield's system a piety resting on a nobler and more secure basis. One remarkable indication, however, was given of the character by which his future life was to be distinguished. He placed in the hands of a school-fellow (who survives to record the fact) a letter to be conveyed to the editor of the York paper, which he stated to be 'in condemnation of the odious traffic in human flesh.' On the same authority, he is reported to have 'greatly excelled all the other boys in his compositions, though seldom beginning them till the eleventh hour.'

From school Mr. Wilberforce was transferred at the age of seventeen, to St. John's College, Cambridge. We trust that the picture which he has drawn of the education of a young gentleman of fortune, in an English university, towards the close of the last century, will seem an incredible fiction to the present members of that learned society. 'The Fellows of the College,' he says, 'did not act towards me the part of christians, or even of honest men. Their object seemed to be to make and keep me idle. If ever I appeared studious, they would say to me—"Why, in the world, should a man of your fortune trouble himself with fagging?" I was a good classic, and acquitted myself well in the College examinations, but mathematics, which my mind greatly needed, I almost entirely neglected, and was told that I was too clever to require them.'

With such a preparation for the duties of active life, Mr. Wilberforce passed at a single step from the University to the House of Commons. The general election of 1780 occurring within less than a month from the completion of his twenty-first year, 'the affection of his townsmen, "not unaided by" an expenditure of from eight to nine thousand pounds,' placed him at the head of the poll for 'the town and county of Hull.' Although at this time Mr. Wilberforce states himself to have been 'so ignorant of general society as to have come up to London stored with arguments to prove the authenticity of Rowley's Poems,' yet so rich and so accomplished an aspirant could not be long excluded from the mysteries of the world of fashion which now burst upon him. Five clubs enrolled him among their members. He 'chatted, played at cards, or gambled' with Fox, Sheridan, and Fitzpatrick—fascinated the Prince of Wales by his singing at Devonshire-House—produced inimitable imitations of Lord North's voice and manner—sang catches with Lord Sandwich—exchanged epigrams with Mrs. Creeve—partook of a Shakspearian dinner at the Boar in East Cheap—'shirked the Duchess of Gordon'—and danced till five in the morning at Almack's. The lassitude of fashionable life was effec-

tually relieved by the duties or amusements of a Parliamentary career, not unattended by some brilliant success. Too rich to look to the public service as a means of subsistence, and, at this period, ambitious rather of distinction than of eminence, Mr. Wilberforce enjoyed the rare luxury of complete independence. Though a decided opponent of the North American war, he voted with Lord North against Sir Fletcher Norton's re-election as Speaker, and opposed Mr. Pitt on the second occasion of his addressing the House, although he was already numbered amongst the most intimate of his friends. This alliance, commenced apparently at the University, had ripened into an affectionate union which none of the vicissitudes of political life could afterwards dissolve. They partook in each other's labours and amusements, and the zest with which Mr. Pitt indulged in these relaxations, throws a new and unexpected light on his character. They joined together in founding a club, at which, for two successive winters, Pitt spent his evenings, while, at Mr. Wilberforce's villa at Wimbledon, he was established rather as an inmate than as a guest. There he indulged himself even in boisterous gaiety; and it strangely disturbs our associations to read of the son and rival of Lord Chatham rising early in the morning to sow the flower-beds with the fragments of a dress-hat with which Lord Harrowby had come down from the opera. There also were arranged fishing and shooting-parties; in one of which the future champion of the anti-Gallican war narrowly escaped an untimely grave from the misdirected gun of his friend. On the banks of Windermere also, Mr. Wilberforce possessed a residence, where the Parliamentary vacation found him 'surrounded with a goodly assortment of books.' But the discovery was already made that the autumnal *ennui* of the fashionable world might find relief among the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland, and 'boating, riding, and continual parties' fully occupied the time which had been devoted to retirement and study. From these *amici fures temporis* Mr. Wilberforce escaped, in the autumn of 1783, to pass a few weeks with Mr. Pitt in France. They readily found introductions to the supper table of Marie Antoinette, and the other festivities of Fontainebleau. Louis XVI. does not appear to have made a very flattering impression on his young guests. 'The King,' says Mr. Wilberforce, in a letter written about that time, 'is so strange a being of the hog kind, that it is worth going 100 miles for a sight of him, especially a boar-hunting.' At Paris 'he received with interest the hearty greetings which Dr. Franklin tendered to a rising member of the English Parliament, who had opposed the American war.'

Graver cares awaited Mr. Wilberforce's return to England. He arrived in time to second Mr. Pitt's opposition to the India Bill, and to support him in his

memorable struggle against the majority of the House of Commons. The Coalition was now the one subject of popular invective, and, at a public meeting in the Castle-Yard at York, in March, 1784, Mr. Wilberforce condemned their measures in a speech which was received with the loudest applause. The praise of James Boswell is characteristic at once of the speaker and of the critic. In an account of the scene which he transmitted to Mr. Dundas, 'I saw,' writes Boswell, 'what seemed a mere shrimp, mount upon the table, but as I listened, he grew and grew until the shrimp became a whale.' A still more convincing attestation to his eloquence is to be found in the consequences to which it led. Mr. Wilberforce attended the meeting with the avowed purpose of defeating, at the approaching election, the predominant influence of the great Whig families of Yorkshire, and with the secret design of becoming a candidate for the county. During his speech the cry of 'Wilberforce and Liberty,' was raised by the crowd, and the transition was obvious, and readily made to, 'Wilberforce, and the Representation of Yorkshire.' The current of popular favour flowed strongly in his support. He was the opponent of the Coalition and the India Bill, and the friend and zealous partisan of Mr. Pitt; then rich in hereditary honours, in personal renown, and in the brightest promise. Large subscriptions defrayed the expense of the contest, and, without venturing to the poll, his Whig opponents surrendered to him a seat which he continued to occupy without intermission for many successive Parliaments. With this memorable triumph Mr. Wilberforce closed his twenty-fifth year, and returned to London in possession of whatever could gratify the wishes, or exalt the hopes of a candidate for fame, on the noblest theatre of civil action which the world had thrown open to the ambition of private men.

The time had, however, arrived at which a new direction was to be given to the thoughts and pursuits of this favourite of nature and of fortune. Before taking his seat in the House of Commons, as member for the county of York, Mr. Wilberforce, accompanied by some female relations, and by Isaac Milner, the late Dean of Carlisle, undertook a journey to the south of France, and thence through Switzerland to the German Spa. This expedition, interrupted by a temporary return to England during the winter of 1784-5, continued some months, and forms a memorable era in his life. The lessons which he had learnt in childhood at Wimbledon had left an indelible impression on a mind peculiarly susceptible of every tender and profound emotion. The dissipation of his subsequent days had retarded the growth of those seeds of early piety, but had not entirely choked them. To the companions of his youth many indications had occasionally been given that their gay associate was revolving

deeper thoughts than formed the staple of their ordinary social intercourse. These were now to take entire possession of his mind, and to regulate the whole of his future conduct. The opinions of Whitfield had found a more impressive expositor than the good aunt who had originally explained and enforced them.

Isaac Milner was a remarkable man, and but for the early possession of three great ecclesiastical sinecures, which enabled him to gratify his constitutional indolence, would probably have attained considerable distinction in physical and in theological science. In a narrow collegiate circle he exercised a colloquial despotism akin to that which Johnson had established, and to which Parr aspired, amongst the men of letters and the statesmen of their age. But Milner's dogmatism was relieved by a tenderness of heart not inferior to that of the great moralist himself, and was informed by a theology incomparably more profound, and more fitted to practical uses, than that of the redoubted grammarian. He was amongst the dearest of the friends of Mr. Wilberforce, and now became his preceptor and his spiritual guide.

The day-dreams on the subject of religious conversions, which they who list may hear on every side, are, like other dreams, the types of substantial realities. Though the workings of the Almighty hand are distinctly visible only to the omniscient eye, yet even our narrow faculties can often trace the movements of that perennial under-current which controls the sequences of human life, and imparts to them the character of moral discipline. In the comprehensive scheme of the Supreme Governor of the world for the progressive advancement of the human race, are comprised innumerable subordinate plans for the improvement of the individuals of which it is composed; and whether we conceive of these as the results of some pre-ordained system, or as produced by the immediate interposition of God, we equally acknowledge the doctrine of Divine Providence, and refer to him as the author of those salutary revolutions of human character, of which the reality is beyond dispute. It is a simple matter of fact, of which these volumes afford the most conclusive proof, that about the twenty-sixth year of his life, Mr. Wilberforce was the subject of such a change; and that it continued for half a century to give an altered direction to his whole system of thought and action. Waving all discussion as to the mode in which the divine agency may have been employed to accomplish this result, it is more to our purpose to enquire in what the change really consisted, and what were the consequences for which it prepared the way.

The basis of Mr. Wilberforce's natural character was an intense fellow-feeling with other men. No one more readily adopted the interests, sympathized with the affections, or caught even the transient emo-

tions of those with whom he associated. United to a melancholy temperament, this disposition would have produced a moon-struck and sentimental 'Man of Feelings;' but connected as it was with the most mercurial gaiety of heart, the effect was as exhilarating as it was impressive. It was a combination of the deep emotions, real or pretended, of Rousseau with the restless vivacity of Voltaire. Ever ready to weep with those that wept, his nature still more strongly prompted him to rejoice with those that rejoiced. A passionate lover of society, he might (to adopt with some little qualification a well-known phrase) have passed for the brother of every man, and for the lover of every woman with whom he conversed. Bayard himself could not have accosted a damsel of the Houses of Longueville or Coligni with a more heartfelt and graceful reverence than marked his address to every female, however homely, or however humble. The most somnolent company was aroused and gladdened at his presence. The heaviest countenance reflected some animation from his eye; nor was any one so dull as not to yield some sparks of intellect when brought into communication with him. Few men ever loved books more, or read them with a more insatiate thirst, yet even in the solitude of his library, the social spirit never deserted him. The one great object of his studies was to explore the springs of human action, and to trace their influence on the character and happiness of mankind.

To this vivid sympathy in all human interests and feelings were united the talents by which it could be most gracefully exhibited. Mr. Wilberforce possessed histrionic powers of the highest order. If any caprice of fortune had called him to the stage he would have ranked amongst its highest ornaments. He would have been irresistible before a jury, and the most popular of preachers. His rich mellow voice, directed by an ear of singular accuracy, gave to his most familiar language a variety of cadence, and to his more serious discourse a depth of expression, which rendered it impossible not to listen. Pathos and drollery—solemn musings and playful fancies,—yearnings of the soul over the tragic, and the most contagious mirth over the ludicrous events of life, all rapidly succeeding each other, and harmoniously because unconsciously blended, threw over his conversation a spell which no prejudice, dulness, or ill-humour could resist. The courtesy of the heart, and the refinement of the most polished society, united to great natural courage, and a not ungraceful consciousness of his many titles to respect, completed the charm which his presence infallibly exercised.

To these unrivalled social powers was added a not less remarkable susceptibility of enjoyment, in whatever form it presented itself. The pleasures, such as they are, of a very fastidious taste, he did not culti-

vate. If Haydn was not to be had, a street ballad would seem to shoot quicksilver through his frame. In the absence of Pitt or Canning, he would delight himself in the talk of the most matter-of-fact man of his constituents from the Cloth-Hall at Leeds. With a keen perception of beauty and excellence in nature, literature, and art, the alchymy of his happy frame extracted some delight from the dullest pamphlet, the tamest scenery, and the heaviest speech. The curiosity and the interest of childhood, instead of wearing out as he grew older, seemed to be continually on the increase. This peculiarity is noticed by Sir James Mackintosh, with his accustomed precision and delicacy of touch, in the following words:—'Do you remember Madame de Maintenon's exclamation, 'Oh the misery of having to amuse an old King!'—*qui n'est pas amusable!*' 'Now, if I was called upon to describe Wilberforce, I should say he was the most 'amusable' man I ever met with in my life. Instead of having to think what subjects will interest him, it is perfectly impossible to hit on one that does not interest him. I never saw any one who touched life at so many points; and it is the more remarkable in a man who is supposed to live absorbed in the contemplations of a future state. When he was in the House of Commons, he seemed to have the freshest mind of any man there. There was all the charm of youth about him; and he is quite as remarkable in this bright evening of his days as when I saw him in his glory many years ago.'

Such a temperament, combined with such an education, might have given the assurance of a brilliant career, but hardly of any enduring fame. Ordinary foresight might have predicted that he would be courted or feared by the two great parties in the House of Commons; that he would be at once the idol and the idolater of society; and that he would shine in Parliament and in the world, in the foremost rank of intellectual voluptuaries. But that he should rise to be amongst the most laborious and eminent benefactors of mankind was beyond the divination of any human sagacity. It is to the mastery which religion acquired over his mind that this elevation is to be ascribed.

It is not wonderful that many have claimed Mr. Wilberforce as the ornament of that particular section of the Christian Church which has assumed or acquired the distinctive title of Evangelical; nor that they should resent as injurious to their party any more catholic view of his real character. That he became the secular head of this body is perfectly true; but no man was ever more exempt from bondage to any religious party. Immutably attached to the cardinal truths of revelation, he was in other respects a latitudinarian. 'Strange,' he would say, 'that Christians have taken as the badge of separation the very Sacrament which their Redeemer instituted as the symbol of their union.' And in this

spirit, though a strict conformist to the Church of England, he occasionally attended the public worship of those who dissent from her communion, and maintained a cordial fellowship with Christians of every denomination. The opinion may, indeed, be hazarded that he was not profoundly learned in any branch of controversial theology, nor much qualified for success in such studies. His mind had been little trained to systematic investigation either in moral or physical science. Though the practice of rhetoric was the business of his mature life, the study of logic had not been the occupation of his youth. Scepticism and suspended judgment were foreign to his mental habits. Perhaps no man ever examined more anxiously the meaning of the sacred writings, and probably no one ever more readily admitted their authority. Finding in his own bosom ten thousand echoes to the doctrines and precepts of the gospel, he wisely and gladly received this silent testimony to their truth, and gave them a reverential admission. Instead of consuming life in a protracted scrutiny into the basis of his belief, he busied himself in erecting upon it a superstructure of piety and of virtue. In fact, his creed differed little, if at all, from that of the vast majority of Protestants. The difference between him and his fellow Christians consisted chiefly in the uses to which his religious opinions were applied. The reflections which most men habitually avoid, he as habitually cherished. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say of him that God was in all his thoughts. He surveyed human life as the eye of an artist ranges over a landscape, receiving innumerable intimations which escape any less practised observer. In every faculty he recognised a sacred trust; in every material object an indication of the divine wisdom and goodness; in every human being an heir of immortality; in every enjoyment a proof of the divine benignity; in every affliction an act of parental discipline. The early development of this habit of mind appears to have been attended with much dejection and protracted self-denial; but the gay and social spirit of the man gradually resumed its dominion. A piety so profound was never so entirely free from asceticism. It was allied to all the pursuits, and all the innocent pleasures of life,—we might almost say to all its blameless whims and humours. The frolic of earlier days had indeed subsided, and the indestructible gaiety of his heart had assumed a more gentle and cautious character. But with a settled peace of mind, and a self-government continually gaining strength, he felt that perfect freedom which enabled him to give the reins to his constitutional vivacity; and the most devotional of men was at the same time the most playful and exhilarating companion. His presence was as fatal to dulness as to immorality. His mirth was as irresistible as the first laughter of childhood.

The sacred principles which he had now adopted

were not sufficient entirely to cure those intellectual defects to which a neglected education and the too early enjoyment of wealth and leisure had given the force of inveterate habit. His conversation was remarkable for interminable digressions, and was no inapt index of the desultory temper of his mind. But even this discursive temper was made subservient to the great objects of his life. It exhibited itself in the rapid transitions which he was continually making from one scheme of benevolence to another; and in that singular faculty which he possessed of living at once as the inhabitant of the visible and invisible worlds. From the shadows of earth to the realities of man's future destiny he passed with a facility scarcely attainable to those who have been trained to more continuous habits of application. Between the oratory and the senate—devotional exercises and worldly pursuits—he had formed so intimate a connexion, that the web of his discourse was not rarely composed of very incongruous materials. But this fusion of religious with secular thoughts added to the spirit with which every duty was performed, and to the zest with which every enjoyment was welcomed; and if the want of good mental discipline was perceptible to the last, the triumph of Christianity was but the more conspicuous in that inflexible constancy of purpose with which he pursued the great works of benevolence to which his life was consecrated. No aspirant for the honours of literature, or for the dignities of the Woolsack, ever displayed more decision of character than marked his labours for the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

Some notice, however brief, of that great event is indispensable in the most rapid survey of the life of Mr. Wilberforce. The aspirations of his schoolboy days on this subject have been already noticed. That early impression was deep and abiding. At the commencement of his Parliamentary career, in 1780, his enquiries into the system of colonial slavery had led him to conceive and to avow the hope that he should live to redress the wrongs of the Negro race. The direction of public opinion towards the accomplishment of great political objects is one of those social acts which, during the last half century, has almost assumed the character of a new invention. But the contrast between the magnitude of the design, and the poverty of the resources at his command, might have justified many an anxious foreboding, while, during the following six years, Mr. Wilberforce concerted plans for the abolition of the slave trade with James Ramsay, the first confessor and proto-martyr of the new faith, with Ignatius Latrobe, the missionary, in his lodging in Fetter Lane, or even with Sir Charles and Lady Middleton, at their mansion in Kent. Allies of greater apparent importance were afterwards obtained; and it was when seated with Mr. Pitt, in con-

versation in the open air, at the root of an old tree at Holwood, just above the steep descent into the valley of Keston,' that Mr. Wilberforce resolved 'to give notice, on a fit occasion, in the House of Commons, of his intention to bring the subject forward.' The experience of the next twenty years was, however, to convince him that it was not from the eloquent statesman who, for nearly the whole of that period, directed the government of this country, that effectual support must be drawn; but from the persevering energy of men who, like Ramsay and Latrobe, could touch in the bosoms of others those sacred springs of action which were working in their own. Amongst such associates in this holy war are to be mentioned, with peculiar veneration, the names of Granville Sharpe and of Thomas Clarkson. To the former was committed the presidency of the society charged with the duty of collecting and diffusing information; while Mr. Clarkson became the zealous and indefatigable agent of that body. To Mr. Wilberforce himself was assigned the general superintendence of the cause, both in and out of Parliament.

In 1789, he first proposed the abolition of the slave trade to the House of Commons, in a speech which Burke rewarded with one of those imperishable eulogies which he alone had the skill and the authority to pronounce. But a victory over Guinea merchants was not to be numbered amongst the triumphs of eloquence. Unable to withstand the current of popular feeling which the novelty as much as the nature of the proposal had stirred, they sagaciously resolved to await the subsidence of this unwonted enthusiasm; soliciting only a suspension of the measure until Parliament should be in possession of the facts which they undertook to substantiate. To this Fabian policy, ever changing in its aspect, but uniform in its design, the slave traders were indebted for the prolongation of their guilty commerce. Nearly two years were worn away in the examination of their own witnesses; and when Mr. Wilberforce had, with difficulty, succeeded in transferring the enquiry from the bar of the House of Commons to the less dilatory tribunal of a select committee, he had to struggle laboriously for permission to produce testimony in refutation of the evidence of his antagonists. It was not, therefore, till April, 1791, that the question was directly brought to issue; when a proof was given of the foresight with which the Guinea merchants had calculated on the gradual subsidence of the public indignation. Ominous were the forebodings with which the friends of Mr. Wilberforce looked forward to the approaching debate. By the master of St. John's College, Cambridge, his position was compared to that of 'Episcopus in the infamous synod of Dort,' while John Wesley exhorted him to proceed to the conflict as a new 'Athanasius *contra mundum*.' They had well divined the temper

of the times. The slave traders triumphed by an overwhelming majority. In the political tumults of those days the voice of humanity was no longer audible, and common sense had ceased to discharge its office. The bad faith and fickleness of the French Government had involved St. Domingo in confusion and bloodshed; and because the elements of society had broken loose in that colony, it was adjudged dangerous to arrest the accumulation of the materials of similar discord within our own! Even Mr. Pitt avowed his opinion that it was wise to await more tranquil times before the slave trade should be abolished. It was in vain that Mr. Wilberforce urged on the House of Commons, in 1792, the true inference from the calamitous state of St. Domingo. His measure for the immediate abolition of the slave trade was again defeated. Those were days in which every change was branded as a revolution,—when the most sacred rules of moral or political conduct, if adduced in favour of any reform, were denounced and abhorred as 'French principles.'

Reason, however, having gradually regained her dominion, the procrastinating system of the slave traders assumed a new shape, and obtained in the person of Mr. Dundas, its most formidable advocate. With perverse ingenuity, he proposed to substitute a gradual for an immediate abolition; fixing a remote period for the entire cessation of the trade. Yet even in this cautious form the bill found a cold reception in the House of Peers, where, after consuming the session in the examination of two witnesses, their Lordships postponed the measure till the following year. With the arrival of that period, Mr. Wilberforce had to sustain three successive defeats. The House of Commons rejected first, the main proposal of an immediate abolition of the trade; then, a motion restricting the number of slaves to be annually imported into our own colonies; and, finally, a plan for prohibiting the employment of British capital in the introduction of slaves into foreign settlements. His perseverance, however, was not fruitless. A deep impression had been made by his past efforts; and, in 1794, the House of Commons, for the first time, passed a bill of immediate abolition. The defenders of the slave trade were again rescued from the impending blow by the interposition of the Peers; amongst whom a melancholy pre-eminence was thenceforth to be assigned to a member of the Royal House, who lived to redeem his early error, by assenting, in the decline of life, to the introduction of the law for the abolition of slavery.

Thus far the difficulties of the contest had chiefly arisen from the influence or the arts of his enemies; but Mr. Wilberforce had now to sustain the more depressing weight of the secession of one of his most effective auxiliaries. Suffering under nervous debility, and influenced by other motives, of which an explanation is to be found in his 'History of the Abolition of

the Slave Trade,' Mr. Clarkson was reluctantly compelled to retire from the field. With what deep regret he abandoned the contest may be learnt from his own volumes; and earnest as must have been his aspiration for its success, he was unable, during the eleven years which followed, to resume his place amidst the champions of the cause, though he lived to witness and to share in the triumph.

Providence had gifted Mr. Wilberforce with greater nervous energy; and though sustaining labours not less severe, and a public responsibility incomparably more anxious than that under which the health of his colleague had given way, he returned to the conflict with unabated resolution. In 1795, and in the following year, he again laboured in vain to induce the House of Commons to resume the ground which they had already taken; nor could his all-believing charity repress the honest indignation with which he records that a body of his supporters, sufficient to have carried the bill, had been enticed from their places in the House, by the new opera of the 'Two Hunchbacks,' in which a conspicuous part was assigned to the great vocalist of that day, Signior Portugallo. A rivalry more formidable even than that of the Haymarket had now arisen. Parodying his father's celebrated maxim, Mr. Pitt was engaged in conquering Europe in the West Indies; and, with the acquisition of new colonies, the slave trade acquired an increased extent, and its supporters had obtained augmented Parliamentary interest. The result was to subject Mr. Wilberforce, in the debate of 1797, to a defeat more signal than any of those which he had hitherto endured. His opponents eagerly seized this opportunity to render it irreparable. On the motion of Mr. Charles Ellis, an address to the Crown was carried, which transferred to the legislative bodies of the different colonies the task of preparing for the very measure which they had leagued together to frustrate. It was with extreme difficulty, and not without the most strenuous remonstrances, that Mr. Wilberforce dissuaded Mr. Pitt from lending his support to this extravagant project. To increase the value of his Transatlantic conquests, he had thrown open the intercourse between our colonies and those of Spain, and had offered, in the newly acquired islands, fresh lands, on which the slave traders might effect further settlements; and though, by ceaseless importunity, Mr. Wilberforce obtained the revocation of the first of these measures, and the suspension of the second, yet the cupidity of the slave traders, and their influence in the national councils were largely increased by these new prospects of gain. Their augmented powers were attested by the ill success which attended Mr. Wilberforce's annual motions in 1798 and 1799.

The contest had now endured for twelve years. Ten successive efforts had been fruitlessly made to

obtain the concurrence of the Legislature in arresting this gigantic evil. Hopeless of success by perseverance in the same tactics, and yet incapable of retiring from the duty he had assumed, Mr. Wilberforce now addressed himself to the project of effecting, by a compromise, the end which seemed unattainable by direct and open hostilities. The year 1800 was accordingly consumed in negotiations with the chief West India proprietors, of which the object was to win their concurrence in limiting the duration of the trade to a period of five or at most seven years. Delusive hopes of success cheered him for awhile, but it was ere long apparent that the phalanx of his enemies was too firm to be penetrated. The peace of Amiens had brought to the Court of London a minister from the French Republic, who encouraged the hope that it might be possible to arrange a general convention of all the European powers for the abandonment of the traffic. Long and anxious were the endeavours made by Mr. Wilberforce for maturing this project. It is needless to say that they were unavailing. The season of 1801 was about to close, and the end in view appeared more distant than at any former time. Mr. Addington seems to have regarded the great expedition to St. Domingo as a kind of sedative, which would paralyze the resistance of the oppressed negroes throughout the West Indies; and feared to check the operation of this anodyne. The charm which these medical analogies exercised over the then occupant of the Treasury bench did not, however, extend its influence to Mr. Wilberforce. He announced his purpose to resume the Parliamentary contest in the year 1802, when the attempt was accordingly made, though under the most discouraging circumstances. The wit and eloquence of Mr. Canning, remonstrating against the settlement of new lands in the Trinidad, had been repelled by the passive resistance of the then Minister, and the time occupied in this discussion had delayed, until the dissolution of Parliament interrupted, the further progress of the Abolition Act. The tumult of war in the succeeding year silenced every other sound; and the advocate of the slaves was condemned to a reluctant silence, whilst every voice was raised in reprobation of Bonaparte, and in resentment for the insult offered to Lord Whitworth. At length the auguries of success became distinct and frequent. Mr. Pitt had returned to office, the dread of Jacobinism no longer haunted the public mind, but above all, the proprietors in the Caribbean Islands had made the discovery, that by encouraging the slave trade, they were creating in the planters of the conquered colonies the most dangerous rivals in their monopoly of the British market. The union with Ireland had added a new host of friends. Not a single representative from that country withheld his assistance. Amidst all these

encouragements, Mr. Wilberforce again appealed to the House of Commons, and carried the bill with overwhelming majorities. Cordial were now the congratulations of his friends of every class, from the aged John Newton of St. Mary Woolnoth, to Jeremy Bentham, whose celebrity as the most original thinker of his age was then in its early dawn. But the Peers had not yet yielded to the influence of Christian or Moral Philosophy. 'The debate,' says Mr. Wilberforce's Diary, 'was opened by the Chancellor in a very threatening speech, because over-rating property, and full of all moral blunders. He showed himself to labour with feelings as if he was the legitimate guardian of property—Lord Stanhope's a wild speech—Lord Hawkesbury spoke honourably and handsomely—Westmoreland like himself, coarse and bullying, but not without talent. Grenville spoke like a man of high and honourable principles, who, like a truly great statesman, regarded right and politic as identical.' Blunders and bullying, however, prevailed; and the question was adjourned to the following session.

Before its arrival Lord Brougham, then travelling on the continent as an American, and even 'venturing to pass a week in the same house with several French Generals,' had offered Mr. Wilberforce his assistance in pursuing various collateral enquiries throughout Holland and Germany, and in 'the great scenes of bondage (as it is called) Poland, Russia, and Hungary.' To this most potent ally many others were added. Mr. Stephen and Mr. Macaulay were unremitting in the use of the pen and the press. The classical knowledge of Mr. Robert Grant was put under contribution, to illustrate the state of slavery in the ancient world; and even the daughters of Lord Muncaster were enlisted in the service of methodizing the contents of all African travels, ancient and modern. High and sanguine as were the hopes of Mr. Wilberforce, he had yet another disappointment to sustain. The House of Commons of 1805 receding from their former resolutions, rejected his bill, and drew from him in his private journals, language of distress and pain such as no former defeat had been able to extort.

The death of Mr. Pitt approached; an event which the most calm and impartial judgement must now regard as the necessary precursor of the liberation of Africa. For seventeen years, since the commencement of the contest, he had guided the counsels of this country. Successful in almost every other Parliamentary conflict, and triumphing over the most formidable antagonists, he had been compelled, by the Dundases, and Jenkinsons, and Roses, who on every other subject quailed under his eye, to go to the grave without obliterating that which he himself had denounced as the deepest stain on our national character, and the most enormous guilt recorded in the history of mankind. During that long period, millions of innocent

victims had perished. Had he perilled his political existence on the issue, no rational man can doubt that an amount of guilt, of misery, of disgrace, and of loss, would have been spared to England and to the civilized world, such as no other man ever had it in his power to arrest.

The political antagonists of Mr. Pitt were men of a different temper; and although in the Cabinet of Mr. Fox there were not wanting those who opposed him on this subject, yet it was an opposition which, in the full tide of success, he could afford to disregard and to pardon. Had it endangered for a single session the abolition of the slave trade, these names, eminent as one at least of them was, would infallibly have been erased from the list of his Administration. Mr. Fox's Ministry had scarcely taken their places when Lord Grenville introduced into the House of Lords, and speedily carried two bills, of which the first abolished the slave trade with all foreign powers, and the second forbade the employment in that traffic of any British shipping which had not already been engaged in it; whilst the House of Commons resolved, that the slave trade was 'contrary to the principles of justice, humanity, and sound policy; and that they would proceed to abolish it with all practicable expedition.' Faithfully was this pledge redeemed. The death of Mr. Fox did not even delay its fulfilment. Early in 1807 that great statesman, to whom at the distance of twenty-six years it was reserved to propose the abolition of slavery itself, introduced into the House of Commons a bill which placed on the British statute-book the final condemnation of the trade in slaves. Amidst the acclamations of Parliament, the enthusiastic congratulation of his friends, and the applauses of the world, Mr. Wilberforce witnessed the success of the great object of his life with emotions, and in a spirit, which could not have found admission into a mind less pure and elevated than his own. The friendly shouts of victory which arose on every side were scarcely observed or heeded in the delightful consciousness of having rendered to mankind a service of unequalled magnitude. He retired to prostrate himself before the Giver of all good things, in profound humility and thankfulness,—wondering at the unmerited bounty of God, who had carried him through twenty years of unremitting labour, and bestowed on him a name of imperishable glory.

There are those who have disputed his title to the station thus assigned to him. Amongst the most recent is to be numbered one whose esteem is of infinitely too high value to be lightly disregarded, and whose judgement will carry with it no common authority. Mr. Sergeant Talfourd in his *Life of Charles Lamb*, referring to an interview which took place between Lamb and Mr. Clarkson, uses the following expressions:—'There he also met with the true annihilator

of the slave trade, Thomas Clarkson, who was then enjoying a necessary respite from his stupendous labours in a cottage on the borders of Ulswater. Lamb had no taste for oratorical philanthropy, but he felt the grandeur and simplicity of Clarkson's character.'

The contrast which is thus drawn between 'the true annihilator of the slave trade,' and the oratorical philanthropists who declaimed against it, does not rest merely on the authority of Mr. Talfourd. The great names of Wordsworth and Southey, with many minor writers, may be quoted in support of the same opinion. Nay, Mr. Clarkson has claimed for himself a place in the history of this great measure, which affords no light countenance to the pretensions thus preferred in his behalf. In a map prefixed to his 'History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade,' that gigantic evil is represented under the image of a mound placed at the confluence of four rivers, whose united force is bearing it away. Of these streams one takes, near its source, the name of Clarkson, into which the rivulet of Wilberforce is seen to fall much lower down. His sons reclaim against this hydrography, and propose to correct the map by converting the tributary flood into the main channel. The discussion has, we think, been inevitably forced upon them; but it is one which we decline to enter. It may be sufficient to state what are the positions which the biographers of Mr. Wilberforce have asserted, and as we think, substantiated. They maintain, then, that his attention had been directed to the abolition of the slave trade for some time before the subject had engaged Mr. Clarkson's notice—that he had been co-operating with Mr. Pitt for the advancement of the measure long before his acquaintance with Mr. Clarkson commenced, and for at least two years before the period at which Mr. Clarkson takes to himself the credit of having made a convert of that great Minister—that many of Mr. Clarkson's exertions were undertaken at the instance and at the expense of Mr. Wilberforce, and conducted under his written instructions,—and that from 1794 to 1805, when the victory was already won, Mr. Clarkson did not in fact participate at all in any of the labours which were unceasingly pursued by Mr. Wilberforce during the whole of that period. Thus far there seems no ground for dispute. In these volumes will be found a correspondence, the publication of which we cannot condemn, although we think that nothing but the filial duty of vindicating their father's highest title to renown could have justified his sons in giving it to the world. The effect of it is to show that Mr. Clarkson's services were remunerated by a large subscription; and that his private interests on this occasion were urged on Mr. Wilberforce with an importunity of which it would be painful to transfer the record to these pages. Remembering the advanced age, the eminent services, and the spotless character of that

venerable and excellent man, we must be permitted to express our very deep regret that the ill-judged encomiums of his friends should have contributed to the publication of any thing which could for a moment disturb the serenity of the closing scenes of a life distinguished, as we believe, by the exercise of every social and domestic virtue, and the most unwearied beneficence to men of every condition and every country.

Quitting the unwelcome contrast thus forced upon us, it is due to the memory of Mr. Wilberforce to state, that no man ever so little merited that condemnation which the language of Mr. Talfourd must be supposed to convey. He was indeed associated with those whose aid would have insured the triumph of energies incomparably inferior to his. To mention no humbler names, he was aided by the genius and philanthropy of Henry Brougham, and by the affection and self-denial and unexampled energy of his brother-in-law Mr. Stephen, and of Mr. Zachary Macaulay. It may further be admitted, that systematic and very continuous labours were not consonant with his intellectual character or with the habits of his life. But to the office which he had undertaken, he brought qualifications still more rare, and of far higher importance. It was within the reach of ordinary talents to collect, to examine, and to digest evidence, and to prepare and distribute popular publications. But it required a mind as versatile and active, and powers as varied as were those of Mr. Wilberforce, to harmonize all minds, to quicken the zeal of some, and to repress the intemperance of others;—to negotiate with statesmen of all political parties, and, above all, to maintain for twenty successive years the lofty principles of the contest unsullied even by the seeming admixture of any lower aims. The political position assigned to him by his constituency in Yorkshire, the multitude and intimacy of his personal friendships, the animal spirits which knew no ebb, the insinuating graces of his conversation, the graceful flow of his natural eloquence, and an address at once the gayest, the most winning, and the most affectionate, marked him out as the single man of his age, to whom it would have been possible to conduct such a struggle through all its ceaseless difficulties and disappointments. These volumes abound in proofs the most conclusive that, not merely in the House of Commons, but in every other society, he lived for this great object—that he was the centre of a vast correspondence, employing and directing innumerable agents—enlisting in his service the whole circle of his connexions, surrounded by a body of secretaries (called by Mr. Pitt his 'white negroes,') preparing or revising publications of every form, from folios of reports and evidence to newspaper paragraphs—engaged in every collateral project by which his main end could be promoted—now superintending the deliberations of the Voluntary

Society for the Abolition of the Slave Trade,—and then labouring from session to session in Parliamentary Committees, and occasionally passing (in opposition to his natural temper) weeks of the most laborious seclusion, to prepare himself for his more public labours. A life of more devoted diligence has scarcely been recorded of any man; unless, indeed, we are to understand all mental industry as confined to those exertions which chain the labourer to his desk.

Though Mr. Wilberforce survived the abolition of the slave trade for more than twenty-five years, he did not retain his seat in the House of Commons for much more than half of that period. The interval between the enactment of this law, and the close of his Parliamentary labours, was devoted to a ceaseless watchfulness over the interests of the African race. Our space forbids us to pursue in any detail the history of those exertions. But it is important to notice, that although declining strength compelled him to relinquish to others, the chief conduct of the warfare against slavery itself, his efforts for its extinction were continued in every form, until the introduction into Parliament of the law which declared, that from the 1st of August 1834, 'slavery should be utterly, and forever abolished, and unlawful throughout the British colonies, possessions, and plantations abroad.' The measure had already been received with acclamation in the House of Commons, ere he was summoned to his final reward; and it was one of the subjects of the last conversation in which he ever engaged.

It would not have been compatible with the character of Mr. Wilberforce, nor a fulfilment of the mission with which he believed himself to be invested, if he had concentrated his efforts for the good of mankind on any single object, however arduous. 'God has set before me the reformation of my country's manners,' is the solemn persuasion which he recorded in his twenty-seventh year, and from which, to the last hour of his life, he never swerved. During that period Great Britain underwent internal changes more important than had occurred during any two preceding centuries. Agriculture, commerce, manufactures, revenue, and population expanded with unexampled elasticity. Never before had the physical powers of nature been so largely subjugated to the physical wants of mankind, and never was the necessity more urgent for some corresponding increase of the moral powers of the conqueror. The steam-engine would have been a curse rather than a blessing, if the age which it has enriched had continued stationary in religious and intellectual improvement. Watt and Arkwright would have been but equivocal benefactors of their fellow-countrymen without the co-operation of Bell and Lancaster. England would have used like a giant the giant's strength which she was acquiring. Wealth and sensuality, and hard-heartedness, on the one side, must have been

brought into a fearful conflict with poverty, ignorance, and discontent, on the other. But the result has been otherwise, and these islands have become not merely the hive of productive industry, but the centre of efforts of unequalled magnitude to advance the highest interests of the human race. If in elevating the moral and religious character of our people during the last century, the first place be due to the illustrious founder of methodism, the second may be justly claimed for Mr. Wilberforce. No two men can be named who in their respective generations exercised an influence so extensive, permanent, and beneficial over public opinion. In walks of life the most dissimilar, and by means widely different, they concurred in proposing to themselves the same great end, and pursued it in the same spirit. Their views of Christian doctrine scarcely differed. They inculcated the same severe, though affectionate, morality; and were animated by the same holy principles, fervent zeal, and constitutional hilarity of temper. No one who believes that the courses of the world are guided by a supreme and benevolent intelligence, will hesitate to admit, that each of these men was appointed by Providence to execute a high and sacred trust, and prepared for its discharge by those gifts of nature and fortune which the circumstances of their times peculiarly demanded. The career of Wesley has been celebrated by the generous enthusiasm of his disciples, and the colder, though more discriminating admiration of Southey. In these volumes is to be found a record not less impressive of the labours of Mr. Wilberforce to exalt and purify the national character. Amongst the innumerable schemes of benevolence which were projected during the last half century, there is scarcely one of the more considerable in which he does not appear to have largely participated. Now establishing schools for pupils of every age, and Christians of all denominations, and then engaged in plans for the circulation of the Scriptures, and the diffusion of Christian knowledge. The half-civilized inhabitants of the recesses of London, the prisoners in her jails, the sick and destitute in their crowded lodgings, the poor of Ireland, the heathen nations refined or barbarous, the convicts in New Holland, and the Indians on the Red River, all in their turn, or rather all at once, were occupying his mind, exhausting his purse, and engaging his time and influence in schemes for their relief or improvement. The mere enumeration of the plans in which he was immersed, and of the societies formed for their accomplishment, presents such a mass and multitude of complicated affairs, as inevitably to suggest the conclusion that no one man, nor indeed any hundred men, could conduct or understand, or remember, them all. There is, however, no miracle to explain. Living in the centre of political action, and surrounded by innumerable friends, agents, and supporters, Mr. Wilberforce was relieved from all the more toilsome

duties of these countless undertakings. He may be said to have constituted himself, and to have been acknowledged by others, as a voluntary minister of public instruction and public charities. No department in Downing Street was ever administered with equal success;—none certainly by agents equally zealous, persevering, and effective. His authority was maintained by the reverence and affection of his fellow labourers, and by the wisdom of his counsels, his unflinching bounty, and his ever ready and affectionate sympathy.

No man was less liable to the imputation of withdrawing from costly personal sacrifices to promote those schemes of philanthropy which the world, or at least his own world, would admire and celebrate. During a large part of his life, Mr. Wilberforce appears to have devoted to acts of munificence and charity, from a fourth to a third of his annual income; nor did he shrink from the humblest and most repulsive offices of kindness to the sick and the wretched with whom he was brought into contact. Yet we believe that no more genuine proof was ever given of his anxiety for the highest interests of mankind than in the publication of his 'Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes of this Country, contrasted with real Christianity.' This book appeared in 1797. The interests with which it was originally received might be readily explained by the singularity of a very conspicuous member of Parliament undertaking to handle such a theme. But there must be some deeper cause for the continued popularity of an octavo volume, of which, within half a century, fifty large editions, at the least, have been published in England and in the United States. The applauses of ecclesiastics of every class, from old John Newton to the then Bishop of London, might be yielded with liberal indulgence to so powerful and unexpected an auxiliary. But that could be no common production which moved the author of the 'Pursuits of Literature' for once to quit his stilts, and to pour out a heartfelt tribute of praise in his unadulterated mother tongue; and which drew from Edmund Burke his grateful acknowledgments to the author for the comfort which he had diffused over the two last days of his eventful life.

Yet they who shall search this book for deep theology, or profound investigation, will be disappointed. 'Philosophy,' says Abraham Tucker, 'may be styled the art of marshalling the ideas in the understanding, and religion that of disciplining the imagination.' In the first of these arts Mr. Wilberforce did not excel; in the second he has scarcely ever been surpassed. The first three chapters of his work appear to us decidedly inferior to the rest. He is there upon a debatable land,—contrasting the inspired text with the

prevalent opinions of his age on some parts of Christian doctrine. The accuracy of his own interpretations, or rather of those which are received by that part of the Church of England usually designated as Evangelical, being assumed throughout these discussions, they will scarcely convince such as read the New Testament in a different sense. But when he emerges from these defiles, and enters upon broader ground, comparing the precepts of revelation with the conventional morality of the world's favoured children, he speaks (for it is throughout a spoken rather than a written style) with a persuasive energy which breathes the very spirit of the inspired volume. Here all is the mature result of profound meditation; and his thoughts, if not always methodical and compact, are at least always poured out in language so earnest and affectionate, that philanthropy never yet assumed a more appropriate, or a more eloquent style. It is the expostulation of a brother. Unwelcome truth is delivered with scrupulous fidelity, and yet with a tenderness which demonstrates that the monitor feels the pain which he reluctantly inflicts. It is this tone of human sympathy breathing in every page which constitutes the essential charm of this book; and it is to the honour of our common nature that we are all disposed to love best that teacher, who, with the deepest compassion for our sorrows, has the least indulgence for the errors or the faults by which they have been occasioned. Whatever objections may have been raised to Mr. Wilberforce's theological opinions, there is but one which can be stated to the exegetical part of his treatise. It is, that he has erected a standard too pure and too sublime for this world's use, and proposes a scheme of Utopian perfection which is calculated, by discouraging hope, to repress exertion. The obvious answer is, that the design of every rule which can be given for the conduct of life is to afford an accurate measure of our deflection from the path of duty, and a trust-worthy guide for our return. Any system of religion or ethics which tolerated the slightest compromise with moral evil, would be so far subversive of its own purpose; although it is from the general prevalence of moral evil that such systems derive their existence and their value. To mark distinctly the departure of the luxurious, busy, care-worn, and ambitious age to which we belong, from the theory and the practice of Christian morality, was the task which Mr. Wilberforce proposed to himself. Never were the sensuality, the gloom, and the selfishness which fester below the polished surface of society, brought into more vivid contrast with the faith, and hope, and charity, which in their combination form the Christian character; and never was that contrast drawn with a firmer hand, with a more tender spirit, or with a purer aspiration for the happiness of mankind.

To all these philanthropic labours were added others,

addressed, though less directly, to the same ends, and undertaken and pursued in a similar spirit. In his political career, Mr. Wilberforce never ceased to act and to speak as one to whom Providence had confided the sacred trust of advancing the moral character, and promoting the welfare of the age and nation to which he belonged. As a public speaker, he enjoyed great and well-merited celebrity. But it was not in the House of Commons that his powers in this kind were exhibited to the greatest advantage. In all the deliberations of Parliament may be discerned a tacit reference to the nature of the Royal citation which has brought together the two Houses 'for the despatch of divers weighty and urgent affairs.' The knights and burgesses are emphatically men of business, and have but little indulgence for any thing which tasks the understanding, addresses itself to the heart, or elevates the imagination;—least of all for an ostentatious display of the resources of the speaker's mind. He who can contribute a pertinent fact, or a weighty argument, need not raise his style above the region of the bathos. The aspirant for fame must excel in perspicuity of statement, in promptitude in the exposure or invention of sophistry, and in a ready though abstemious use of wit, ridicule, and sarcasm. In these requisites for success Mr. Wilberforce was deficient. He had not much Statistical knowledge, nor was he familiar with any branch of Political Economy. His argumentation was not usually perspicuous, and was seldom energetic. The habit of digression, the parenthetical structure of his periods, and the minute qualifications suggested by his reverence for truth, impeded the flow of his discourse, and frequently obscured its design. His exquisite perception of the ridiculous kept him in the exercise of habitual self-denial, and the satire which played upon his countenance was suppressed by his universal charity, before it could form itself into language. With these disadvantages he was still a great Parliamentary speaker; and there were occasions when, borne by some sudden impulse, or carried by diligent preparation over the diffuseness which usually encumbered him, he delighted and subdued his hearers. His reputation in the House of Commons rested, however, chiefly upon other grounds. In that assembly, any one speaks with immense advantage whose character, station, or presumed knowledge is such as to give importance to his opinions. The dogmas of some men are of incomparably more value than the logic of others; and no member except the leaders of the great contending parties, addressed the House with an authority equal to that of Mr. Wilberforce. The homage rendered to his personal character, his command over a small but compact party, his representation of the county of York, the confidence of the great religious bodies in every part of England, and, above all, his independent neutrality, gave to his suffrage an almost

unexampled value. It was usually delivered with a demeanour of conscious dignity, unalloyed by the slightest tinge of arrogance, and contrasting oddly enough with the insignificance of his slight and shapeless person. Yet the spell he exercised was partly drawn from still another source. Parliamentary eloquence is essentially colloquial; and, when most embellished or sustained, is rather prolonged discourse than oratory properly so called. It was by a constant, perhaps an unavoidable observance of this tone, that Mr. Wilberforce exercised the charm which none could resist, but which many were unable to explain. His speeches in the House of Commons bore the closest resemblance to his familiar conversation. There was the same earnest sincerity of manner, the same natural and varied cadences, the same animation and ease, and the same tone of polished society; and while his affectionate, lively, and graceful talk flowed on without the slightest appearance of effort or study, criticism itself scarcely perceived, or at least excused the redundancy of his language.

But, as we have said, it was not in the House of Commons that his powers as a public speaker had their highest exercise. His habitual trains of thought, and the feelings which he most deeply cherished, could rarely find utterance in that scene of strife and turmoil. At the hustings, where the occasion justified the use of a more didactic style, there was much simple majesty in the uncompromising avowal of his principles, and in the admonitions suggested by them. It was the grave eloquence of the pulpit applied to secular uses. But it was in the great assemblages held for religious and charitable objects that the current of his eloquence moved with the greatest impetus and volume. Here he at once felt his way to the hearts of the dense mass of eager and delighted listeners. In the fulness of the charity which believeth all things, giving credit to the multitude for feelings as pure and benevolent as his own, he possessed the power of gracefully and decorously laying aside the reserve which habitually shrouded from the irreverent and profane the more secret and cherished feelings of his heart. Nothing was ever more singular, or less framed upon any previous model of eloquence, than were some of those addresses in which the chastened style of the House of Commons (of all assemblies the most fastidious) was employed to give utterance to thoughts which, though best becoming the deepest solitude, retained, even in these crowded scenes, their delicacy not less than their beauty. The most ardent of his expressions bore the impress of indubitable sincerity, and of calm and sober conviction; instantly distinguishing them from the less genuine enthusiasm of others who dissolved their meaning in ecstasy, and soared beyond the reach of human comprehension into the third heavens of artificial rapture. It was an ex-

ample perhaps as full of danger as of interest; and not a few are the offensive imitations which have been attempted of a model which could be followed successfully, or even innocently, by none whose bosoms did not really burn with the same heavenly affections, who did not practise the same severe observance of truth, or whose taste had not been refined to the same degree of sensibility.

No part of Mr. Wilberforce's biography will be read with greater interest than that which describes his political career. Holding for forty-three years a conspicuous place in the House of Commons, the current of public affairs as it flowed past him, reflected his character in a thousand different forms; and exhibited on the most tumultuous theatre of action, the influence of those sacred principles, with the workings of which we are for the most part conversant only in more quiet and secluded scenes.

'From any one truth all truth may be inferred,'—a Baconian text, from which certain commentators of the last century concluded, that he who possessed a Bible might dispense with Grotius and with Locke; and that at the approach of the Scriptures all other writings should disappear, as they had once vanished at the presence of the Koran. The opinion which precisely reverses this doctrine is recommended by less ingenuity, and by no better logic. Mr. Wilberforce was far too wise a man to imagine that any revelation from God could be designed to supersede the duty of patient research into all other sources of knowledge. But neither did he ever reject the vast body of ethical precepts delivered by Divine inspiration, as irrelevant to the political questions with which he was daily conversant. He invariably brought every conclusion drawn from other studies to the test of their consistency with the sacred oracles. They supplied him with an ordinate by which to measure every curve. They gave him what most public men egregiously want,—the firm hold of a body of unchanging opinions. In his case this advantage was peculiarly momentous. His neglected education, his inaptitude for severe and continuous mental labour, the strength of his sympathies, and his strong personal attachment to Mr. Pitt, all seemed to give the promise of a ductile, vacillating, uncertain course. Yet in reality no man ever pursued in Parliament a career more entirely guided by fixed principles, or more frequently at variance with his habitual inclinations. His connexions, both public and private, not less than his natural temper, disposed him to that line of policy which, in our days, assumes the title of 'conservative;' yet his conduct was almost invariably such as is now distinguished by the epithets 'liberal and reforming.' A Tory by predilection, he was in action a Whig. His heart was with Mr. Pitt; but on all the cardinal questions of the times, his vote was given to Mr. Fox.

This conflict of sentiment with principle did not, however, commence in the earlier days of Mr. Pitt's administration; for the mortal foe of Jacobinism entered the House of Commons as a Parliamentary reformer; and Mr. Wilberforce executed a rapid journey from Nice to London in the winter of 1784, to support, by his eloquence and his vote, the Reform Bill which his friend introduced in the session of that year. The following broken sentences from his diary record the result:—'At Pitt's all day—it goes on well—sat up late chatting with Pitt—his hopes of the country and noble patriotic heart—to town—Pitt's—house—Parliamentary reform—terribly disappointed and beat—extremely fatigued—spoke extremely ill but commended—called at Pitt's—met poor Wyvill.' Of this 'ill spoken' but 'commended speech,' the following sentence is preserved:—'The consequence of this measure,' he said, 'will be that freedom of opinion will be restored, and party connexions in great measure vanish, for party on one side begets party on the other;'—a prophecy which, rightly understood, is perceptibly advancing towards its fulfilment. The ill success of Mr. Pitt's proposal did not damp the zeal of Mr. Wilberforce. He introduced into the House of Commons, and even succeeded in carrying there, two of the most important enactments of the Reform Bill, in which, at the distance of nearly half a century, Lord Grey obtained the reluctant concurrence of the Peers. One of these measures provided for a general registration of voters; the others for holding the poll, at the same time, in several different parts of the same county.

From the commencement of the war with France is to be dated the dissolution of the political alliance which had, till then, been maintained with little interruption between Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Pitt. Partaking more deeply than most men of the prevalent abhorrence of the revolutionary doctrines of that day, Mr. Wilberforce's resistance to the war was decided and persevering. A written message from Mr. Pitt, delivered on the first debate on that question, 'assuring him that his speaking then might do irreparable mischief, and promising that he should have another opportunity before war should be declared,' defeated his purpose of protesting publicly against the approaching hostilities. Accident prevented the redemption of the pledge, but Mr. Wilberforce's purposes remained unshaken. 'Our Government,' he says in a letter on this subject, 'had been for some months before the breaking out of the war negotiating with the principal European powers, for the purpose of obtaining a joint representation to France, assuring her that if she would formally engage to keep within her limits, and not molest her neighbours, she should be suffered to settle her own internal government and constitution without interference. I never was so earnest with Mr. Pitt on any other occasion as I was in my entreaties before

the war broke out, that he would openly declare in the House of Commons that he had been, and then was negotiating this treaty. I urged on him that the declaration might possibly produce an immediate effect in France, where it was manifest there prevailed an opinion that we were meditating some interference with their internal affairs, and the restoration of Louis to his throne. At all events, I hoped that in the first lucid interval, France would see how little reason there was for continuing the war with Great Britain; and, at least, the declaration must silence all but the most determined oppositionists in this country. How far this expectation would have been realized you may estimate by Mr. Fox's language when Mr. Pitt, at my instance, did make the declaration last winter (1799). "If," he said, "the Right Honourable Gentleman had made the declaration now delivered, to France, as well as to Russia, Austria, and Prussia, I should have nothing more to say or to desire."

Experience and reflection confirmed these original impressions. After the war had continued 'for a year, Mr. Wilberforce was engaged in making up his mind cautiously and maturely, and, therefore, slowly as to the best conduct to be observed by Great Britain in the present critical emergency.' With what a severe self-examination he was accustomed to conduct these enquiries, may be learnt from an entry made at that period in his private journal. 'It is a proof to me of my secret ambition, that though I foresee how much I shall suffer in my feelings throughout from differing from Pitt, and how indifferent a figure I shall most likely make, yet that motives of ambition will insinuate themselves. Give me, O Lord, a true sense of the comparative value of earthly and of heavenly things; this will render me sober-minded, and fix my affections on things above.'

Such was the solemn preparation with which he approached this momentous question, and moved in the session of 1794 an amendment to the address recommending a more pacific policy. The failure of that attempt did not shake his purpose; for after the interval of a few days he voted with Mr. Grey on a direct motion for the re-establishment of peace. The genuine self-denial with which this submission to a clear sense of duty was attended, Mr. Wilberforce has thus touchingly described. 'No one who has not seen a good deal of public life, and felt how difficult and painful it is to differ widely from those with whom you wish to agree, can judge at what an expense of feeling such duties are performed. Wednesday, February 4, dined at Lord Camden's. Pepper, and Lady Arden, Steele, &c. I felt queer, and all day out of spirits—wrong! but hurt by the idea of Pitt's alienation—12th, party of the *old firm* at the Speaker's; I not there.'

Mr. Pitt's alienation was not the only, nor the most

severe penalty which Mr. Wilberforce had to pay on this occasion. The sarcasms of Windham,—the ironical compliments of Burke,—a cold reception from the King,—and even Fox's congratulation upon his approaching alliance with the Opposition, might have been endured. But it was more hard to bear the rebukes, however tenderly conveyed, of his friend and early guide, the Dean of Carlisle; the reproaches of the whole body of his clerical allies for the countenance which they conceived him to have given to the enemies of religion and of order; and the earnest remonstrances of many of his most powerful supporters in Yorkshire. The temper so accessible to all kindly influences was, however, sustained by the invigorating voice of an approving conscience. He resumed his pacific proposals in the spring of 1795, and though still defeated, it was by a decreasing majority. Before the close of that year, Mr. Pitt himself had become a convert to the opinions of his friend. The war had ceased to be popular, and Lord Malmesbury's negotiation followed. The failure of that attempt at length convinced Mr. Wilberforce that the war was inevitable; and thenceforward his opposition to it ceased.

The same independent spirit raised him, on less momentous occasions, above the influence of the admiration and strong personal attachment which he never withheld from Mr. Pitt at any period of their lives. Though the Minister was 'furious' on the occasion, he voted and spoke against the motion for augmenting the income of the Prince of Wales. Though fully anticipating the ridicule which was the immediate consequence of the attempt, he moved the House of Commons to interfere for the liberation of Lafayette, when confined in the jail at Olmuky. Though, at the suggestion of Bishop Prettyman, Mr. Pitt pledged himself to introduce a bill which would have silenced every dissenting minister to whom the magistrates might have thought proper to refuse a license, Mr. Wilberforce resisted, and with eventual success, this encroachment on the principles of toleration. Though the whole belligerent policy of Mr. Pitt, on the resumption of the war, rested on continental alliances, cemented by subsidies from the British Treasury, that system found in Mr. Wilberforce the most strenuous and uncompromising opponent. On the revival of hostilities in 1803, he supported Mr. Fox not merely with his vote, but with a speech which he subsequently published. The impeachment of Lord Melville brought him into a direct and painful hostility to those with whom he had lived in youthful intimacy, and who still retained their hold on his heart. Mr. Pitt was his chosen friend—Lord Melville his early companion. But even on this occasion, though compelled to watch the movements of the 'fascinating eye' and 'the agitated countenance' turned

reproachfully to him from the Treasury Bench, he delivered one of the most memorable of his Parliamentary speeches,—in which the sternest principles of public morality were so touchingly combined with compassion for the errors he condemned, that the effect was irresistible; and the casting vote of the Speaker can scarcely be said with greater truth to have determined the decision of the House. Nothing more truly in the spirit of the pure and lofty principles by which he was guided is recorded of him, than his defence to the charge of inconsistency for declining to join the deputation which carried up to the King the subsequent address for the removal of Lord Melville from the Royal Councils. 'I am a little surprised that it should be imputed as a fault to any that they did not accompany the procession to St. James's. I should have thought that men's own feelings might have suggested to them that it was a case in which the heart might be permitted to give a lesson to the judgement. My country might justly demand that, in my decision on Lord Melville's conduct, I should be governed by the rules of justice, and the principles of the constitution, without suffering party considerations, personal friendship, or any extrinsic motive whatever to interfere; that in all that was substantial I should deem myself as in the exercise of a judicial office. But when the sentence of the law is past, is not that sufficient? Am I to join in the execution of it? Is it to be expected of me that I am to stifle the natural feelings of the heart, and not even to shed a tear over the very sentence I am pronouncing? I know not what Spartan virtue or stoical pride might require; but I know that I am taught a different, ay, and a better lesson by a greater than either Lycurgus or Zeno. Christianity enforces no such sacrifice. She requires us indeed to do justice, but to love mercy. I learn not in her school to triumph even over a conquered enemy, and must I join the triumph over a fallen friend.'

We might, with the aid of these volumes, trace Mr. Wilberforce's political career through all the memorable controversies of his times; and prove, beyond the reach of contradiction, that every vote was given under such a sense of responsibility to the Supreme Lawgiver as raised him above the influence of those human affections, which scarcely any man felt more keenly. He was supported by the acclamations of no party, for in turn he resisted all. Even the great religious bodies who acknowledged him as their leader were frequently dissatisfied with a course which, while it adorned their principles, conceded nothing to their prejudices. The errors into which he may have fallen were in no single case debased by any selfish motive, and were ever on the side of peace and of the civil and religious liberties of mankind.

But those indications of human character which it

chiefly concerns us to study, are not, after all, to be discovered in places where men act together in large masses, and under strong excitement. Mr. Wilberforce's interior life is exhibited in this biography with a minuteness of self-dissection which we think it hardly possible to contemplate without some degree of pain. It was his habit to note, in the most careless and elliptical language, every passing occurrence, however trivial, apparently as a mere aid to recollection. But his journals also contain the results of a most unsparing self-examination, and record the devotional feelings with which his mind was habitually possessed. They bear that impress of perfect sincerity, without which they would have been altogether worthless. The suppression of them would have disappointed the expectations of a very large body of readers; and the sacred profession of the editors gives peculiar authority to their judgement as to the advantage of such disclosures. To their filial piety the whole work, indeed almost every line of it, bears conclusive testimony. We feel, however, an invincible repugnance to the transfer into these pages of the secret communings of a close self-observer with his Maker. The Church of Rome is wise in proclaiming the sanctity of the Confessional. The morbid anatomy of the human heart (for such it must appear to every one who dares to explore its recesses) is at best a cheerless study. It would require some fortitude in any man to state how much of our mutual affection and esteem depends upon our imperfect knowledge of each other. The same creative wisdom which shelters from every human eye the workings of our animal frame, has not less closely shrouded from observation the movements of our spiritual nature. The lowly and contrite spirit is a shrine in which he who inhabiteth eternity condescends to dwell, but where we at least are accustomed to regard every other presence as profane. There is, we think, great danger in such publications. For one man who, like Mr. Wilberforce, will honestly lay bare his conscience on paper, there are at least one hundred, living with the fear or the hope of the biographer before their eyes, who will apply themselves to the same task in a very different spirit. The desire of posthumous, or of living fame, will dictate the acknowledgment of faults, which the reader is to regard as venial, while he is to admire the sagacity with which they are dictated, and the tenderness of conscience with which they are deplored. We may be wrong; but both experience and probability seem to us to show that the publication of the religious journals of one honest man, is likely to make innumerable hypocrites.

The domestic life of Mr. Wilberforce is a delightful object of contemplation, though it cannot be reduced into the form of distinct narration. From his twenty-sixth year his biography consists rather of a description of habits than of a succession of events. No man

had less to do with adventure, or was more completely independent of any such resource. The leisure which he could withdraw from the service of the public was concentrated upon his large and happy household, and on the troops of friends who thronged the hospitable mansion in which he lived in the neighbourhood of London.

The following sketch of his domestic retirement possesses a truth which will be at once recognised by every one who was accustomed to associate with him in such scenes:—

‘Who that ever joined him in his hour of daily exercise cannot see him now as he walked round his garden at Highwood, now in animated and even playful conversation, and then drawing from his copious pockets (to contain Dalrymple’s State Papers was their standard measure) a Psalter, a Horace, a Shakspeare, or Cowper, and reading or reciting chosen passages, and then catching at long stored flower leaves as the wind blew them from the pages, or standing by a favourite gum-cistus to repair the loss. Then he would point out the harmony of the tints, the beauty of the pencilling, and the perfection of the colouring, and sum up all into those ascriptions of praise to the Almighty which were ever welling from his grateful heart. He loved flowers with all the simple delight of childhood. He would hover from bed to bed over his favourites, and when he came in, even from his shortest walk, he deposited a few that he had gathered safely in his room before he joined the breakfast table. Often would he say as he enjoyed their fragrance, “How good is God to us. What should we think of a friend who had furnished us with a magnificent house and all we needed, and then coming in to see that all had been provided according to his wishes, should be hurt to find that no scents had been placed in the rooms! Yet so has God dealt with us—lovely flowers are the smiles of his goodness.”’

The following letter to one of his children, exhibits Mr. Wilberforce in one of those characters in which he excelled most men:—

‘Battersea Rise, Sept. 14, 1814.

‘My very dear —,

‘I do not relish the idea that you are the only one of my children who has not written to me during my absence, and that you should be the only one to whom I should not write. I therefore take up my pen, though but for a very few moments, to assure you that I do not suspect your silence to have arisen from the want of affection for me, any more than that which I myself have hitherto observed has proceeded from this source. There is a certain demon called procrastination, who inhabits a castle in the air at Sandgate, as well as at so many other places, and I suspect that you have been carried up some day (at the tail of your kite perhaps), and lodged in that same habitation, which has fine large rooms in it from which there are beautiful prospects in all directions; and probably you will not quit a dwelling-place that you like so well, till you hear that I am on my way to Sandgate. You would meet the to-morrow man there (it just occurs to me), and I hope you will have prevailed on him to tell you the remainder of that pleasant story, a part of which Miss Edgeworth has related, though I greatly fear he would still par-

take so far of the spirit of the place as to leave a part untold till—to-morrow. But I am trifling sadly, since I am this morning unusually pressed for time. I will therefore only guard my dear boy seriously against procrastination, one of the most dangerous assailants of usefulness, and assure him that I am to-day, to-morrow, and always while I exist,

‘His affectionate Father,

‘W. WILBERFORCE.’

Mr. Wilberforce excelled in the arts of hospitality, and delighted in the practice of them. His cordial welcome taught the most casual guest to feel that he was at home; and the mass of his friends and acquaintance could scarcely suppose that there was a domestic sanctuary still more sacred and privileged than that into which they were admitted. Amongst them are not a few obscure, with some illustrious names; and of the latter Mr. Pitt is by far the most conspicuous.

There is no one filling so large a space in recent history as Mr. Pitt, with whose private habits the world is so little acquainted. These volumes do not contribute much to dispel the obscurity. We find him indeed at one time passing an evening in classical studies or amusements with Mr. Canning; and at another, cutting walks through his plantations at Holwood, with the aid of Mr. Wilberforce and Lord Grenville. But on the whole, the William Pitt of this work is the austere Minister with whom we were already acquainted, and not the man himself in his natural or in his emancipated state.

The following extract of a letter from Mr. Wilberforce is almost the only passage which gives us an intimation of the careless familiarity in which for many years they lived together:—

‘And now after having transacted my business with the Minister, a word or two to the man—a character in which, if it is more pleasant to you, it is no less pleasant to me to address you. I wish you may be passing your time half as salubriously and comfortably as I am at Gisborne’s, where I am breathing good air, eating good mutton, keeping good hours, and enjoying the company of good friends. You have only two of the four at command, nor these always in so pure a state as in Needwood Forest; your town mutton being apt to be woolly, and your town friends to be interested: however, I sincerely believe you are, through the goodness of Providence, better off in the latter particular, than has been the fate of ninety-nine Ministers out of a hundred; and as for the former, the quantity you lay in may in some degree atone for the quality; and it is a sign that neither in friends nor mutton you have yet lost your taste. Indeed, I shall reckon it a bad symptom of your moral or corporal state, as the case may be, when your palate is so vitiated, that you cannot distinguish the true from the false flavour. All this is sad stuff, but you must allow us gentlemen who live in forests to be a little figurative. I will only add, however (that I may not quite exhaust your patience), that I hope you will never cease to relish me, and do me the justice to believe the ingredients are good, though you may not altogether approve of the cooking. Yours ever,

‘W. WILBERFORCE.

'P. S. Remember me to all friends. I hope you have no more gout, &c. If you will at any time give me a line (though it be but a mouthful) I shall be glad of it. You will think me be-Burked like yourself.'

On the occasion of Mr. Pitt's duel with Mr. Tierney, Mr. Wilberforce had designed to bring the subject under the notice of the House of Commons. The intention was defeated by the following kind and characteristic letter:—

'My dear Wilberforce,

'I am not the person to argue with you on a subject in which I am a good deal concerned. I hope too that I am incapable of doubting your kindness to me (however mistaken I may think it) if you let any sentiment of that sort actuate you on the present occasion. I must suppose that some such feeling has inadvertently operated upon you, because whatever may be your general sentiments on subjects of this nature, they can have acquired no new tone or additional argument from any thing that has passed in this transaction. You must be supposed to bring this forward in reference to the individual case.

'In doing so, you will be accessory in loading one of the parties with unfair and unmerited obloquy. With respect to the other party, myself, I feel it a real duty to say to you frankly that your motion is one for my removal. If any step on the subject is proposed in Parliament and agreed to, I shall feel from that moment that I can be of no more use out of office than in it; for in it, according to the feelings I entertain, I could be of none. I state to you, as I think I ought, distinctly and explicitly what I feel. I hope I need not repeat what I always feel personally to yourself.—Your's ever,

WILLIAM PITT.

'Downing Street, Wednesday,
May 30, 1798, 11 P.M.'

The following passage is worth transcribing as a graphic, though slight sketch of Mr. Pitt, from the pen of one who knew him so well:—

'When a statement had been made to the House of the cruel practices, approaching certainly to torture, by which the discovery of concealed arms had been enforced in Ireland, John Claudius Beresford rose to reply, and said with a force and honesty, the impression of which I never can forget, "I fear, and feel deep shame in making the avowal—I fear it is too true—I defend it not—but I trust I may be permitted to refer as some palliation of these atrocities, to the state of my unhappy country, where rebellion and its attendant horrors had roused on both sides to the highest pitch all the strongest passions of our nature." I was with Pitt in the House of Lords when Lord Clare replied to a similar charge—"Well, suppose it were so; but surely," &c. I shall never forget Pitt's look. He turned round to me with that indignant stare which sometimes marked his countenance, and stalked out of the House.'

It is not generally known that at the period of Lord Melville's trial a coolness almost approaching to estrangement had arisen between that Minister and Mr. Pitt. The following extract from one of Mr. Wilberforce's Diaries on this subject affords an authentic and curious illustration of Mr. Pitt's character:—

'I had perceived above a year before that Lord Mel-

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ville had not the power over Pitt's mind, which he once possessed. Pitt was taking me to Lord Camden's, and in our *tête-à-tête* he gave me an account of the negotiations which had been on foot to induce him to enter Addington's Administration. When they quitted office in 1801, Dundas proposed taking as his motto, *Jem rude donatus*. Pitt suggested to him that having always been an active man, he would probably wish again to come into office, and then that his having taken such a motto would be made a ground for ridicule. Dundas assented, and took another motto. Addington had not long been in office, before Pitt's expectation was fulfilled, and Dundas undertook to bring Pitt into the plan; which was to appoint some third person head, and bring in Pitt and Addington on equal terms under him. Dundas accordingly, confiding in his knowledge of all Pitt's ways and feelings, set out for Walmer Castle; and after dinner, and port wine, began cautiously to open his proposals. But he saw it would not do, and stopped abruptly. "Really," said Pitt with a sly severity, and it was almost the only sharp thing I ever heard him say of any friend, "I had not the curiosity to ask what I was to be."

Amongst the letters addressed to Mr. Wilberforce, to be found in these volumes, is one written by John Wesley from his deathbed, on the day before he sank into the lethargy from which he was never roused. They are probably the last written words of that extraordinary man.

'February 24, 1791.

'My dear Sir,

'Unless Divine power has raised you up to be as *Athanasius contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise, in opposing that execrable villany which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be for you who can be against you. Are all of them together stronger than God? Oh! be not weary of well-doing. Go on in the name of God, and in the power of his might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it. That He who has guided you from your youth up, may continue to strengthen you in this and all things, is the prayer of, dear sir, your affectionate servant,

JOHN WESLEY.'

From a very different correspondent, Jeremy Bentham, Mr. Wilberforce received two notes, for which, as they are the only examples we have seen in print of his epistolary style, we must find a place.

'Kind Sir,

'The next time you happen on Mr. Attorney-General in the House or elsewhere, be pleased to take a spike—the longer and sharper the better—and apply it to him, by way of *memento*, that the Penitentiary Contract Bill has, for I know not what length of time, been sticking in his hands; and you will much oblige your humble servant to command,

JEREMY BENTHAM.

'N. B.—A corking-pin was, yesterday, applied by Mr. Abbot.'

'I sympathize with your now happily promising exertions in behalf of the race of innocents, whose lot it

has hitherto been to be made the subject-matter of depredation, for the purpose of being treated worse than the authors of such crimes are treated for those crimes in other places.'

There are, in this work, some occasional additions to the stock of political anecdotes. Of these we transcribe the following specimens:—

'Franklin signed the peace of Paris in his old spotted velvet coat (it being the time of a court-mourning, which rendered it more particular). "What," said my friend the negotiator, "is the meaning of that harlequin coat?"—"It is that in which he was abused by Wedderburne." He showed much rancour and personal enmity to this country—would not grant the common passports for trade, which were, however, easily got from Jay or Adams.

'Dined with Lord Camden; he very chatty and pleasant. Abused Thurlow for his duplicity and mystery. Said the King had said to him occasionally he had wished Thurlow and Pitt to agree; for that both were necessary to him—one in the Lords, the other in the Commons. Thurlow will never do anything to oblige Lord Camden, because he is a friend of Pitt's. Lord Camden himself, though he speaks of Pitt with evident affection, seems rather to complain of his being too much under the influence of any one who is about him; particularly of Dundas, who prefers his countrymen whenever he can. Lord Camden is sure that Lord Bute got money by the Peace of Paris. He can account for his sinking near L.300,000 in land and houses; and his paternal estate in the island which bears his name was not above L.1500 a-year, and he is a life-tenant only of Wortley, which may be L.8000 or L.10,000. Lord Camden does not believe Lord Bute has any the least connexion with the King now, whatever he may have had. Lord Thurlow is giving constant dinners to the Judges, to gain them over to his party. ***** was applied to by ***** a wretched sort of dependent of the Prince of Wales, to know if he would lend money on the joint bond of the Prince and the Dukes of York and Clarence, to receive double the sum lent, whenever the King should die, and either the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of York and Clarence, come into the inheritance. The sum intended to be raised is L.200,000.

'Tis only a hollow truce, not a peace, that is made between Thurlow and Pitt. They can have no confidence in each other.'

It is perhaps the most impressive circumstance in Mr. Wilberforce's character, that the lively interest with which he engaged in all these political occurrences was combined with a consciousness not less habitual or intense of their inherent vanity. There is a seeming paradox in the solicitude with which he devoted so much of his life to secular pursuits, and the very light esteem in which he held them. The solution of the enigma is to be found in his unremitting habits of devotion. No man could more scrupulously obey the precept which Mr. Taylor has given to his 'statesman'—To observe a 'Sabbatical day in every week, and a Sabbatical hour in every day.' Those days and hours gave him back to the world, not merely with recruited energy, but in a frame of mind the most favourable to the right discharge of its duties. Things

in themselves the most trivial, wearisome, or even offensive, had, in his solitude, assumed a solemn interest from their connection with the future destinies of mankind, while the brilliant and alluring objects of human ambition had been brought into an humiliating contrast with the great ends for which life is given, and with the immortal hopes by which it should be sustained. Nothing can be more heartfelt than the delight with which he breathed the pure air of these devotional retirements. Nothing more soothing than the tranquillity which they diffused over a mind harassed with the vexations of a political life.

Mr. Wilberforce retired from Parliament in the year 1825. The remainder of his life was passed in the bosom of his family. He did not entirely escape those sorrows which so usually thicken as the shadows grow long, for he survived both his daughters; and from that want of worldly wisdom which always characterized him, he lost a very considerable part of his fortune in speculations in which he had nothing but the gratification of parental kindness to gain or to hope. But never were such reverses more effectually baffled by the invulnerable peace of a cheerful and self-approving heart. There were not wanting external circumstances which marked the change; but the most close and intimate observer could never perceive on his countenance even a passing shade of dejection or anxiety on that account. He might, indeed, have been supposed to be unconscious that he had lost any thing, had not his altered fortunes occasionally suggested to him remarks on the Divine goodness, by which the seeming calamity had been converted into a blessing to his children and to himself. It afforded him a welcome apology for withdrawing from society at large, to gladden, by his almost constant presence, the homes of the sons by whom his life has been recorded. There, surrounded by his children and his grandchildren, he yielded himself to the current of each successive inclination; for he had now acquired that rare maturity of the moral stature in which the conflict between inclination and duty is over, and virtue and self-indulgence are the same. Some decline of his intellectual powers was perceptible to the friends of his earlier and more active days; but

'To things immortal time can do no wrong.
And that which never is to die, for ever must be young.'

Looking back with gratitude, sometimes eloquent, but more often from the depth of the emotion faltering on the tongue, to his long career of usefulness, of honour, and enjoyment, he watched with grave serenity the ebb of the current which was fast bearing him to his eternal reward. He died in his seventy-fifth year, in undisturbed tranquillity, after a very brief illness, and without any indication of bodily suffering. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the presence of a large number

of the members of both Houses of Parliament; nor was the solemn ritual of the church ever pronounced over the grave of any of her children with more affecting or more appropriate truth. Never was recited, on a more fit occasion, the sublime benediction—'I heard a voice from Heaven saying, Write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.'

The volumes to which we have been chiefly indebted for this very rapid epitome of some of the events of Mr. Wilberforce's life, will have to undergo a severe ordeal. There are numberless persons who assert a kind of property in his reputation, and who will resent as almost a personal wrong any exhibition of his character which may fall short of their demands. We believe, however, though not esteeming ourselves the best possible judges, that even this powerful party will be satisfied. They will find in this portraiture of their great leader much to fulfil their expectations. Impartial judges will, we think, award to the book the praise of fidelity, and diligence, and unaffected modesty. Studiously withdrawing themselves from the notice of their readers, the biographers of Mr. Wilberforce have not sought occasion to display the fruits of their theological or literary studies. Their task has been executed with ability, and with deep affection. No one can read such a narrative without interest, and many will peruse it with enthusiasm. It contains several extracts from Mr. Wilberforce's speeches, and throws much occasional light on the political history of England during the last half century. It brings us into acquaintance with a circle in which were projected and matured many of the great schemes of benevolence by which our age has been distinguished, and shows how partial is the distribution of renown in the world in which we are living. A more equal dispensation of justice would have awarded a far more conspicuous place amongst the benefactors of mankind to the names of Mr. Stephen and Mr. Macaulay, than has ever yet been assigned to them.

Biography, considered as an art, has been destroyed by the greatest of all biographers, James Boswell. His success must be forgotten before Plutarch or Isaac Walton will find either rivals or imitators. Yet *Memoirs*, into which every thing illustrative of the character or fortunes of the person to be described is drawn, can never take a permanent place in literature, unless the hero be himself as picturesque as Johnson, nor unless the writer be gifted with the dramatic powers of Boswell. Mr. Wilberforce was an admirable subject for graphic sketches in this style; but the hand of a son could not have drawn them without impropriety, and they have never been delineated by others. A tradition, already fading, alone preserves the memory of those social powers which worked as a spell on every one who approached him, and drew from

Madame de Staël the declaration that he was the most eloquent and the wittiest converser she had met in England. But the memory of his influence in the councils of the state, of his holy character, and of his services to mankind, rests upon an imperishable basis, and will descend with honour to the latest times.

NOTE.—We have awkwardly enough omitted to make any allusion, in this article, though the work forming its subject proceeds from two of his sons, to Mr. Wilberforce's marriage. To correct this oversight, we beg here to mention, that he married, in the year 1797, Miss Barbara Spooner, daughter of a banker of that name at Birmingham. By this lady he had six children, of whom four sons still survive, his two daughters having died before their father.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Diary illustrative of the times of George the Fourth, interspersed with original Letters from the late Queen Caroline, and from various other distinguished Persons. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London: 1838.

The appearance of this silly, dull, and disgraceful publication both calls for some remarks adapted to the offence itself, and affords an opportunity of entering upon the important subjects of the Abuses of the Press, and the Characters of the Individuals of whom the book treats.

Various circumstances have concurred to make the restraints upon publicity far less effectual of late years than they ever were before; and in proportion to the greater liberty enjoyed from the diminished risk of legal proceedings, has been the increased license assumed by all who cater for the bad feelings, and bad taste of the public, in providing for its gratification, and swelling their own gains. Among the chief of these circumstances must, no doubt, be reckoned the rapid progress of free opinions, the conviction of the press's importance as an engine of public instruction, and a vehicle, above all, of political discussion; the aversion felt by all friends of liberty to impose any fetters upon this important agent of good, and the disposition thus produced to pass over its errors, and pardon its abuse in consideration of its eminent usefulness in the vast majority of instances. It thus became one of the great distinctions between the parties which divide political men both in England and other countries, that the friends of arbitrary government were jealous of the press's licentiousness, and always prone to enforce the law against it; while the advocates of liberal opinions scarcely ever could be persuaded that a case was made out which justified prosecution. It is true, that until a comparatively late period, the friends of the press, however hostile to proceedings against libellers, always restricted this disinclination

to cases of public or political writings, and avowed themselves the enemies of all private slander and personal abuse;—holding the protection of that offence to be altogether unnecessary to public liberty, and the commission of it to be pernicious, and not beneficial to the liberty of the press, in the true acceptation of the term. But the line which separates attacks upon private and personal failings from the discussion of public conduct, like that which parts the consideration of measures from the judgment to be pronounced upon men, the authors of those measures, is not always easy to trace or to observe; and the consequences has been, that almost at all times considerable latitude has been allowed of mingling comments on private with remarks upon public conduct; so that, generally speaking, they who were the most adverse to state prosecutions were also the most patient of personal attacks, and the least disposed to seek protection from the law against even very unmeasured abuse of their private demeanour. It is hardly necessary to add, that such distinctions between the two parties, and such repugnance in both to proceedings against libels of any kind, became more marked as the diffusion of liberal opinions became more general, and that progress more rapid. But it is fit that we consider the effects of this improvement, as it materially affected the conduct even of the party most opposed to the licentiousness of the press. They followed their more liberal adversaries, though at a distance which was increasing and not lessening. State prosecutions became daily more rare, and it seems difficult to believe that we live in the same country and under the same law, when we cast our eye over the kind of publications prosecuted as libels, not merely fifty, but five-and-twenty years ago; and see the sedition and the scurrility now daily printed without the least effort to check either by judicial proceedings. Who can think that he lives in the same community which expressed no kind of surprise or reprobation, when Sir Vicary Gibbs filed, all at once, between twenty and thirty *ex officio* informations, chiefly for comments upon the character and conduct of members of the Royal family; and when the same law officer of the Crown some years later, put the editor of the most moderate and most respectable paper of the day, upon his trial, for remarking that the successor of George the Third would have a glorious task when he came to the throne, from the contrast which his reign might afford to that of his royal predecessor? It may safely be asserted, that there is no one newspaper or other publication now, in the whole United Kingdom, which ever mentions the conduct of any one member of the Royal family with disapprobation half so gentle as in 1809 exposed the late Mr. Perry to a very imminent risk of being convicted and punished; while there are in every quarter of the country almost daily attacks made upon all princes, all magistrates,

and all others in high stations, which, a quarter of a century ago, would inevitably have consigned their authors to imprisonment for two years, accompanied by a heavy fine.

With this more general cause, others of an accidental nature combined, about the same time, to increase the freedom of the press, by interposing obstacles in the way of prosecutions. Of these accidental circumstances, the affair of the Duke of York, which occupied so large a portion of the public attention in 1809, and drew it away from matters of far greater moment, was the most remarkable. It may with perfect safety be affirmed, that the result of this singular investigation proved, after time had been allowed for calm reflection, far less injurious to the exalted individual whom it chiefly concerned, than to the system of which he and his defenders were the strenuous advocates; and indeed, that when the season for pronouncing a cool judgment had arrived, others were found to have sustained, in the course of the proceedings, much more damage, than the person against whom they were pointed. There was left, however, a general impression exceedingly unfavourable to the Royal family; not merely as to their habits of life, but as to their jealousies and intrigues against one another; and the disgraceful scenes, soon afterwards disclosed in some legal proceedings connected with the Duke of York's case, tended greatly to increase that impression, by showing one of his brothers mixed up in the combination that had been formed to accomplish his ruin. As for the Duke himself, indeed, his love affairs were not to be justified; yet from all the charges of corruption he was completely cleared; nor could any one living believe him guilty of more connivance at the jobs of those about him, than might well be ascribed to the careless habits of an extremely good-natured man, of less than the ordinary measure of acuteness and sagacity. Against this was willingly set by his friends, and readily admitted by the world at large, the admirable dispositions of that Prince,—his kindness of temper, his affection for his friends, his regard for his word generally, the undeviating integrity of his dealings in private life, his entire want of all pride, and singular exemption from the common failings of princes in the intercourse of society; even his pertinacious adherence to opinions which the bulk of mankind believed to be erroneous, but which he, because conscientiously imbued with them, treated as of religious obligation. It may be affirmed that there seldom has lived an individual in his exalted station, who possessed more of the general esteem, who had more personal friends, and whose friends loved him better; while even his political adversaries gave him credit for the honesty of his prejudices, willingly overlooking the obstinacy with which he clung to them.

But although the character of the Duke of York did not suffer materially in the estimation of the circles to which he belonged, it is impossible to doubt that with the community at large, and especially the middle and lower classes, his morals were regarded as of a libertine cast, in consequence of the disclosures made respecting his illicit amours; and the circumstances of these things not being denied by his defenders, and of his reputation with the upper classes suffering nothing in consequence, plainly indicated that a lax morality prevailed at Court, as well as that the Royal Family shared in this stain. The consequence was, that both the Aristocracy at large, and, in an especial manner, the Family, became objects of distrust or aversion with a large body of the people; who had till then never distinctly perceived that the different orders of society lived under different dispensations of the moral law. The freedom with which the press commented upon these things became impossible to check; no prosecution could be instituted against any libellers, however violent; no jury could be expected to convict, how indecent soever might be the license of abuse assumed; and all the pending informations and indictments were at once abandoned as hopeless. Not only attacks upon the Royal Family were published without any reserve or decorum, but libels upon all other public men were circulated with equal freedom; and unmeasured invectives against all the institutions of the State were, in like manner, ventilated through all the channels of publication without restraint; because, when there was no possibility of prosecuting the libels upon the Royal Family, it became impossible to prosecute other libels, without appearing to admit the innocence of the former class of writings. Indeed there is every reason to believe that juries would have been as unwilling to convict the one class of libellers as the other; because the singling out a few publications for prosecution, when so many were suffered to pass unheeded, would have appeared contrary to all honesty of purpose, and would have set the minds of men against the proceeding. Accordingly, in the comparatively few attempts made,—as when libels respecting military punishments were prosecuted,—the influence of the Crown and the authority of the Bench failed in some remarkable instances to obtain convictions.

The restoration of peace brought along with it for some time, if not a suspension of political strife, at least a mitigation of its rancour; and the press ceasing to exhibit any great activity or animosity, was itself left at rest. There ensued some years of great distress, and the symptoms of disaffection which appeared in its train were laid hold of as the pretext for suspending the Constitution. While the power of Arbitrary Imprisonment was vested in the Government, it is needless to observe that writers, like all other persons, were con-

trolled by the fear of being arrested and confined for an indefinite period of time; without any trial or even any charge. But before the end of George III.'s reign, the Constitution had been restored; and the accession of his son, who from Regent became King, in consequence of a circumstance accidental in some degree, produced effects as remarkable upon the freedom of public discussion as the Duke of York's case had done ten years before. But from its own nature, from the unusual interest which it excited, and from its influence upon the aspect of political affairs in this country, as well as upon the character and conduct of the press, both at the time and in its more remote consequences, we are called upon to trace to its origin the event to which we have now only very generally alluded as connected with the Regent's accession to the Crown.

George Prince of Wales had been educated after the manner of all princes whose school is the palace of their ancestors, whose teacher is boundless prosperity, whose earliest and most cherished associate is unrestrained self-indulgence, and who neither among their companions form the acquaintance of any equal, nor in the discipline of the seminary ever taste of control. The regal system of tuition is indeed curiously suited to its purpose of fashioning men's minds to the task of governing their fellow-creatures—of training up a naturally erring and sinful creature to occupy the most arduous of all human stations, the one most requiring habits of self-command, and for duly filling which, all the instruction that man can receive, and all the virtue his nature is capable of practising, would form a very inadequate qualification. This system had, upon the Prince of Wales, produced its natural effects in an unusually ample measure. He seemed, indeed, to come forth from the School a finished specimen of its capabilities and its powers; as if to show how much havoc can be made in a character originally deficient in none of the good and few of the great qualities, with which it may be supposed that men are born. Naturally of a temper by no means sour or revengeful, he had become selfish to a degree so extravagant, that he seemed to act upon the practical conviction, that all mankind were borne for his exclusive use; and hence he became irritable on the least incident that thwarted his wishes; nay seemed to consider himself injured, and thus entitled to gratify his resentment, as often as any one, even from a due regard to his own duty or his own character, acted in a way to disappoint his expectations or ruffle his repose. His natural abilities, too, were far above mediocrity: he was quick, lively, gifted with a retentive memory, and even with a ready wit—endowed with an exquisite ear for music, and a justness of eye, that fitted him to attain refined taste in the arts—possessed, too, of a nice sense of the ludicrous, which made his relish for humour sufficiently acute, and bestowed upon him the powers

of an accomplished mimic. The graces of his person and his manners need not be noted, for neither are valuable but as the adjunct of higher qualities; and the latter, graceful manners, are hardly to be avoided by one occupying all his life that first station which removes constraint, and makes the movements of the prince as naturally graceful as those of the infant or the child too young to feel embarrassment. But of what avail are all natural endowments without cultivation? They can yield no more fruit than a seed or a graft cast out upon a marble floor; and cultivation, which implies labour, discipline, self-control, submission to others, never can be applied to the Royal State. They who believe that they are exempt from the toils, and hardly liable to the casualties of other mortals—all whose associates, and most of whose instructors, set themselves about confirming this faith—are little likely to waste the midnight oil in any contemplations but those of the debauchee; and those who can hardly bring themselves to believe that they are subject to the common fate of humanity, are pretty certain to own no inferior control. 'Quoi donc' (exclaimed the young Dauphin to his right reverend preceptor, when some book mentioned a king as having died)—'Quoi donc les Rois meurent-ils?' 'Quelque fois, Monseigneur,' was the cautious and courtly reply. That the prince should afterwards grow, in the natural course of things, into Louis XV., and that his infant aptitude for the habits of royalty thus trained, should expand into the maturity of self-indulgence which almost proved too great a trial of French loyal patience, is not matter of wonder. Our Louis, notwithstanding the lessons of Dean Jackson, and the fellowship of Thurlow and Sheridan, was a man of very uncultivated mind—ignorant of all but the passages of history which most princes read, with some superficial knowledge of the dead languages, which he had imperfectly learnt and scantily retained, considerable musical skill, great facility of modern tongues, and no idea whatever of the rudiments of any science, natural or moral; unless the very imperfect notions of the structure of governments, picked up in conversation or studied in newspapers, can be reckoned any exception to the universal blank.

We have said nothing of the great quality of all,—the test of character,—firmness, and her sister truth. That the Prince was a man of firm mind, not even his most unscrupulous flatterers ever could summon up the courage to pretend. He was much the creature of impulses, and the sport of feelings naturally good and kind; but had become wholly selfish through unlimited indulgence. Those who knew him well were wont to say that his was a woman's character, when they observed how little self-command he had, and how easily he gave way to petty sentiments. Nor was the remark more gallant towards the sex than it was respectful towards the Prince; inasmuch as the character of a

woman transferred to the other sex implies the want of those qualities which constitute manly virtue, without the possession of the charms by which female weaknesses are redeemed; independently of the fact that those weaker parts are less prejudicial in the woman, because they are more in harmony with the whole. That they who draw the breath of life in a Court, and pass all their lives in an atmosphere of lies, should have any very sacred regard for truth is hardly to be expected. They experience such falsehood in all who surround them, that deception, at least suppression of the truth, almost seems necessary for self-defence; and accordingly, if their speech be not framed upon the theory of the French Cardinal, that language was given to man for the better concealment of his thoughts, they at least seem to regard in what they say, not its resemblance to the fact in question, but rather its subserviency to the purpose in view.

The course of private conduct which one in such a station,—of such habits, and of such a disposition,—might naturally be expected to run, was that of the Prince from his early youth upwards; and when he entered upon public life, he was found to have exhausted the resources of a career of pleasure; to have gained followers without making friends; to have acquired much envy and some admiration among the unthinking multitude of polished society; but not to command, in any quarter, either respect or esteem. The line of political conduct which he should pursue was chalked out by the relative position in which he stood to his father, and still more by that monarch's character, in almost all respects the reverse of his own. Of a narrow understanding, which no culture had enlarged; of an obstinate disposition, which no education, perhaps, could have humanized; of strong feelings in ordinary things, and a resolute attachment to all his own opinions and predilections, George III. possessed much of the firmness of purpose which, being exhibited by men of contracted mind without any discrimination, and as pertinaciously when they are in the wrong as when they are in the right, lends to their characters an appearance of inflexible consistency, which is often mistaken for greatness of mind, and not seldom received as a substitute for honesty. In all that related to his kingly office he was the slave of as deep rooted a selfishness as his son; and no feeling of a kindly nature ever was suffered to cross his mind, whenever his power was concerned, either in its maintenance, or in the manner of exercising it. In other respects, he was a man of amiable disposition, and few princes have been more exemplary in their domestic habits, or in the offices of private friendship. But the instant that his prerogative was concerned, or his bigotry interfered with, or his will thwarted, the most unbending pride, the most bitter animosity, the most calculating coldness of heart,

the most unforgiving resentment, took possession of his whole breast and swayed it by turns. The habits of friendship, the ties of blood, the dictates of conscience, the rules of honesty were alike forgotten; and the fury of the tyrant, with the resources of a cunning which mental alienation is supposed to whet, were ready to circumvent or to destroy all who interposed an obstacle to the fierceness of unbridled desire. His conduct throughout the American war, and towards the Irish people, has often been cited as illustrative of the dark side of his public character; and his treatment of the Prince, whom he hated with a hatred scarcely consistent with the supposition of a sound mind, might seem to illustrate the shadier part of his personal disposition; but it was in truth only another part of his public, his professional conduct; for he had no better reason for this implacable aversion than the jealousy which men have of their successors, and the consciousness that the Prince, who must succeed him was unlike him, and, being disliked by him, must, during their joint lives, be thrown into the hands of the adversaries he most of all detested.

It thus happened that the Whig party, being the enemies of George George III., found favour in the sight of his son, and became his natural allies. In the scramble for power they highly valued such an auxiliary, and many of them were received also into the personal favour of this illustrious political recruit. But state affairs were only taken as a stimulant, to rouse the dormant appetite, when more vulgar excitement had fatigued the jaded sense; and it would be extremely difficult to name the single occasion on which any part was taken by him whom the Whigs held out as the most exalted member of their body, from the end of the American war until the beginning of the contest with France. An event then occurred which brought his Royal Highness upon the stage, but not as a friend of the Liberal party. He came forward to disclaim them—to avow that his sentiments differed widely from theirs—and to declare that upon the great question which divided the world, he took part with the enemies of liberty and of reform. The French Revolution had alarmed him in common with most of his order; he quitted the party for many years; he gave the only support he had to give, his vote, to their adversaries. The rest of his political history is soon told. When the alarm had subsided, he gradually came back to the Opposition party, and acted with them until his father's illness called him to the Regency, when he shamefully abandoned them, flung himself into the hands of their antagonists, and continued to the end of his days their enemy, with a relentless bitterness, a rancorous malignity, which betokened the spite of his nature, and his consciousness of having injured and betrayed those whom, therefore, he never could forgive. It was indeed

the singular and unenviable fate of this Prince, that he who at various times had more 'troops of friends' to surround him than any man of any age, changed them so often, and treated them so ill, as to survive, during a short part of his life, every one of his attachments, and to find himself before its close in the hands of his enemies, or of mere strangers, the accidental connexions of yesterday.

After running the course of dissipation, uninterrupted by any more rational or worthy pursuit,—prematurely exhausting the resources of indulgence, both animal and mental, and becoming incapable of receiving further gratification unless the wish of the ancient tyrant could be gratified by the invention of some new pleasure,—it was found that a life of what was called unbounded profusion could not be passed without unlimited extravagance, and that such enormous sums had been squandered in a few years as seemed to baffle conjecture how the money could have been spent. The Bill was of course brought in to the Country, and one of the items which swelled the total amount to above half a million, was many hundreds (we believe thousands) of pounds for Marechall powder—a perfumed brown dust with which the fops of those days filled their hair, in preference to using soap and water, after the manner of the less courtly times that succeeded the French Revolution. The discontent which this unprincipled and senseless waste of money occasioned, had no effect in mending the life of its author; and in a few years after, a new debt had been incurred and the aid of Parliament was required again. There seemed now no chance but one of extricating the Prince from the difficulties with which he had surrounded himself, and obtaining such an increased income as might enable him to continue his extravagance without contracting new debts. That chance was his consenting to marry; in order that the event might take place, so pleasing to a people, whom all the vices and the follies of royalty can never wean from their love of Princes, and the increase of the Royal Family be effected with due regularity of procedure from the Heir-Apparent's loins. But although the entering into the state of matrimony in regular form, and with the accustomed publicity, might afford the desired facilities of a pecuniary kind, such a step little suited the taste of the illustrious personage usually termed 'The hope of the country.' That the restraints of wedlock should be dreaded by one to whom all restraint had hitherto been a stranger, and who could set at nought whatever obligations of constancy that holy and comfortable estate imposed, was wholly out of the question. If that were all, he could have no kind of objection to take as many wives as the law of the land allowed,—supposing the dower of each to be a Bill upon the patient good-nature of the English people, towards discharging some mass of debt con-

tracted. But there had happened another event, not quite suited to the people's taste, although of a matrimonial kind, which had been most carefully concealed for very sufficient reasons, and which placed him in a predicament more embarrassing even than his pecuniary difficulties.

The most excusable by far, indeed the most respectable of all the Prince's attachments, had been that which he had early formed for Mrs. Fitzherbert, a woman of the most amiable qualities, and the most exemplary virtue. Her abilities were not shining, nor were her personal charms dazzling, nor was she even in the first stage of youth; but her talents were of the most engaging kind; she had a peculiarly sweet disposition, united to sterling good sense, and was possessed of manners singularly fascinating. His passion for this excellent person was a redeeming virtue of the Prince; it could only proceed from a fund of natural sense and good taste which, had it but been managed with ordinary prudence and care, would have endowed a most distinguished character in private life; and could it by any miracle have been well managed in a palace, must have furnished out a ruler before whose lustre the fame of Titus and the Antonines would grow pale. This passion was heightened by the difficulties which its virtuous object interposed to its gratification; and upon no other terms than marriage could that be obtained. But marriage with this admirable lady was forbidden by law! She was a Roman Catholic; sincerely attached to the religion of her forefathers, she refused to purchase a crown by conforming to any other; and the law declared, that whoever married a Catholic should forfeit all right to the crown of these realms as if he were naturally dead. This law, however, was unknown to her, and, blinded by various pretences, she was induced to consent to a clandestine marriage, which is supposed to have been solemnized between her and the Prince beyond the limits of the English dominions; in the silly belief, perhaps, entertained by him, that he escaped the penalty to which his reckless conduct exposed him, and, that the forfeiture of his succession to the crown was only denounced against such a marriage if contracted within the realm. The consent of the Sovereign was another requisite of the law to render the marriage valid: that consent had not been obtained; and the invalidity of the contract was supposed to save the forfeiture. But they who so construed the plain provision in the Bill of Rights, and assumed, first, that no forfeiture could be incurred by doing an act which was void in itself, whereas the law of England, as well as of Scotland, and every other country,* abounds in cases

* To lawyers this matter is quite familiar. In England, if a tenant for life makes a feoffment in fee, this forfeits his life estate, although the attempt to enlarge his estate is altogether ineffectual, and the feoffee takes nothing by the grant. In Scotland, if an heir of entail fettered by

of acts prohibited and made void, yet punished by a forfeiture of the rights of him who contravenes the prohibition, as much as if they were valid and effectual. The same courtly reasoners and fraudulent match-makers of Carlton House next assumed that statutes so solemn as the Bill of Rights and Act of Settlement could be varied, and, indeed, repealed in an essential particular, most clearly within their mischief, by a subsequent law which makes not the least reference whatever to their provisions; while no man could doubt that to prevent even the attempt at contravening those prohibitions was the object of the acts, in order to prevent all risks; it being equally manifest that if merely preventing a Catholic from being the Sovereign's consort had been the only purpose of the enactment, this could have been most effectually accomplished by simply declaring the marriage void, and the forfeiture of the crown became wholly superfluous. It is, therefore, very far from being clear, that this marriage was no forfeiture of the crown. But, it may be said, the Prince ran this risk only for himself, and no one has a right to complain. Not so. The forfeiture of the crown was his own risk assuredly; but he trepanned Mrs. Fitzherbert into a sacrifice of her honour to gratify his passion, when he well knew that the ceremony which she was made to believe a marriage, could only be regarded as a mere empty form, of no legal validity or effect whatever; unless, indeed, that of exposing her and all who assisted, to the high pains and penalties of a *premunire*. While he pretended that he was making her his wife, and made her believe she was such, he was only making her the victim of his passions, and the accomplice of his crimes. A few years after, when those passions had cooled, or were directed into some new channel, the rumour having got abroad, a question was asked in Parliament respecting the alleged marriage. His chosen political associates were appealed to, and, being instructed by him, denied the charge in the most unqualified terms. Before such men as Mr. Fox and Mr. Grey could thus far commit their honour, they took care to be well assured of the fact by direct personal communication with the Prince himself. He most solemnly denied the whole upon his sacred honour; and his denial was, through these most respectable channels, conveyed to the House of Commons. We are giving here a matter of history well known at the time;—a thousand times repeated since, and never qualified by the parties, or contradicted on their behalf. It must be confessed, that this passage of the Prince's story made his treatment of Mrs. Fitzherbert complete in all its parts. After seducing her with a false and fictitious marriage, he refused her the fencing clauses, makes a conveyance contrary to the prohibitions, the deed is wholly void, and yet he forfeits the estate, to use the words of the Bill of Rights, 'as if he were naturally dead.'

the poor gratification of saving her reputation, by letting the world believe he had really made her his wife. Instances are not wanting of men committing in public a breach of veracity, and sacrificing truth to save the reputation of their paramours; nor is any moralist so stern as to visit with severe censure conduct like this. But who was there ever yet so base as deliberately to pledge his honour to a falsehood, for the purpose of his own protection, and in order to cover with shame her whom his other false pretences had deceived into being his paramour? Bad as this is, worse remains to be told. This treachery was all for the lucre of gain; the question was raised, upon an application to Parliament for money; and the falsehood was told to smooth the difficulties that stood in the way of a vote in Committee of Supply!

The influence of Mrs. Fitzherbert gave place to another connexion, for purposes of sensual gratification, but she retained that sway over his mind which we have described as the brightest feature in the Prince's character. Hence he spared no pains to make her believe that the public denial of their wedlock was only rendered necessary by his father's prejudices and tyrannical conduct. She well knew, that to find an example of fear greater than that dread with which he quailed at the sound of his father's voice, or indeed the bare mention of his name, it was necessary to go among the many-coloured inhabitants of the Caribbe Islands; and hence she could the more easily credit the explanation given of the disclaimer so cruel to her feelings. In private, therefore, and with her, he still passed himself for her husband, and she learned, like other and more real wives, to shut her eyes upon his infidelities, while her empire over his mind remained unshaken. The pressure of new difficulties rendered a regular marriage necessary for his extrication; but as this must at once and forever dispel all that remained of the matrimonial delusion, he long resisted the temptation, through fear of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and dread of their intercourse coming to a violent end. At length the increasing pressure of his embarrassments overweighed all other considerations, and he consented to a marriage, and to give up Mrs. Fitzherbert for ever. The other person with whom he lived upon the most intimate terms, is supposed to have interposed fresh obstacles to this scheme; but these were overcome by an understanding that the new wife should enjoy only the name;—that systematic neglect and insult of every kind heaped upon her should attest how little concern the heart had with this honourable arrangement, and how entirely the husband continued devoted to the wedded wife of another. Every thing was now settled to the satisfaction of all parties. The old spouse was discarded—the old mistress was cherished, fondled, and appeased—the faithful Commons were overjoyed at the prospect of a long

line of heirs to the crown—the loyal people were enraptured at the thoughts of new princes and princesses—the King, while he felt his throne strengthened by the provision made for the succession, was gratified with whatever lowered the person he most hated and despised—and the Prince himself was relieved of much debt, and endowed with augmented resources. One party alone was left out of the general consideration—the intended consort of this illustrious character, whose peculiar pride it was to be called by his flatterers the 'First Gentleman in Europe.'

Caroline Princess of Brunswick was the individual whom it was found convenient to make the sacrifice on this occasion, to an arrangement that diffused so universal a joy through this free, moral, and reflecting country. She was niece of George III., and consequently one of the Prince's nearest relations. Nor has it ever been denied, that in her youth she was a Princess of singular accomplishments, as well of mind as of person. All who had seen her in those days represented her as lovely; nor did she, on touching our shores, disappoint the expectations which those eye-witnesses had raised. All who had known her in that season of youth, and before care had become the companion of her life, and the cruelty of others had preyed upon her feelings and sapped her understanding, described her mental endowments as brilliant; and a judge, alike experienced and severely fastidious, long after she had come amongst us, continued to paint her as formed to be 'the life, grace, and ornament of polished society.*' Her talents were indeed far above the ordinary level of women, and had her education not been rather below the ordinary stock of Princesses, they would have decked her in accomplishments remarkable for any station. Endowed with the greatest quickness of apprehension, with a singularly ready wit, and with such perseverance as is rarely seen in the inmates of a Court, she shone in conversation, and could have excelled in higher studies than statuary, the only one to which she devoted her attention. If it be said that her buoyant spirits were little compatible with the etiquette of a German court, and made her attend less to forms than the decorum of our English palaces, under the cold and stiff reign of George and Charlotte, might seem to require—so must it be confessed, on the other hand, that no person of the exalted station to which this great lady was born, and the still higher elevation of rank which she afterwards reached, ever showed such entire freedom from all haughtiness and pride, or more habitually estimated all who approached her by their intrinsic merits. The first duchess in the land, or the humblest of its peasants, were alike welcome to her, if their endowments and their dispositions claimed her regard; and if by the

* Mr. Canning in the House of Commons.

accident of birth she was more frequently thrown into the fellowship of the one, she could relish the talk, seek out the merits, admire the virtues, and interest herself in the fortunes of the other, without ever feeling the difference of their rank, even so far as to betray in her manner that she was honouring them by her condescension. Thus, all might well be charmed with her good-nature, lively humour, and kindly demeanour, while no one ever thought of praising her affability.

But Caroline of Brunswick had far higher qualities than these; she put forward, in the course of her hapless and checkered existence, claims of a much loftier caste. She had a delight in works of beneficence that made charity the very bond of her existence; nor were the sufferings of her life unconnected with this amiable propensity of her nature. Her passionate fondness for children, balked by that separation from her only offspring to which she was early doomed, led her into the unwise course of adopting the infants of others, which she cherished as if they had been her own. Her courage was of the highest order of female bravery, scorning all perils in the pursuit of worthy objects, leading her certainly into adventures that were chiefly recommended by their risks, but, like the active courage of a woman, suffering occasionally intervals of suspension according to the state of the animal spirits, possibly influenced by the physical constitution of their frame, although the passive virtue of fortitude never knew abatement or eclipse. There were occasions, indeed, when her two distinguishing characteristics were both called forth in unison, and her brave nature ministered to her charity. While travelling in the East, the plague broke out among her suite. Unappalled by a peril which has laid prostrate the stoutest hearts, she entered the Hospital, and set to others the example of attending upon the sick, regardless of even the extreme risk which she ran by hanging over their beds and touching their persons. Let it be added to this, that her nature was absolutely without malice or revenge; that she hardly knew the merit of forgiveness of injuries, because it cost her nothing; and that a harsh expression, a slanderous aspersion, any indication of hatred or of spite never broke from her, even when the resources of ingenuity were exhausted in order to goad her feelings, and self-defence almost made anger and resentment a duty.

It will be said that we have presented the fair side of this remarkable picture,—remarkable if the original were found in a cottage, but in a palace little short of miraculous. If, however, there be so fair a side to the portraiture, shall it not turn away the wrath that other features may possibly raise on reversing the medal? But that is not the defence, nor even the palliation which belongs to this unparalleled case. Was ever human being so treated—above all, was ever woman, so treated as this woman had been—visited with severe

censure if she at some time fell into the snares at all times laid for her undoing? Were ever faults, made next to unavoidable by systematic persecution in all matters down to the most trifling from the most grave, regarded as inexpiable, or only to be expiated by utter destruction? It is one of the grossest and most unnatural of the outrages against all justice, to say nothing of charity, which despots and other slave-owners commit, that they visit on their hapless victims the failings which their oppressions burn as it were into the character—that they affect disgust and reprobation at what is their own handiwork—and assume from the vices they have themselves engendered a new right to torment whom they have degraded. These men can never learn the lessons of inspired wisdom, and lay their account with reaping as they have sowed. ‘Were a tyrant,’ it was said, on a late great occasion, ‘to assume some strange caprice, by grafting the thorn upon the vine-tree, or placing the young dove among vultures, to be reared, surely it would surpass even the caprice of a tyrant and his proverbial contempt of all reason beyond his own will, were he to complain that he could no longer gather grapes from the plant, and that the perverted nature of the dove thirsted for blood.’ Did any parent, unnatural enough to turn his child among gipsies, ever prove so senseless or unreasonable as to complain of the dishonest habits his offspring had acquired? By what title, then, shall a husband, who, after swearing upon the altar to love, protect, and cherish his wife, casts her away from him, and throws her into whatever society may beset her in a strange country, pretend to complain of incorrect demeanour when it is no fault of his that there remains in the bosom of his victim one vestige of honesty, of purity, or of honour? It is not denied, it cannot be denied, that levities little suited to her station marked the conduct of the Princess; that unworthy associates sometimes found admittance to her presence; that in the hands of intriguing women she became a tool of their silly, senseless plots; that, surrounded by crafty politicians, she suffered her wrongs to be used as the means of gratifying a place-hunting ambition, which rather crawled than climbed; and that a character naturally only distinguished by mere heedless openness, and a frankness greater than common prudence seems to justify in those who dwell in palaces, became shaded if not tarnished, by a disposition to join in unjustifiable contrivances for self-defence. But the heavy charges of guilt brought against her, in two several investigations, were triumphantly repelled, and by the universal assent of mankind scattered in the wind, amidst their unanimous indignation; and from the blame of lesser faults and indiscretions into which she is confessed to have been betrayed, the least regard to the treatment she met with must, in the contemplation of all candid minds, altogether set her free.

No sooner was the marriage solemnized, which plunged the country into unmixed joy, and raised a mingled expectation and sneer among the population of the court, than the illustrious husband proceeded to the most exemplary, and indeed scrupulous fulfilment of his vows—but not those made at the altar. There were others of a prior date, to which, with the most rigorous sense of justice, he therefore gave the preference;—performing them with an exactness even beyond the strict letter of the engagement. It is true they were not quite consistent with the later obligations 'to love, cherish, and protect;' but they were vows notwithstanding, and had been attested with many oaths, and fierce imprecations, and accompanied with a touching and a copious effusion of tears. Their purport was an engagement to reject, to hate, and to insult the wedded wife; to yield her rival, not unwedded, but the helpmate of another, the preference on all occasions; to crown the existence of the one with all favour, and affection, and respect, while that of the other should be made wretched and unbearable by every slight which could be given, every outrage offered to the feelings most tyrannical over the female bosom. Swift followed, then, upon the making of the second and public vow, the punctual fulfilment of the first and private obligation. Never did the new-married pair meet but in the presence of others; the Princess was treated on every occasion, but most on public occasions, with ostentatious neglect, nay, with studied contumely; each resource of ingenious spite was exhausted in devising varied means of exhibiting her position in melancholy contrast with the empire of her rival: when she submitted, trampled upon as dastardly and mean; when she was reluctantly goaded into self-defence, run down and quelled and punished as contumacious; and as soon as maltreatment was suspected to have begotten the desire of retaliation, she was surrounded with spies, that not a gesture or a look, a word or a sigh might pass unregistered, unexaggerated, unperverted. Yet no one incident could be found upon which to hang the slightest charge of impropriety. Witness the necessity to which the Whig friends of Carlton-House were reduced (for want of other blame), of complaining that the sympathy of the people had been awaked in behalf of the persecuted and defenceless stranger; and that she did not shun occasions of seeing her only friend, the people, so carefully as the Whig notion of female propriety deemed fitting, or the Carlton-House standard of conjugal delicacy required.

At the end of a tedious and sorrowful year, the birth of the Princess Charlotte once more intoxicated the nation with loyal joy, and made it forget as well as the silent sorrows of the one parent, as the perfidious cruelty of the other. Scarce had the mother recovered, when a fresh and unheard-of outrage greeted her returning

health. The 'First Gentleman of his age' was pleased, under his own hand, to intimate, that it suited his disposition no longer to maintain even the thin covering of decency which he had hitherto suffered to veil the terms of their union; he announced that they should now live apart; and added, with a refinement of delicacy suited to the finished accomplishments of his pre-eminence among gentlemen, that he pledged himself never to ask for a nearer connexion even if their only child should die,—he added, with a moving piety, 'which God forbid!'—in case it might be imagined that the death of the daughter was as much his hope as the destruction of the mother. The separation, thus delicately effected, made only an apparent change in the relative position of the parties. They had before occupied the same house, because they had lived under one roof, but in a state of complete separation; and now the only difference was, that, instead of making a partition of the dwelling, and assigning her one half of its interior, he was graciously pleased to make a new division of the same mansion, giving her the outside, and keeping the inside to his mistresses and himself.

The incessant vigilance with which the unhappy Princess's conduct was now watched, by eyes ready to minister fictions to those who employed them, soon produced a report that their prey had fallen into the appointed snare. It was duly represented to the 'Most amiable Prince of his times,' living with his paramours, that the wife whom he had discarded for their society, and to whom he had given what the head of the law, his comrade and adviser,* scrupled not to term 'a letter of license,' had followed his example, and used the license; in short, that she had been secretly delivered of a child. No intrigue had been denounced as detected by the spies; nor could any person be fixed on as he who had committed high treason, by defiling the solitary bed to which the 'Companion of the King's son'† had been condemned by her tender and faithful consort. The charge, however, was made, and it was minutely investigated,—not by the friends of the accused, but by the political and the personal associates of her husband. The result was her complete and triumphant acquittal of all but the charge that she had, to vary the monotony of her sequestered life, adopted the child of a sailmaker in the neighbourhood of her residence; thus endeavouring to find for her own daughter's society a substitute upon whom the natural instinct of maternal feeling might find a vent, to relieve an overburthened heart. It was little creditable, certainly, to the Commissioners who conducted this 'Delicate Investigation,' as it was termed, that they stooped to mention levities of conduct wholly

* Lord Thurlow.

† *La Compagne Filz le Roy*—says the Statute of Treasons.

immaterial, and avowedly quite inoffensive in her, while they cautiously abstained from pronouncing any censure upon the guilt of the other party, by whose faithlessness and cruelty her existence had been rendered a scene of misery.

In those days, the accidental distributions of party had made the Princess acquainted with the most eminent of the Tory chiefs—Lord Eldon—Mr. Perceval—and Mr. Canning. These distinguished personages composed her familiar society, and they were her faithful counsellors through all her difficulties. Nor would it have been easy to find men on whom she could more safely rely for powerful assistance as advocates, or able advice as friends.

Lord Eldon, to great legal experience, and the most profound professional learning, united that thorough knowledge of men which lawyers who practise in the courts, and especially the courts of common law,* attain in a measure, and with an accuracy hardly conceivable to those out of the profession, who idly fancy that it is only from intercourse with courts and camps that a knowledge of the world can be derived. He had a sagacity almost unrivalled; a penetration of mind at once quick and sure; a shrewdness so great as to pierce through each feature of his peculiarly intelligent countenance; a subtlety so nimble, that it materially impaired the strength of his other qualities, by lending his ingenuity an edge sometimes too fine for use. Yet this defect, the leading one of his intellectual character, was chiefly confined to his professional exertions; and the counsellor, so hesitating in answering an important case—the judge so prone to doubt that he could hardly bring his mind to decide one—was, in all that practically concerned his party or himself, as ready to take a line, and to follow it with determination of purpose, as the least ingenious of ordinary politicians. The timidity, too, of which he has been accused, and sometimes justly, was more frequently the result of the subtlety and refinement which we have mentioned. At all events, no one knew better when to cast it off; and upon great occasions—that is, the occasions which put his interest or his power in jeopardy—a less wavering actor, indeed one more ready at a moment's warning to go all lengths for the attainment of his object, never appeared upon the political stage. His fears in this respect very much resembled his conscientious scruples, of which no man spoke more or felt less; he was about as often the slave of them, as the Indian is of his deformed little gods, of which he makes much, and then breaks them to pieces, or casts them into the fire. When all politics seemed smooth, and the parliamentary sea was unruffled as the peaceful lake, nothing was to

be heard but his Lordship's deep sense of his responsible duties; his willingness to quit the Great Seal; the imminent risk there was of his not again sitting in that place; the uncertainty of all the tenures by which official life is held; and even the arrival of that season when it became him to prepare for a yet more awful change; and the hearer, who knew the speaker, felt here an intimate persuasion, that the most religious of mortals could not have named the great debt of nature with more touching sincerity, or employed an expression more calculated to convey that feeling of dread. Such were the songs of the swan when the waters were a mirror, and there was no fear of dissolution. But in foul weather—the instant that peril approached—be the black cloud on the very verge of the horizon, and but the size of a man's hand—all these notes were hushed, and a front was assumed as if the Great Seal had been given to him for life, with the power to name his successor by any writing under his hand, or by parole before a single witness. In like manner, when the interests of suitors required despatch, when causes had been heard by the hour and by the day, and all the efforts of the judge to coax the advocate into greater prolixity had been exhausted, the dreaded moment of decision came, but brought only hesitation, doubt, delay. So, too, when common matters occurred in Parliament, and no kind of importance could be attached to the adoption of one course rather than another, bless us! what inexhaustible suggestions of difficulty, what endless effusion of conflicting views, what a rich mine of mock diamonds all glittering and worthless in the shape of reasons on all sides of a question never worth the trouble of asking, and which none but this great magician would stop to resolve! So again in the Council—when there was no danger of any kind, and it signified not a straw what was done, the day, had it been lengthened out by the sun being made to stand still, while our Joshua slew all the men in Buckram that he conjured up, would yet have been all too short to state and to solve his difficulties about nothing! But let there come any real embarrassment, any substantial peril which required a bold and vigorous act to ward it off—let there but be occasion for nerves to work through a crisis which it asked no common boldness to face at all—let there arise some new and strange combination of circumstances, which, governed by no precedent, must be met by unprecedented measures,—and no man that ever sat at a Council board, more quickly made up his mind, or more gallantly performed his part. Be the act mild or harsh, moderate or violent, sanctioned by the law and constitution, or an open outrage upon both, he was heard indeed to wail and groan much of painful necessity—often vowed to God—spoke largely of conscience—complained bitterly of a hard lot—but the paramount sense of duty overcame all other feelings; and, with wailing and with tears, beating his

* Lord Eldon was well versed in *Nisi Prius* practice during a great part of his life—having gone the Northern Circuit for many years.

breast, and only not tearing his hair, he did in the twinkling of an eye the act which unexpectedly discomfited his adversaries, and secured his own power for ever. He who would adjourn a private road or estate bill for weeks, unable to make up his mind on one of its clauses, or take a month to determine on what terms some amendment should be allowed in a suit, could, without one moment's hesitation, resolve to give the King's consent to the making of laws, when he was in such a state of mental disease, that the Keeper of his Person could not be suffered to quit the royal closet for an instant, while his patient was with the Keeper of his Conscience performing the highest function of sovereignty!

With all these apparent discrepancies between Lord Eldon's outward and inward man, nothing could be more incorrect than to represent him as tainted with hypocrisy, in the ordinary sense of the word. He had imbibed from his youth, and in the orthodox bowers which Isis waters, the dogmas of the Tory creed in all their purity and rigour. By these dogmas he abided through his whole life, with a steadfastness, and even at a sacrifice of power, which sets at defiance all attempts to question their perfect sincerity. Such as he was when he left Oxford, such he continued above sixty years after, to the close of his long and prosperous life;—the enemy of all reform, the champion of the throne and the altar, and confounding every abuse that surrounded the one or grew up within the precincts of the other, with the institutions themselves; alike the determined enemy of all who would either invade the institution or root up the abuse.

To the confidence, as to the society of the Princess, this remarkable person was recommended, not more by the extraordinary fertility of his resources as a counsellor in difficult emergencies, than by his singular powers of pleasing in the intercourse of private life. For his manners were rendered peculiarly attractive by the charm of constant good humour; and his conversation, if not so classical and refined as that of his brother, Sir William Scott, and somewhat soiled with the rust of professional society and legal habits, was nevertheless lively and entertaining in a very high degree.

With him was joined another member of the same profession, incomparably less eminent in that way, in most other respects his inferior, but still a person of great ability, the late Mr. Perceval. Though formed in the same legal school, these men were exceedingly different from, and in many respects the opposite of each other. Mr. Perceval was a man of very quick parts, much energy of character, dauntless courage, joined to patient industry, practised fluency as a speaker, great skill and readiness as a debater; but of no information beyond what a classical education gives the common run of English youths. Of views upon all

subjects the most narrow, upon religious and even political questions the most bigoted and intolerant, his range of mental vision was confined in proportion to his ignorance on all general subjects. Within that sphere he saw with extreme acuteness,—as the mole is supposed to be more sharp-sighted than the eagle for half a quarter of an inch before it; but as beyond the limits of his little horizon he saw no better than the mole, so like her, he firmly believed, and always acted on the belief, that beyond what he could descry nothing whatever existed; and he mistrusted, dreaded, and even hated all who had an ampler visual range than himself. But here, unhappily, all likeness ceases between the puny animal and the powerful statesman. Beside the manifest sincerity of his convictions, attested by his violence and rancour, he possessed many qualities, both of the head and the heart, which strongly recommended him to the confidence of the English people. He never scared them by refinements, nor alarmed their fears by any sympathy with improvements out of the old and beaten track; and he shared largely in all their favourite national prejudices. A devoted adherent of the Crown, and a pious son of the Church, he was dear to all who celebrate their revels by libations to Church and King—most of whom regard the clergy as of far more importance than the gospel—all of whom are well enough disposed to set the monarch above the law. Add to this, the accidental qualification of high birth, in a family excessively attached to the Court and the Establishment, and still more the real virtues which adorned his character—a domestic life without stain—an exemplary discharge of the duties that devolve on the father of a numerous family—a punctual performance of all his obligations—a temper which, though quick and even irritable, was generally good—a disposition charitable and kind where the rancour of party or sect left his nature free scope. From all sordid feelings he was entirely exempt—regardless of pecuniary interest—careless of mere fortune—aiming at power alone—and only suffering his ambition to be restrained by its intermixture with his fiery zeal for the success of his cherished principles, religious and civil. The whole character thus formed, whether intellectual or moral, was eminently fitted to command the respect and win the favour of a nation whose prejudices are numerous and deep-rooted, and whose regard for the decencies of private life readily accepts a strict observance of them as a substitute for almost any political defect, and a compensation for many political crimes.

The two eminent men, whose habits we have been contemplating, differed from one another far less than both differed from the third. Mr. Canning was, in all respects, one of the most remarkable persons who have lived in our times. Born with talents of the highest order, these had been cultivated with an assiduity and

success which placed him in the first rank among the most accomplished scholars of his day; and he was only inferior to others in the walks of science, from the accident of the studies which Oxford cherished in his time being pointed almost exclusively to classical pursuits. But he was any thing rather than a mere scholar. In him were combined, with a rich profusion, the most lively original fancy—a happily retentive and ready memory—singular powers of lucid statement—and occasionally wit in all its varieties, now biting and sarcastic, to overwhelm an antagonist, now pungent or giving point to an argument, now playful for mere amusement, and bringing relief to a tedious statement, or lending a charm to dry chains of close reasoning. ‘*Erant ea in Philippo que, qui sine comparatione illorum spectaret, satis magna dixerit; summa libertas in oratione, multe facietis; satis creber in reprehendis, solutus in explicandis sententiis; erat etiam in primis, ut temporibus illis, Græcis doctrinis institutus, in altercando cum aliquo acculeo et maledicto facietis.*’—(Cic. *Brutus*.) Superficial observers, dazzled by this brilliancy, and by its sometimes being over-indulged, committed their accustomed mistake; and supposed that he who could thus adorn his subject was an amusing speaker only, while he was helping on the argument at every step,—often making skilful statements perform the office of reasoning, and oftener still seeming to be witty when he was merely exposing the weakness of hostile positions, and thus taking them by the artillery of his wit. But in truth his powers of ordinary reasoning were of a very high order, and could not be excelled by the most practised master of dialectics. It was rather in the deep and full measure of impassioned declamation, in its legitimate combination with rapid argument—the highest reach of oratory—that he failed; and this he rarely attempted. Of his powers of argumentation, his capacity for the pursuits of abstract science, his genius for adorning the least attractive subjects, there remains an imperishable record in his celebrated speeches upon the ‘*Currency*,’ of all his efforts the most brilliant and the most happy.

This great man was the slave of no mean or paltry passions, but a lofty ambition inspired him; and had he not too early become trained to official habits he would have avoided the distinguishing error of his life—an impression which clung to him from the desk—that no one can usefully serve his country, or effectually further his principles, unless he possesses the power which place alone bestows. The traces of this belief are to be seen in many of the most remarkable passages of his life; and it even appears in the song with which he celebrated the praise of his illustrious leader and friend; for he treats as a fall his sacrificing power to principle at a time when by retiring from office Mr. Pitt had earned the applause of millions. Mr. Canning himself gave

an example yet more signal of abandoning office rather than tarnish his fame; and no act of his life can be cited which sheds a greater lustre on his memory.

In private society he was singularly amiable and attractive, though, except for a very few years of his early youth, he rarely frequented the circles of society, confining his intercourse to an extremely small number of warmly attached friends.* In all the relations of domestic life he was blameless, and was the delight of his family, as in them he placed his own.† His temper, though naturally irritable and uneasy, had nothing paltry or spiteful in it; and as no one better knew how and when to resent an injury, so none could more readily or more gracefully forgive.

It is supposed that from his early acquaintance with Mr. Sheridan and one or two other Whigs, he originally had a leaning towards that side of the question. But he entered into public life, at a very early age, under the auspices of Mr. Pitt, to whom he continued steadily attached till his death; accompanying him when he retired from power, and again quitting office upon his decease. His principles were throughout those of a liberal Tory, above the prejudices of the bigots who have rendered Toryism ridiculous, and free from the corruption that has made it hateful. Imbued with a warm attachment to the ancient institutions of the country, somewhat apt to overrate the merits of mere antiquity, from his classical habits and from early association, he nevertheless partook largely in the improved spirit of the age, and adopted all reforms, except such as he conscientiously believed were only dictated by a restless love of change, and could do no good, or such as went too far and threatened revolution. But this was the posture into which his opinions and principles may be said ultimately to have subsided—these the bearings of his mind towards the great objects of political controversy in the station which it finally took when the tempest of French convulsion had ceased, and statesmen were moored in still water. He began his career in the most troublous period of the storm; and it happened to him, as to all

* It is necessary to state this undoubted fact that the folly of those may be rebuked, who have chosen to represent him as ‘a great dinner-out.’ We will answer for it that none of those historians of the day ever once saw him at table.

† It is well known how much more attachment was conceived for his memory by his family and his devoted personal friends, than by his most stanch political adherents. The friendships of statesmen are proverbially of rotten texture; but it is doubtful if ever this rottenness was displayed in a more disgusting manner than when the puny men of whose nostrils he had been the breath, joined his worst enemies as soon as they had laid him in the grave. It was justly said by one hardly even related to him but in open hostility, that ‘the gallantry of his kindred had rescued his memory from the offices of his friends,’—in allusion to Lord Clanricarde’s most powerful and touching appeal on that disgraceful occasion.

men, that the tone of his sentiments upon state affairs was very much influenced through after times by the events which first awakened his ambition, or directed his earliest pursuit of glory. The atrocities of the French Jacobins, the thoughtless violence of the extreme democratic party in this country, reduced by those atrocities to a small body, the spirit of aggression which the conduct of her neighbours had first roused in France, and which unexampled victories soon raised to a pitch that endangered all national independence—led Mr. Canning, with many others who naturally were friendly to liberty, into a course of hostility towards all change, because they became accustomed to confound reform with revolution, and to dread nothing so much as the mischief which popular violence had produced in France, and with which the march of French conquests threatened to desolate Europe. Thus it came to pass that the most vigorous and the most active portion of his life was passed in opposing all reforms, in patronising the measures of coercion into which Mr. Pitt had, so unhappily for his fame and for his country, been seduced by the alarms of weak, and by the selfish schemes of unprincipled men; and in resisting the attempts which the friends of peace persevered in making for terminating the hostilities so long the curse, and still by their fruits the bane of this empire. It was not till the end of the war that his natural good sense had its free scope, and he became aware of the difference between reforms, of which he admitted the necessity, and revolution, against all risk of which he anxiously guarded. He had early joined Mr. Pitt on the Catholic question, and, while yet the war raged, he had rendered incalculable service to the cause of Emancipation, by devoting to it some of his most brilliant displays in the House of Commons. This, with the accident of a contested election in a great town bringing him more in contact with popular feelings and opinions, contributed to the liberal course of policy on almost all subjects, which he afterwards pursued. Upon one only question he continued firm and unbending; he was the most uncompromising adversary of all Parliamentary Reform,—resisting even the least change in the representative system, and holding that alteration once begun was fatal to its integrity.* This opposition to reform became the main characteristic of the Canning party, and it regulated their conduct on almost all questions. Before 1831, no exception can be perceived in their hostility to reform, unless their differing

* During the short period of his brilliant administration, the question of disfranchising a burgh, convicted of gross corruption, gave rise to the only difference between him and Mr. Brougham, who was understood to have greatly contributed towards that junction of the Whigs and liberal Tories which dissolved and scattered the old and high Tory party; and a division took place in which Mr. Canning was defeated.

with the Duke of Wellington on East Retford can be regarded as such; but, in truth, their avowed reason for supporting that most insignificant measure was, that the danger of a real and effectual reform might thereby be warded off. The friends of Mr. Canning, including Lords Palmerston and Glenelg, who in 1818 had been joined by Lord Melbourne, continued steady to the same principles, until happily, on the formation of Lord Grey's government they entirely changed their course, and became the advocates, with their reforming colleagues, of a change, compared to which the greatest reforms ever contemplated by Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox, or denounced by Mr. Burke and Mr. Canning, hardly deserved to be classed among measures of innovation. No one can pronounce with perfect confidence on the conduct which any statesman would have pursued, had he survived the times in which he flourished. But if such an opinion may ever with safety be formed, it seems to be in the present case; and it would require far more boldness to surmise that Mr. Canning, or even Mr. Huskisson, would have continued in the government after the 1st of March, 1831, than to affirm that nothing could ever have induced such an alteration in their most fixed opinions upon so momentous a question.

But while such was the strength of his opinions,—prejudices as to us they seem, on one great subject,—on almost all other matters, whether of foreign or domestic policy, his views were liberal, and suited to the spirit of the age, while he was a firm supporter of the established constitution of the country. If ever man was made for the service and the salvation of a party, Mr. Canning seemed to have been raised up for that of the Tories; if ever party committed a fatal error, it was their suffering groundless distrust, and unintelligible dislikes to estrange him from their side. At a time when nothing but his powerful arm could recall unity to their camp and save them from impending destruction, they not merely wilfully kindled the wrath of Achilles, but resolved that he should no longer fight on their side, and determined to throw away their last chance of winning the battle. To him they by general assent preferred Lord Castlereagh as their leader, without a single shining quality except the carriage and the manners of high birth; while Mr. Canning, but for his accidental death, would have ended his life as governor of a country where men neither debate, nor write; where eloquence evaporates in scores of paragraphs, and the sparkling of wit and the cadence of rhyme are alike unknown.

Such were the distinguished persons to whom the Princess looked for aid, counsel, and comfort, in the season of her first troubles. She was happy, indeed, in the society of others of her own sex. All who have lived in the last half century have learnt to admire and to esteem the great abilities, the lively wit, and the

yet more amiable qualities of the heart which are hereditary in the family of Lord North; but happily one of its most distinguished members survives in the respected person of a Noble Lady, whose fastidiousness would shrink from any efforts to portray their merits, by a pencil so much less delicate than her own.

Although from the superior attractions of his society, Mr. Canning was a more familiar inmate of the household than his two coadjutors, they were the more active partisans of the Princess's cause; and when the investigation of 1807 closed by the Report and the Censure already mentioned, they prepared for publication an appeal against the injustice and harshness of the whole proceeding. An extreme mystery hangs over this portion of the story; but we believe the fact to be that the work contained statements, which in those days of restricted printing and frequent prosecution, it was judged dangerous for any one to print, and impossible to find a bookseller who would undertake to publish. Certain it is, that the whole was secretly printed at a private press, under the direction of the ex-Chancellor and ex-Attorney-General, the law-officers who had brought more libellers to trial, and prepared more penal laws against the press than any others of the successors of Jeffries and of Noy. It was about this time the favourite object of George III. to get rid of the Whig Ministry. Ever since Mr. Fox's death in September, 1806, he had been convinced that the Tory party could carry on the government, and had been anxiously waiting for an opportunity of quarrelling with the Whigs. But more crafty by far than his well-meaning son, our late King, afterwards proved in similar circumstances, he suffered them to go on, and even to dissolve the Parliament and elect a new one; aware how impossible it was to change the Ministry without any ground on which he could appeal to the country for support.* While thus watching his time, the affair of the Princess, whom he had always loved with a genuine warmth of affection, and supported with his wonted strength of purpose, but greatly confirmed by his hatred of her persecutor and slanderer, came to his aid. He resolved to make this the ground of quarrel with the Whigs, who were the Prince's associates, had taken his part, had conducted the investigation, and presented the offensive Report. The strong feelings of the English people, he knew, would be easily roused against the violator of all conjugal duties; and the appeal to English generosity and justice against the partisans of one who violated both in his treatment of a friendless stranger, he felt assured would not be made in vain. There is no doubt what-

ever that *The Book*, written by Mr. Perceval, and previously printed at his house under Lord Eldon's superintendence and his own, was prepared in concert with the King, and was intended to sound the alarm against Carlton House and the Whigs, when a still more favourable opportunity of making a breach with the latter unexpectedly offered itself in the Catholic question. The King, with his accustomed quickness and sagacity, at once perceived that this afforded a still more advantageous ground of fighting the battle he had so long wished to join with his enemies. To Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval nothing could be more suitable or agreeable; the cry against the Prince was laid aside for the cry of *No Popery*; and instead of proclaiming conjugal rights to be menaced by the Whigs, the Church was announced to be in danger from their machinations. The success of this movement is well known, and it laid the cause of the Princess out of view for some years.

It is difficult, however, to describe the sensation which the Report of the Secret Tribunal had made wherever a knowledge of its contents reached. That a wife, a Princess, and a stranger should be subjected to treatment the most cruel and unmanly, should then be driven from the shelter of her husband's roof, should be surrounded by spies and false-witnesses, and having been charged with a capital offence—nay, with high treason—should be tried behind her back, with the most able counsel to attend on behalf of her persecutor and accuser, without a human being present on her behalf, so much as to cross-examine a witness, or even to take a note of the evidence—was a proceeding which struck all men's minds with astonishment and dismay; and seemed rather to approach the mockery of all justice presented in the accounts of Eastern seraglios, than to resemble any thing that is known among nations living under constitutional Governments. But if the investigation itself was thus an object of reprobation and disgust, its result gave, if possible, less satisfaction still. What could be said of a sentence which showed that even when tried behind her back, and by an invisible tribunal, formed wholly of her adversaries, not the shadow of guilt could be found in her whole conduct; and that even the mercenary fancies and foul perjuries of the spies had failed to present any probable matter of blame; and yet, instead of at once pronouncing her innocent and unjustly accused, begrudged her the poor satisfaction of an acquittal, and fearful of affording her the triumph to which innocence is entitled, and offending the false accuser, both passed over all mention of her unparalleled wrongs, and left a stigma upon her name, by the vague recommendation that the King should advise her concerning certain levities or indiscretions of behaviour—an allusion so undefined, that any one might fill up the dark outline as his imagination should enable him, or his want of common charity prompt him

* The inextricable difficulties which the late King brought on himself by his foolish and worse than foolish conduct in the year 1834 are fresh in all men's remembrance.

to do! Every one knew that had there been the least tangible impropriety, though falling far short of guilt, it would have been stated in the Report; but the purposes of the accuser, to which the secret judges lent themselves, were best served by a vague and mysterious generality, that meant every thing, and any thing, as well as nothing, and enabled him to propagate by his hireling favourites, all over society, any new slanders which he might choose to invent.

If, however, the effect thus produced was most injurious to the character of the enquirers, and irrecoverably ruined that of the Prince in all honourable minds, the proceedings of the Princess's defenders, as soon as they came to be known, excited on the other hand no little surprise. That two such men as Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval—the one at the head of the law—the other Attorney-General, and who now became in effect, though not yet in name, Prime Minister—that those who had ever held the most rigorous execution of the old laws against the press to be absolutely necessary for the safety of the Monarchy, and had been among the chief framers of new measures more rigorous still, should now become the actors in a conspiracy to evade some of those laws, and break others, filled men's minds with unspeakable wonder. A secret printing press had been employed at a private house, for the express purpose of evading the provisions of that act which Lord Eldon had passed, and Mr. Perceval had supported, to prohibit, under severe penalties, any one from printing any thing whatsoever without appending to it his name and place of abode. They had written, and in this clandestine fashion had printed, thousands of a work, which, though nowadays far less libellous than almost every day's papers that are read one hour and pass the next with impunity into oblivion, was yet in those times equal to the most daring libels; and all this they had done for the purpose of blackening the character of the Heir-Apparent to the throne. This passage sunk deep into the public mind, and was esteemed an illustration on the one hand of the lengths to which party will carry very upright and prudent men, as well as of the hardships under which the law of libel places authors and publishers, and of their effects in fettering the discussion of every question which justice requires to be freely handled. For it was observed that while the defence of the innocent party could not be undertaken without the greatest risk, the wrong doer and all the parasite accusers were altogether safe in their attacks upon her character, through every channel of private communication, and even in these mysterious allusions through the press, too flimsy to be reached by the law, though quite significant enough to be injurious to their object, and the more hurtful for the very reason that they were so vague and so obscure.

The confirmed insanity of the King, three years
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afterwards, called to the Regency the chief actor in these unhappy scenes. No prince ever ascended the throne with so universal a feeling of distrust, and even aversion. Nor was this lessened when the first act of his reign proved him as faithless to his political friends as he had been to his wife; and as regardless of his professed public principles as he had been of his marriage vows. It added little respect to the disesteem in which he was so universally held, that he was seen to discard all the liberal party with whom he had so long acted, and with whom, after an interval of separation, he had become again intimately united, and among them the very men who had stood by him in his domestic broils; whilst he took into full favour his determined enemies, and, worst of all, the very men who had secretly printed libels against him too outrageous to find a publisher!

The accession of the Princess's friends to the Regent's favour was the period of their intercourse with their former client. Not the slightest communication could now be held with her whose just quarrel they had so warmly espoused while the Prince was their antagonist; and Mr. Canning alone of them all, to his transcendent honour, refused to pay the tribute exacted by the Court of deserting a former friend, because an enemy had been found placable; and because he, setting too high a value upon his forgiveness, required his new favourites to be as perfidious as himself.

In 1813, the Princess, unable any longer to bear the separation from her daughter, who was now grown up, and of whom she was daily allowed to see less and less, addressed to the Regent that celebrated Letter which the silly and ignorant author of the contemptible, but malignant work before us loads with praises, while wholly unable to understand it, and then publishes at length, with the most absurd and misplaced censures; being perfectly ignorant that the letter which she thus reviles as being all it should not have been, is the self-same letter she had, a few pages before, held up as the universally admitted model of what the occasion required, and as the very perfection of all it should be. The reception of this Letter by the Prince was singular, and it was every way characteristic of his little mind. He directed Lord Liverpool to notify, that he could not receive nor read it, and that all communications of the wife to the husband must be addressed to the Minister, as if that Lord were the servant of the Consort as well as of the Prince. Thus it was supposed that a cunning way had been devised of avoiding the difficult task of giving the Letter and remonstrance any answer. The people, however, eagerly read this document, and greedily devoured its contents. But one opinion of reprobation was expressed—one feeling of disgust entertained—and one voice of indignation raised against the new and unheard-of cruelty, by which a wife, forcibly ejected from her husband's

house, only because her presence was a reproach and an interruption to his libertine life, was now to be farther deprived of her only child's society, without the shadow of a reason being assigned; and the sympathy thus universally excited with the mother's feelings was powerfully awakened in the daughter's behalf also; when it became certain that neither the high rank of the parties, nor the pains taken to estrange them from each other, had stifled in the breast of Princess Charlotte the strongest feelings of her nature. She all her life, indeed, had been and continued sincerely attached to her mother, and soon after showed how little industrious slander had prevailed over her unalterable confidence in the probity, as well as the tender affection of that parent. She was a person of great abilities, tolerably well cultivated; to the quickness of her mother, she united more deliberate judgment; and she inherited her resolute courage and determination of character. She had a temper violent and irascible, which neither her own efforts nor those of her preceptors had been able to tame; but there was nothing mean, spiteful, or revengeful in her disposition; while her mother's easy nature, her freedom from all pride and affectation, her warmth of affection, her playfulness of manner,—though such severe judges as those of the Whig Secret Tribunal in 1806 might have termed them the over-acts of levity, and visited them with a reprimand only capable of provoking laughter in its object,—were yet calculated to shed a singular lustre over so exalted a station, and made the character of her whom they adorned, peculiarly attractive. These two great ladies were not more united by mutual attachment than by the similarity of their tastes—both fond of reading—cultivators of the fine arts—and in one, that of sculpture, no mean proficient.

But they were doomed to be separated, that the caprice of their common tyrant might be gratified; and the Letter which he had, with unparalleled folly, refused to read, or rather to answer, being suffered to circulate through the whole country unanswered, produced the strongest effect in their favour, and against him. Accordingly, the mistake which had been committed was discovered too late. Any answer of an ordinary kind would have proved altogether unavailing; defence there was none, nor was any justification whatever attempted of the treachery universally cried out against. The resolution was, therefore, taken to try the effect of recrimination, and it was determined to bring out against the Princess as much of Mr. Perceval's book against the Prince as contained the particulars of the evidence which had been given before the Invisible Tribunal in 1806. The fate of this odious manœuvre was sufficiently striking; never was spite and falsehood visited with more speedy or more complete discomfiture. For three days the whole of the newspapers were filled with the most offensive details

of a pregnancy and delivery—the public taste was outraged—the public mind was disgusted—but the public feelings were roused, and they were found, as usual, to be pointed in the right direction—the whole charges were pronounced an absolute fabrication, and the accused stood higher than before, though it was not possible for any thing to sink her accuser lower. It may be observed, that in the interval between the secret printing of Mr. Perceval's work, and this new attack on the Princess of Wales, the affair of the Duke of York had materially obstructed the execution of the law of libel; and had made almost any discussion, however free, of the Royal family's conduct, much more safe than they had formerly been. That affair had also at one time produced a salutary effect upon the demeanour of the family itself. The King had, it is said, called the members of it together, and pointing out to them the dangers of their situation, loaded, as they now were, with popular odium, and become the objects of general suspicion, and all their actions narrowly and jealously watched, had besought them so to alter their conduct as to allay those feelings most perilous to the stability of the monarchy, and, above all, to shun as well intrigues as quarrels amongst themselves. Had George III. lived longer in possession of his faculties and his power, there cannot be any doubt that the almost superstitious awe with which he was approached by all his children would have had the salutary effect of enforcing the observance of this wise and provident injunction.

The public attention, thus painfully excited, could not be long kept on the stretch, and in a few months the affairs of the Royal family were forgotten. The aversion towards the Regent had been increased by these disclosures, although it was impossible to lessen the respect in which the country held him; and the ill-treatment of the Princess of Wales and of his daughter were the themes of universal commiseration as often as their names were mentioned; but men ceased to think of the subject, and the public attention was for some time, very naturally, engrossed by the successes which closed the war and overthrew Napoleon. In the summer of 1814, however, an incident occurred of an extraordinary nature, and by which the whole interest of the last year's controversy was suddenly revived. The Princess Charlotte, wearied out by a series of acts all proceeding from the spirit of petty tyranny, and each more vexatious than another, though none of them very important in itself, was in the state of irritation which such treatment is fitted to excite in one of her age, station, and temper, when a sudden order to change her chief attendants filled up the measure of vexation, and passed her powers of endurance. In a fine evening of July, about the hour of seven, when the streets are deserted by all persons of condition, she rushed out of her residence in Warwick House, unat-

tended; hastily crossed Cockspur Street; flung herself into the first hackney-coach she could find; and drove to her mother's house in Connaught Place. The Princess of Wales having gone to pass the day at her Blackheath villa, a messenger was despatched for her, another for her law adviser Mr. Brougham, and a third for Miss Mercer Elphinstone, the young Princess's bosom friend. He arrived before the Princess of Wales had returned; and Miss Mercer Elphinstone had alone obeyed the summons. Soon after the Royal Mother came, accompanied by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, her lady in waiting. It was found that the Princess Charlotte's fixed resolution was to leave her father's house, and that which he had appointed for her residence, and to live thenceforth with her mother. But Mr. Brougham is understood to have felt himself under the painful necessity of explaining to her that by the law, as all the twelve Judges but one had laid it down in George I.'s reign, and as it was now admitted to be settled, the King or the Regent had the absolute power to dispose of the persons of all the Royal Family, while under age. The Duke of Sussex, who had always taken her part, was sent for, and attended the invitation to join in these consultations. It was an untoward incident in this remarkable affair that he had never seen the Princess of Wales since the investigation of 1806, which had begun upon a false charge brought by the wife of one of his Equerries, and that he had, without any kind of warrant from the fact, been supposed by the Princess to have set on, or at least supported the accuser. He, however, warmly joined in the whole of the deliberations of that singular night. As soon as the flight of the young lady was ascertained, and the place of her retreat discovered, the Regent's officers of state and other functionaries were despatched after her. The Lord Chancellor Eldon first arrived, but not in any particularly imposing state, 'regard being had'* to his eminent station; for, indeed he came in a hackney coach. Whether it was that the example of the Princess Charlotte herself, had for the day brought this simple and economical mode of conveyance into fashion, or that concealment was much studied, or that despatch was deemed more essential than ceremony and pomp—certain it is, that all who came, including the Duke of York, arrived in similar vehicles, and that some remained enclosed in them, without entering the royal mansion. At length, after much pains and many entreaties used by the Duke of Sussex and the Princess of Wales herself, as well as Miss Mercer and Lady C. Lindsay (whom she always honoured with a just regard) to enforce the advice given by Mr. Brougham that she should return without delay to her own residence, and submit to the Regent, the young Princess, accompanied by the Duke of York and her governess, who had now been sent for and arrived in a royal car-

riage, returned to Warwick House, between four and five o'clock in the morning. There was then a Westminster election in progress in consequence of Lord Cochrane's expulsion; and it is said that on her complaining to Mr. Brougham that he too was deserting her and leaving her in her father's power when the people would have stood by her—he took her to the window, when the morning had just dawned, and, pointing to the Park and the spacious streets which lay before her, said that he had only to show her a few hours later, on the spot where she now stood, and all the people of this vast metropolis would be gathered together on that plain, with one common feeling in her behalf—but that the triumph of one hour would be dearly purchased by the consequences which must assuredly follow in the next, when the troops poured in and quelled all resistance to the clear and undoubted law of the land, with the certain effusion of blood—nay, that through the rest of her life she never would escape the odium which, in this country, always attends those who, by breaking the law, occasion such calamities. This consideration, much more than any quailing of her dauntless spirit, or faltering of her filial affection, is believed to have weighed upon her mind, and induced her to return home.

There had, however, been a treaty for some time pending, the object of which was her marriage with the King of Holland's eldest son—a match as unwise on public grounds as it was unpalatable to her own taste. She had set herself decidedly against it, and was apprehensive of being drawn or driven into it by the systematic course of ill-usage recently employed against her. It was even supposed by some, and indeed rather insinuated by herself, that her principal reason for leaving Warwick House had been to disentangle herself at once from the trammels of this negotiation. And it is certain that, before she would consent to return, she directed a declaration to be drawn up, which was signed by all present, in which she used remarkable expressions, to the following effect:—'I am resolved never to marry the Prince of Orange. If it shall be seen that such a match is announced, I wish this my declaration to be borne in mind, that it will be a marriage without my consent and against my will; and I desire Augustus (Duke of Sussex) and Mr. Brougham will particularly take notice of this.'

No farther attempts were made to enforce the hated marriage; but the duke of Sussex's supposed share in breaking it off was never forgiven. The Regent immediately called together the different members of the family; and announced that they must make their election between himself and the Duke—whoever refused to give up the society of the latter being warned that he gave up all intercourse with the Regent. It is most creditable to the Duke of Gloucester that this

* The well-known habitual expression of Lord Eldon.

honest and excellent man at once rejected the insulting and humiliating proposition. Nor was he visited with the awful penalty in consequence. On the contrary, he soon after married the Regent's favourite sister, the most distinguished of the family, and ever after enjoyed his favour, as he had commanded his respect.

The presence of the Allied Sovereigns after the termination of the war overjoyed the people of London, amused the Court, occupied the press, and furnished a new and grateful occasion to the Regent of annoying his Consort. Every engine of intrigue was set in motion to obtain from these royal strangers an acquiescence in that neglect of the Princess of Wales, which all good courtiers of our own country knew to be the surest road to her illustrious husband's favour. It seemed as if the whole object of the Regent's policy was to prevent every mark even of the most commonplace civility, from being bestowed upon her whom he had vowed to protect and to cherish, and whose position as his wife might have made so vain and selfish a being suppose was the cause of whatever attentions she should receive from his guests. He was successful in this negotiation; and none of the Princes, not even those most nearly connected with herself by the ties of blood or of affinity, ventured to incur the displeasure of Carlton House by any indication that they were aware of her existence.

A court was now held by the Queen Mother; and the Princess of Wales having been the object of her royal consort's unceasing affection and steady protection, to the last hour that his faculties remained entire, it might have been supposed that one who affected never to have known any law through life but his will, could hardly have turned against the cherished object of his care, and meanly sided with her persecutors. Queen Charlotte was a woman of the most ordinary size of understanding, of exceedingly sordid propensities, of manners and disposition that rendered her peculiarly unamiable, of a person so plain as at once to defy all possible suspicion of infidelity, and to enhance the virtue by increasing the difficulty of her husband's undeviating constancy to her bed. Her virtue was so much accompanied with superfluous starchiness and prudery, that it set the feelings of respect and sympathy on edge; and though her regularity of life was undeviating, the dulness of her society, the stiffness of her demeanour, the narrowness of her soul, tended to make respectable conduct as little attractive as possible, and rather to scare away from morality than to entice the beholder. Of a nature rigorously parsimonious, the slave besides of inordinate avarice, she redeemed not this hateful meanness by any of those higher qualities of prudence and practical sense which are not unfrequently seen in its company. Her spirit, too, was obstinate, and not untinged with spite; she was unforgiving; she was not un-

designing; she could mingle in the intrigues of a Court, as well as feel its malignities; and her pride knew no bounds,—combining the speculative aristocracy of a petty German court with the more practical haughtiness which is peculiar to the patrician blood of this free country. Of the Prince of Wales she never had been a friend, until he became Regent, when she became his tool and his slave. On the contrary, she had on all occasions partaken of her husband's hatred of him, and had been as ready an accomplice in his maltreatment of her first born child, as she now made herself the submissive and willing instrument of injury to his wife—his cousin and her own niece. The visitation of God which substituted that son for his father on the throne, altered the whole face of affairs in the eyes of this unamiable female; who seems to have been raised up as a remarkable proof how little one may be either respected or beloved, for being above reproach as regards the quality sometimes supposed to comprise all female virtue, and which indeed is familiarly allowed to engross the name. To gratify the Regent's paltry spite she now refused even to receive her daughter-in-law at that court where she might any day have become her successor; and the populace, moved with just indignation at the behaviour of this very disagreeable personage, loaded her with every offensive expression, and even with more substantial symbols of an extravagant disgust, while she was on her way to hold the Court whence she meanly submitted to exclude the Princess.

These things now attracted the notice, and secured the interposition of Parliament; and the Queen and her son had the mortification to find that all the influence of the Crown, and all the intrigues of the Court,—all the base fears of some, and the parasitical expectations of others,—could not screen their conduct from just animadversion; nor prevent the victim of their persecution from obtaining a mark of sympathy on the part of the people's representatives. A large addition to her income was immediately voted; and, worn out with ill-usage, she, in an evil hour, and contrary to the strong advice, and in spite of the anxious remonstrances of her advisers, Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Brougham, quitted the country and devoted herself to foreign travel.

After sketching, with a feeble certainly, but as surely with a faithful pencil, the characters of her Tory counsellors, it would be improper to pass over that of the eminent and excellent person whom we have first named, and whose premature loss his country has had such cause to deplore. Of a singularly masculine understanding; of faculties which were rather effective from their strength, than admirable for their refinement; persevering and laborious beyond the nature, and contrary to the self-indulgent habits of aristocratic statesmen; actuated by an ambition not without some con-

siderable preponderance of vanity; of integrity the most uncompromising; inflexibly steady to his purpose, an ardent lover of liberty, a sworn enemy to all oppression; of manners plain, open, manly, sincere; of affections warm and mild as a woman's; generous beyond even the measure of his ample wealth; in every relation of life, whether as a relation, a connexion, or a friend, exemplary almost without a parallel.—Mr. Whitbread presented to the regard and respect of his country one of the most finished specimens of an English statesman and an English gentleman not of the patrician order; and his public life was that of a truly useful as well as a powerful and consistent patriot. Although his education had been most liberal, and extended by foreign travel, these advantages and the familiar society of the most accomplished political leaders, had not succeeded in refining his taste, any more than it had prevailed over his natural purity, or tamed down to an aristocratic standard the unbending sturdiness of his principles. His speeches were fraught with all that strong sense, a powerful apprehension, a persevering industry in grappling with details could give; while his manner, homely, impressive, admirably suited to his cast of speaking, never once offended the most fastidious critic, whom yet those more ambitious efforts which were foreign to the nature of his oratory, upon some great occasions, were calculated to repulse. His uniform adherence to his principles, the resolute independence with which on all occasions he declared them, his determined refusal to make any compromise for court favour, or even for party purposes, gained and procured to him the undiminished confidence of his country; and all good men felt that in losing him they lost one of their safest counsellors, most efficient supporters, and most trustworthy friends. Into his hands, and those of his political ally and personal friend, Mr. Brougham, the Princess of Wales had thrown herself from the time that the acquisition of the Regent's confidence had estranged Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval from her society. After extricating her from many difficulties, and carrying her controversy to a triumphant conclusion in July 1814, their fate was that of many other advisers, to see all their exertions thrown away, by their counsels being rejected on the greatest and most trying emergency of all. Her Royal Highness went abroad, after they had warned her that they could no longer answer for her safety if she continued among foreigners, and under the dominion of foreign princes.

It is unhappily but too well known how prophetic these warnings proved, and Mr. Brougham referred to them in 1820 while commenting on the perjured evidence brought forward to consummate her destruction. 'Therefore it was,' said he, 'and foreseeing all these fatal consequences of a foreign residence, that years ago I told her Majesty and her illustrious Daughter,

in a letter yet extant, how willingly I would answer with my head for the safety of both in this country, but how impossible it was to feel secure for an hour, if either should go abroad, abandoning the protection which the character of the people, still more than the justice of the law in England, throws around all its inhabitants.' Yet it seemed as if, while the daughter lived, the mother was safe; and even after her decease, although machinations were actively set in motion against her, until her steady friend George III. breathed his last, no active steps were pursued to her undoing. But it was a striking fact, that the day which saw the Father's remains consigned to the tomb, ushered in the ringleader of the Italian witnesses to a private interview in the palace of the Son.

The history of the Milan Commission is fresh in the recollection of all. A board of three persons—a Chancery lawyer, who had never seen a witness examined, and whose practice was chiefly confined to cases in bankruptcy, on which he had written an excellent book—a colonel in the army, who knew but little more of the matter—an active and clever attorney—composed this select body, commissioned to hunt for evidence which might convict the future Queen, and be ready to overwhelm her if she asserted her right to share her consort's throne.

Sir John Leach was an active adviser of all these nefarious proceedings; nor could all England, certainly not all its bar, have produced a more unsafe counsellor. With great quickness of parts—an extraordinary power of fixing his attention upon an argument—and following steadily its details—a rare faculty of neat and lucid statement, even of the most entangled and complicated facts—considerable knowledge of legal principles, and still greater acquaintance with equity practice—he was singularly ignorant of the world; and had no kind of familiarity with the rules or the practice of evidence in the courts of common or criminal law. Moderately learned even in his own profession, beyond it he was one of the most ignorant men that ever appeared at the bar. Yet, by industry, and some art of gaining favour, by making himself useful to the powerful and the wealthy, little scrupulous how much he risked in any way to serve them, he had struggled with the defects of a mean birth and late adoption into the rank he afterwards so greatly affected; and he had arrived at extensive practice. *Nullum ille poetam noverat, nullum legerat oratorem nullam memoriam antiquitatis collegerat: non publicum jus, non privatum et civile* cognoverat.—Is omnibus exemplo debet esse quantum in hac urbe polleat multorum obedire tempori, multorumque vel honori, vel periculo servire. His enim rebus, infimo loco natus, et honores, et pecuniam, et gratiam consecutus, etiam in patronorum sine doctrinâ, sine ingenio, aliquem numerum. *Equity, *jus pratorium*, is not very clearly here excluded.

rum pervenerat.' (Cic. *Brutus*.) The power of deciding causes, which he showed when raised to the bench, was favourably contrasted with the dilatory and doubting habits of Lord Eldon; but there was much of what Lord Bacon calls 'affected despatch' in his proceedings; and while he appeared to regard the number of judgments which he pronounced in a given time far more than their quality, he left it to his learned chief to complain that cases were decided at the Rolls, but heard when they came by appeal before the Chancellor; while the wits calling one the court of *oyer sans terminer*, named the other that of *terminer sans oyer*; and a great and candid critic (Sir S. Romilly) professed himself, to Lord Eldon's extreme delight, better pleased with the tardy justice of the principal, than with the swift injustice of the deputy. The ridicule which he threw around his conduct in society, by his childish devotion to the pursuits of fashionable life, in which neither his early habits nor his turn of mind fitted him to excel, was another result derived from the same want of sound judgment. But its worst fruit was that unhesitating and overweening confidence in his own opinion, which exceeded that of any other man, and perpetually led both himself and his clients astray. Uncontrolled conceit, a contracted understanding that saw quickly and correctly very near objects, and disbelieved in the existence of all beyond, conspired with a temper peculiarly irascible, in giving him this habit of forming his opinion instantaneously, and this pertinacity in adhering to it—excluding all the light that could afterwards be let in upon the subject. The same hasty and sanguine temperament made him exceedingly prone to see matters as he wished them to be; and when he had a client whom he desired to gratify, or for whom he felt a strong interest, his advice became doubly dangerous; because, in addition to his ordinary infirmities of judgment, he formed his opinion under all the bias of his wishes, while he gave it and adhered to it without running any hazard in his own person. His courage, both personal and political, was frequently commended; but there may be some doubt if to the latter praise he was justly entitled. His personal gallantry, indeed, was quite unquestionable, and it was severely tried in the painful surgical operations to which he submitted with an ease that showed the risk and the suffering cost him little. But the peculiarity of his character that made him so wise in his own conceit, and lessened the value of his councils, also detracted much from the merit of his moral courage, by keeping him blind to the difficulties and the dangers, the presence or the approach of which could be discovered by all eyes but his own.

Such was the counsellor whom the Regent trusted, and who was as sure to mislead him as ever man was that undertook to advise another. The wishes of his great client were well known to him; his disrelish for

the caution, and the doubts, and the fears of Lord Eldon had been oftentimes freely expressed; Sir John Leach easily saw every part of the case as the Regent wished—quickly made up his mind on the pleasing side—set himself in the same advantageous contrast with the Chancellor on this, as he delighted to do on more ordinary occasions—and because he perceived that he delighted the Royal consultor at present, never doubted that his successful conduct of the affair would enable him to supplant his superior, and to clutch the Great Seal itself. The possibility of royal ingratitude never entered his narrow mind, any more than that of his own opinion being erroneous; nor did he conceive it within the nature of things, that in one respect the client should resemble his adviser, namely, in retaining his predilection only so long as measures were found to succeed, and in making the counsellor responsible in his own person for the failure of all from whom anything had ever been expected. Under these hopeful auspices, the most difficult and delicate affair ever yet undertaken by statesman, was approached; and while, under the sanguine counsels of Sir John, no one of the conspirators ever thought of questioning the success of their case, another question was just as little asked among them, which yet was by far the most important of all,—Whether, supposing the case proved against the Princess, the conspirators were one hair's breadth nearer the mark of effecting her ruin, or whether that first success would not bring them only the nearer to their own.

The Milan Commission proceeded under this superintendence; and as its labours, so were its fruits exactly what might have been expected. It is the first impression always arising from any work undertaken by English hands, and paid for by English money, that an inexhaustible fund is employed and with boundless profusion; and a thirst of gold is straightway excited which no extravagance of liberality can slake. The knowledge that a Board was sitting to collect evidence against the Queen, immediately gave such testimony a high value in the market of Italian perjury; and happy was the individual who had ever been in her house or admitted to her presence: his fortune was counted to be made. Nor were they who had viewed her mansion, or had only known the arrangements of her villa, without hopes of sharing in the golden prize. To have even seen her pass and noted who attended her person, was a piece of good luck. In short nothing however remotely connected with herself or her family, or her residence, or her habits, was without its value among a poor, a sanguine, and an imaginative people. It is certain that no more ready way of proving a case, like the charge of criminal intercourse, can be found, than to have it first broadly asserted for a fact; because this being once believed, every motion, gesture, and look is at once taken as proof of the accusation, and

the two most innocent of human beings may be overwhelmed with a mass of circumstances, almost all of which, as well as the inferences drawn from them, are really believed to be true by those who recount or record them. As the treachery of servants was the portion of this testimony which bore the highest value, that, of course, was not difficult to procure; and the accusers soon possessed what, in such a case, may most truly be said to be *accusatori maxime optandum*—not, indeed, *confitentes reos*, but the man-servant of the one, and the maid-servant of the other supposed paramour. Nor can we look back upon these scenes without some little wonder how they should not have added even the *confitentem reum*; for surely in a country so fertile of intriguing men and abandoned women,—where false oaths, too, grow naturally, or with only the culture of a gross ignorance and a superstitious faith,—it might have been easy, we should imagine, to find some youth, like Smeatton in the original Harry the Eighth's time, ready to make his fortune, both in money and female favours, by pretending to have enjoyed the affections of one whose good-nature and easy manners made the approach to her person no difficult matter at any time. This defect in the case can only be accounted for by supposing that the production of such a witness before the English public might have appeared somewhat perilous, both to himself and to the cause he was brought to prop with his perjuries. Accordingly, recourse was had to spies, who watched all the parties did, and when they could not find a circumstance, would make one; men who chronicled the dinners and the suppers that were eaten, the walks and the sails that were enjoyed, the arrangements of rooms and the position of bowers, and who, never doubting that these were the occasions and the scenes of endearment and of enjoyment, pretended to have witnessed the one, in order that the other might be supposed; but with that inattention to particulars which Providence has appointed as the snare for the false witness, and the safeguard of innocence, pretended to have seen in such directions as would have required the rays of light to move not straight-forward, but round about. Couriers that pried into carriages where the travellers were asleep at grey daylight, or saw in the dusk of dewy eve what their own fancy pictured,—sailors who believed that all persons could gratify their animal appetites on the public deck, where themselves had so often played the beast's part,—lying waiting-women, capable of repaying the kindness and charity that had laid the foundation of their fortune, with the treachery that could rear it to the height of their sordid desires,—chamber-maids, the refuse of the streets, and the common food of wayfaring licentiousness; whose foul fancy could devour every mark that beds might, but did not, pre-

sent to their practised eye,—leechers of either sex, who would fain have gloated over the realities of what their liquorish imagination alone bodied forth,—pimps of hideous aspect, whose prurient glance could penetrate through the keyhole of rooms where the rat shared with the bug the silence of the deserted place,—these were the performers whose exploits the Commissioners chronicled, whose narratives they collected, and whose exhibition upon the great stage of the first tribunal of all the earth, they sedulously and zealously prepared by frequent rehearsal. Yet with all these helps to success—with the unlimited supply of fancy and of falsehood which the character of the people furnished—with the very body-servants of the parties hired by their wages, if not bought with a price—such an array could only be produced, as the whole world at once pronounced insufficient to prove any case, and as even the most prejudiced of assemblies in the accuser's favour turned from with disgust.

The arrival of the Queen in this country, on the accession of George IV., was the signal for proceeding against her. A *green bag* was immediately sent down to the two Houses of Parliament, containing the fruits of the Milanese researches; and a Bill of Pains and Penalties was prepared for her destruction. Such was the proceeding of the Court, remarkable enough, certainly in itself—sufficiently prompt—abundantly daring and unquestionably pregnant with grave consequences. The proceeding of the country was more prompt, more decided, and more remarkable still. The people all in one voice demurred to the bill. They said, 'Suppose all to be true which her enemies allege—we care not; she was ill-used; she was persecuted; she was turned out of her husband's house; she was denied the rights of a wife as well as of a mother; she was condemned to live the life of the widow and the childless, that he who should have been her comforter might live the life of an adulterous libertine; and she shall not be trampled down and destroyed to satiate his vengeance or humour his caprice.' This was the universal feeling that occupied the country. Had the whole facts as charged been proved by a cloud of unimpeachable witnesses, such would have been the universal verdict of that country, the real jury which was to try this great cause; and so wide of their object would the accusers have found themselves at the very moment when they would have fancied the day their own. This all men of sense and reflection saw; this the Ministers saw; this, above all, the sagacious Chancellor very clearly saw with the sure and quick eye which served his long and perspicacious head; but this Sir John Leach never could be brought for a moment even to comprehend, acute as he was, nor could his royal friend be made to conceive it; because, though both acute men, they were utterly blinded by

the passions that domineered in the royal breast, and the conceited arrogance that inspired the vulgar adviser.

But if the Ministers saw all these things, and if they moreover were well aware,—as who was not?—that the whole country was excited to a pitch of rage and indignation bordering upon rebellion, and that the struggle, if persisted in against a people firmly resolved to stand between the Court and its prey, must hurry them into wide-spreading insurrection—how, it will be asked, was it possible that those Ministers—whose hatred of the Bill must have been as great as their apprehension of its consequences were grave, and who had not the shadow of an interest in its fate, except that it should instantly be abandoned—could be brought to sanction a proceeding fraught not only with every mischief to the country, but with extremest peril to themselves? The great difficulty of answering this question must be confessed; nor is it lessened by the reflection that at the head of the Government in those days there were men whose prudence was more striking than any other quality;—men cautious, unpretending, commonplace and loving place, like Lord Liverpool; wary, cold, circumspect, though of unflinching courage, like Lord Castlereagh; far-sighted, delighting in seeing all difficulties that existed, and many that did not, like Lord Eldon; above all, so firm-minded a man as the Duke of Wellington;—a man, too, so honourable in all his feelings, and so likely to influence the councils, if he failed to turn aside the desires of the Sovereign. The defenders of the Ministers never affected to doubt the mischievous nature of the whole proceeding; they admitted all their opinions to be strongly and decidedly against it; they saw, and confessed that they saw, all the dangers to which it exposed the country; they did not deny that it was the mere personal wish of the King; and that it was the bounden duty, the undoubted interest of his Ministers, peremptorily to refuse their assistance to such a wicked and hopeless project;—admitting, all the while, that as the Bill never could be carried through and executed, all the agitation with which so monstrous an attempt was convulsing the country, had absolutely not a chance of success, in so far as concerned the King's object. Then, what reason did they assign for the Ministers lending themselves to such an enormity? It seems incredible, but it is true, that the only ground ever hinted at was the King's fixed determination, and the risk his Ministers ran of losing their places if they thwarted him in his favourite pursuit! Yes; as if the loss of office was like the loss of life and they had no power of refusing, because refusal was death, they crouched to that command rather than yield to which, men of integrity and of firmness, would have faced death itself. It is certain, that had the Duke of Wellington been longer in civil life, and

attained his due weight in the councils of the Government, he would have taken this and no other view of the question; but it is equally certain that the Ministers at large betrayed the same submissive obedience to their master's will, showed the same dread of facing his displeasure, which unnerves the slaves of the Eastern tyrant when his voice echoes through the vaults of the seraglio, or casts them prostrate before his feet, as the scymitar's edge glances in their eye, and the bowstring twangs in their ear!

The course taken by the leading supporters of the Queen rendered the conduct of the Government still more despicable. It was early announced by Mr. Brougham in the House of Commons that nothing could be more safe than for the Ministers to refuse carrying through the Bill, because if the Regent after that, should venture to dismiss them on account of their refusal, no man among their adversaries would venture to take office from which the former occupants had been driven for refusing to abandon their duty, and fly in the people's face. The Regent at once perceived the tendency of this announcement; and he met it in the only way that could be devised for counteracting that tendency. He gave his Ministers to understand, that if he turned them out for refusing to go on with the Bill, he should take their adversaries into their places without requiring them to adopt or support it. The contrivance was certainly not without ingenuity; but a little reflection must have satisfied even the most timorous place-holder that he had little to fear from so senseless a resolution, and that as long as the Whigs refused to outbid them for the royal favour in the only stock which had any value at Carlton House, support of the Bill, there was no chance whatever of their being taken into office on any other terms. There surely must be something in official life as sweet as natural is supposed to be; and something peculiarly horrible to statesman in the bare possibility of political death—else why this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after longevity—or why this dread of dissolution that makes the soul shrink back upon itself? But in one material particular the two kinds of life and death widely differ. The official's death-bed is not cheered by any hopes of immortality. The world to which he now looks forward is another, but not a better world. He knows full sure that, from the pleasing state of being to which he has been so long used and so fondly clings, he must instantly, on the great change taking place, be plunged into the dreary night of a placeless existence; be cast away with other mournful ghosts on the tempest-beaten coast of Opposition; there to wander uncertain of ever again being summoned from that inhospitable shore, or visiting the cheerful glimpses of the courtly day. Hence it is, that while men of ordinary powers are daily seen to meet death in the breach for honour

or patriotism, hardly any can be found, even among the foremost men of any age, whose nerves are firm enough to look in the face the termination of official existence; and none but one bereft of his senses ever makes himself a voluntary sacrifice for his principles or his country. The Ministers of 1820 numbered not among them any one so void of political reason, as to follow Mr. Canning's noble example; and all were resolved to forego the discharge of every duty, and incur, both then and ever after, the loudest reproaches, rather than put to hazard the existence of the Administration.

The people, we have said, in one voice demurred to the Bill, and plainly indicated, that if every tittle of the charges against the Queen were proved, or were admitted to be true, they would not suffer her to be sacrificed to the rage of one who had no right whatever to complain of her conduct were it ever so bad.

But this feeling did not prevent them from also being prepared, in justice towards her character, to take issue upon the fact; and accordingly the trial before the Lords was looked to with the most universal and painful anxiety, though with a confidence which nothing could shake. After a strenuous but unavailing attempt to arrest the progress of the measure, and fling out the Bill on the first reading, her Majesty's Counsel, Mr. Brougham, her Attorney, and Mr. Denman, her Solicitor-General, prepared to resist it upon the merits of the case, to meet the evidence of the Milan Commissioners, and to defend their august client from every accusation.* An adjournment of some weeks was allowed the promoters of the measure to prepare their case; the Parliament, instead of the usual prorogation, remained sitting, though the Commons adjourned from time to time; and the Seventeenth of August was fixed for the opening of this extraordinary cause. All that public expectation and anxiety excited to the highest pitch could lead of interest to any trial, was here combined, with the unexampled attendance daily of almost all the Peers of the Empire, the assistance of all the Judges of the land, the constant presence of the Commons, a vast concourse of spectators. The Queen several times proceeded to the House in state, accompanied by her suite; and occupied a seat near her Counsel, but within the bar. The Nobles best known to the surrounding multitude, were greeted on their way to and from Westminster with expressions of popular feeling, friendly or hostile, according as they were known to take part with or against Her Majesty; but on the whole, extraordinary tranquillity prevailed. This was very much owing to the undoubting confidence of a favourable result, which kept possession of the people from the very first; for when the deposition of the chief

witness against the Queen had proved very detrimental to her case, and her adversaries were exulting before his cross-examination had destroyed his credit, very alarming indications of irritation and rage were perceived, extending from the people to the troops then forming the garrison of the capital. Nor were there wanting those who judged it fortunate for the peace of the empire and the stability of the throne, that so popular a prince and so very determined a man as the Duke of Kent, was not then living to place himself at the head of the Queen's party,[†] espoused as that was by the military no less than by the civil portion of the community.

After great and memorable displays of eloquence and professional skill on all sides, it was found that the case had failed entirely; and the Bill, which for so many months had agitated the whole country, was at length, on the Seventh of November, withdrawn. It is said that the advisers of the Queen were dissatisfied with the conduct of that party to which they, generally speaking, belonged, the Whigs—because these might have much more shortly made an end of the case. There were several periods in the proceeding, which offered the firmest ground for that great and powerful body to act with decisive effect; espousing as it did the right side of the question, but espousing it feebly, and not very consistently. If at any of those points they had made a strenuous resistance, and refused to proceed further, though they might have been defeated by a small majority, the conductors of the Queen's case would have at once withdrawn from a proceeding which presented daily to the indignant world the spectacle most abhorrent to every right feeling, of justice outraged no less in form than in substance. Had they retired from this scene of mockery and vexation, the country was so entirely with them, that the Lords never would have ventured to proceed in their absence.* But fate ordered it otherwise; the whole case on both sides was exhausted to the very dregs; and the accusation failing, the Ministers were fain, on carrying one vote by only a majority of seven, to withdraw their Master's Bill and leave him to himself. There is every reason to believe that they were too happy to have so good a pretence for sounding a retreat from their hazardous position; and they rested satisfied with allowing the King to continue the same petty warfare of annoyance and insult in which the royal veteran

* The difficulties in which the Whig leaders then were placed hardly fell short of those of the Ministers. Than Lord Grey's whole conduct nothing could be more noble; whether the powers which he displayed or the honest independence of his demeanour be regarded. But we must restrain ourselves from the subject, so inviting, of sketching that amiable, honourable, and highly gifted person's character—offering such a brilliant contrast to many of whom we have spoken. Long, very long may it be before so irreparable a loss brings him within the province of history!

* Her other counsel were Mr. Justice Williams, Mr. Serjeant Wilde, and Dr. Lushington.

had formerly reaped so many laurels, only refusing him any more Bills of Attainder.

Under such aggressions upon her peace and the comforts of all her associates and supporters, after a struggle of less than a year, the gallant nature sunk, which had borne up against all neglect, braved the pitiless storms of incessant annoyance, and finally triumphed over the highest perils with which persecution could surround her. The people continued firmly her friend, but the upper classes were, as usual, found unable to face the frowns, or resist the blandishments of the Court. As long as the interest of the contest continued, and popular favour could be gained by taking the right side, these aristocratic partisans could defy, or thought they could defy, the royal displeasure. But when the excitement had subsided, and no precise object seemed furthered by any more popularity, they were disposed, some to regain lost favour elsewhere, almost all to avoid, widening the breach. There would be no use in concealing the truth, were it not already well known; the Queen's circle became daily more and more contracted; her cause was as much as ever allowed to be that of right and justice; her husband's conduct that of a tyrant destitute alike of feeling and of honour; but he was powerful, and she was weak; so the sentiment most generally felt was, that the subject was irksome—that it might as well now be dropped—that there were never such atrocities as the Prince had committed, nor such balls as he well and wisely gave from time to time—and that if the sense of public duty commanded votes and speeches against the Bill, in either House of Parliament, a feeling of what was due to near and dear relatives dictated the private duty of eschewing all that could close against their fashionable families the doors of Carlton House. In this state of the public mind, the resolution of the Queen once more to leave a country where her lot had been so wretched, would, upon its being disclosed, have produced very different effects in the various parts of the community. The people would have felt general concern, probably great, perhaps just displeasure; the Aristocracy, even its Liberal members, would have rejoiced at the removal of an irksome inconvenience. This plan, when on the eve of being carried into execution, was frustrated by Her Majesty's death. Exhausted by continued and unremitted persecution, and suffering severely by the signal failure of an attempt, ill-devised and worse executed, because planned against the peremptory remonstrances of her law advisers, and executed without any of her accustomed firmness of purpose, she was stricken with a malady that baffled all the resources of the medical art, and expired, after declaring to her chief adviser, in an affecting interview, that she was happy to die, for life had never been to her any enjoyment since her early years, and was now become a heavy burthen.

It is remarkable that the extreme fondness for young children which had twice before led her into trouble, should have caused her to do the only reprehensible act of her latter days.* The adoption of the sail-maker's child had led to the 'Delicate Investigation,' as it was called, of 1806; the delight she took in the child of one of her attendants, when in Italy, was the cause of all the favour which the father enjoyed in her household; and now her love of the child of her chaplain induced her to make room for the parents in her establishment, removing Lord and Lady Hood, whose services during her last persecution had been all that the most devoted attachment could render, and whose rank fitted them for the place according to the strictness of Court etiquette. It is matter worthy of observation, that during the three hours of wandering which immediately preceded her decease, the names of any of the persons with whom she had been accused of improper conduct, never escaped her lips; while she constantly spoke of those children,—a remarkable circumstance, if it be considered that the control of reason and discretion was then wholly withdrawn.

The body of the Queen lay in state at her villa near Hammersmith, and was conveyed through the metropolis attended by countless multitudes of the people. The Regent was then in Dublin, receiving those expressions of loyal affection in which our Irish fellow-subjects so lavishly deal, when they are filled with expectations of thereby gaining some favourite object. Indeed Mr. O'Connell himself, in consideration that money enough had not been spent in providing palaces, headed a proposition for building a mansion by subscription. The Ministers, therefore, in their Master's absence, and having no orders from him, could only conjecture his wishes and act accordingly. They therefore called out the troops to prevent the funeral procession from passing through the City, and a struggle ensued with the people, which ended in the loss of several lives. Except that the funeral was turned aside at Hyde Park, this unjustifiable proceeding pro-

* In the acts which caused this celebrated Princess to be sometimes taxed with the habitual ingratitude of her caste, something may always be allowed for inconsistency and want of reflection. A striking instance of this occurred on the defeat of the Bill, in 1820. Mr. Brougham waited upon her to announce it, and tender his congratulations. She instantly said that there was a sum of 7000*l.* at Mr. D. Kinnaird's (the banker's), which she desired him to take, and distribute 4000*l.* of it among his learned coadjutors. This he of course refused. Her Majesty would take no refusal, but the day after recurred to the subject, and insisted on his laying her commands before her other Counsel. They all joined in the respectful refusal. A few weeks after, Mr. Kinnaird suggested that the salaries of her law officers were in arrear, they never having been paid. The sum was under 200*l.*, but she peremptorily refused to have it paid off—and both this arrear, and all their other professional emoluments, on the ordinary scale, were first paid after her decease by the Treasury, among the other expenses of the cause!

duced no effect; for after moving along part of the New Road, it came back and entered the Strand near Temple Bar, so as to traverse the whole City. The inscription upon the coffin, dictated by the Queen herself—'Caroline of Brunswick, the Murdered Queen of England'—made some ecclesiastical authorities refuse it admission into the churches, on its way to the port of embarkation, where it arrived, accompanied by the executors,—Mr. Sergeant Wilde and Dr. Lushington, attending the remains of their royal client to the place of her final repose in Brunswick. The indecent haste with which the journey to Harwich was performed, excited indignation in all, surprise in none. Nor was there perhaps ever witnessed a more striking or a more touching scene than the embarkation displayed. Thousands of all ranks thickly covered the beach; the sea, smooth as glass, was alive with boats and vessels of every size, their colours floating half-mast high, as on days consecrated to mourning; the sun shone forth with a brightness which made a contrast to the gloom that shrouded every face; the sound of the guns booming across the water at intervals, impressed the solemnity upon the ear. Captains, grown grey in their country's service, were seen to recall the Princess's kindness and charities, whereof they had been the witnesses or the ministers, unable to restrain the tears that poured along their scarred cheeks. At length the crimson coffin was seen slowly to descend from the crowded pier, and the barge that received it wheeled through the water, while the gorgeous flag of England floated over the remains of the 'Murdered Queen,' whose sufferings had so powerfully awakened the English people's sympathy, and whose dust they now saw depart from their shores for ever, to mingle with the ashes of an illustrious race of heroes,—smitten with feelings in which it would be vain to deny that a kind of national remorse at her murder exacerbated their deep commiseration for her untimely end.

Let it not be supposed, that in sketching the characters of George IV. and his Queen, we have yielded to the feelings of party violence, and while we excused the errors of the injured party, exaggerated the offences of the wrongdoer. The portrait which we have painted of him is undoubtedly one of the darkest shade, and most repulsive form. But the faults which gross injustice alone could pass over without severe reprobation, we have ascribed to their true cause,—the corrupting influence of a courtly education, and habits of unbounded self-indulgence upon a nature originally good; and although the sacred rules of morality forbid us to exonerate from censure even the admitted victim of circumstances so unfriendly to virtue, charity, as well as candour, permit us to add, that those circumstances should bear a far larger share of the reprehension than the individual, who may well claim our pity, while he incurs our censure.

During the anxious period over which we have been passing, the licentiousness of the press had, as might be expected, reached its greatest height; and the most unmeasured attacks upon all the Royal Family, from the King downwards, were become as familiar as the communications of the Court Circular, or the weekly Gazette of prices and promotions. They thus became also about as harmless, and prosecution was never thought of for a moment. But after the loss of the Bill, the vindictive spirit of the Regent was turned to the adversaries by whom he had been discomfited; and then was begun a system of constant slander against private as well as public character, which spared women married and unmarried as little as men; and which was certainly never before equalled in any part of the world. The old predilection for this kind of warfare by which the Prince of Wales's younger days had been inspired, led men's minds to guess the quarter in which this plot against character and against society had been hatched; and it was pretty well understood, that he who had formerly paid some thousands of pounds for the damages given against a newspaper to a young lady of rank, rendered obnoxious to him by her virtue, and therefore broadly impeached by the libel, was fully capable of planning and directing the gross and foul slanders which now habitually disfigured a portion of the periodical press. It was remarked, too, that those who patronised this vile species of political warfare, played a very safe game. If their slanders succeeded, their adversaries were lowered, and all public men were sufferers in the end, to the no small benefit of the kingly power. If those slanders wholly failed, then the press was lowered, and its influence diminished, or even destroyed—an advantage still more precious to arbitrary power, because it was the disarming of its most powerful and deadly enemy. There can be little doubt that the latter alternative for a long while was the event which happened. The value and effect of Newspaper attacks on individual character has been incalculably lessened; and the influence of the Periodical Press is now confined to that which the force and the fairness of discussion gives it. The result is, that as an organ of instruction its power is not at all diminished; it can still warn powerfully against bad measures, and lend an important help in furthering good; but its terrors in the eyes of public men are exceedingly reduced; and they who would, some twenty years ago, have been staggered by a few invectives, or vexed by a satirical joke, now face the whole artillery, light and heavy, of ridicule and of defamation without ever seeming to flinch.

These remarks, although of general application, certainly apply peculiarly to the Newspaper Press, which has, ever since the Queen's Case, become not only more unbridled and violent in all attacks upon the measures of government, the institutions of the coun-

try, and the public conduct of public men, but incomparably more licentious in every other respect, and more especially in slanderous attacks upon character. Nor are such attacks confined to the private feelings of public men; they extend to unoffending individuals who never pass the bounds of a secluded life; to the aged who can no longer bear a part in the bustle and contentions of the busy world; to the young whose time for embarking on its troubled waves has not yet come; to women whose sex, and fears, and delicacy both forbid their meddling with public affairs, and should protect them against the hand of the libeller. The motives from which such attacks proceed are various, but among these the lucre of gain, in one shape or other, holds a very prominent place. If private spite is to be gratified, the dastardly wretch who dares not openly wound his antagonist, knows that for money he can command the pen and the press to serve his purpose, and minister to his revenge. A fraud of the grossest description is thus practised upon the public, and the utmost conceivable injustice is done to the party libelled. No one knows whose venom it is that the newspaper distils. To all appearance it proceeds from the impartial director of public opinion,—the faithful chronicler of passing events,—the calm reasoner on state affairs—who has been moved by the love of justice, or sense of duty, to stoop from his eminence and pronounce sentence, which he also executes, on the offences of an individual. If the real truth were known—if all who read the libel were aware that the real writer is some one who has a grudge against the slandered person—some one whom he has offended in the discharge of his duty—some one who has become his enemy merely because he would not, to oblige him, betray a sacred trust—the arrow would fall harmless, and the infamy rest and settle upon the slanderer alone. Cases have come out in the Courts of the most respectable and retired individuals being foully calumniated by some hired libeller, whom a rake had set on because he could not obtain consent to a marriage; or because he owed a sum of money of which re-payment was demanded. An instance has been often mentioned of a great personage being crossed in his illicit amours by the virtue of their object, and revenging himself by making a reverend newspaper editor, whom he indemnified, and had to pay for, charge her with having had a bastard child. So Judges are every day calumniated by those against whom, in discharge of their duty, under the obligation of their oaths, they have been obliged to decide causes. But to the public eye it seems as if the force of truth extorted from the impartial editors of papers those remarks which are the base progeny of an illicit union between falsehood and revenge. It is known that one newspaper having come under an engagement to a threatening prosecutor, whom it had

libelled, never more to comment on his conduct, evaded the condition of its escape, at the instigation of the secret enemy, by reporting a long *ex parte* statement, which, by a concert between the conductor of the journal and the calumniator, he was to make 'before the sitting magistrate,' on pretence of what is called 'asking his assistance and advice'—a mode of proceeding outraging all justice, and which never would be resorted to, were not the press, with its hundred mouths, ready to record and repeat all that passes behind the back of the party accused, but which makes the press subservient to the malice, or the yet baser designs of every villain who may bear a grudge against his neighbour.

But the most vile considerations of sordid interest are in a yet more hateful form mingled with the conduct of the slanderous press. In fact, that great engine of public instruction, and powerful ally of freedom, is prostituted to uses, of which the unreflecting part of the community are little aware, and all, perhaps, but a few, chiefly in the upper ranks of life, are completely ignorant. The universal publicity which is its grand achievement—the power which the periodical portion of it possesses of making whatever is once printed in a single newspaper read in every village and hamlet throughout the whole empire, provided it be only of a nature to excite any interest of whatever description—can hardly exist, and not be liable to one very grievous abuse. If there lives any person of weak nerves, and who would rather pay a sum of money than have his infirmities exposed to this universal gaze, from which no seclusion, no modesty, no humility of pretensions, can withdraw for an instant those whom the press marks for its prey; and if there be some other person aware of his weakness, and base enough to make it his gain; the villain is the unhappy man's master, and may have as much of his money as the necessity of providing for his own subsistence can spare to the use of the unprincipled extortioner. The folly is extreme, but the dishonesty is not inconsiderable, of those who endeavour to palliate what no man dares defend, by describing the office thus performed by the press as a kind of police, and its tendency as preventive of misconduct in private life. It greatly augments the number of private immoralities, and it prevents none. The things which men are most unwilling to have made food for the diseased appetite of the public, are far more frequently mere weaknesses, or personal peculiarities, than crimes; vice is far more bold and reckless, and difficult to cow by threats, than folly or infirmity. Nor is the disposition to yield and to pay always occasioned by a person's own weaknesses; those of his near connexions, their faults, but almost as much their mental and bodily afflictions, all furnish the hold over delicate minds, feelings of pure affection, and even of manly sensibility, and minister

to the machinations of the wretches whose offences are rife, whose success is prodigious, and whose security is almost assured. They thus by driving their trade of threats amass large sums of money, and the very nature of their victims and the article which they prostitute themselves to deal in, gives the law no terrors for them. The enforcement of the law implies publicity, and it is by threatening publicity that the offence is perpetrated. Their whole power is derived from one consideration—that whatever one newspaper will consent to publish must find its way into all the rest, provided the matter is of any interest; and this it can easily be made, even if relating to an obscure individual, though the universal publication of this might be less certain; but if the name of any person in a public station is involved, or of considerable rank, the universal publicity is certain. The fault here, as in most of the crimes and abuses of the press, lies in great part with the public, and chiefly the fashionable part, as it is termed, of the world; so that, by a kind of retributive justice, they who chiefly contribute to give the engine of torment its power, are also those who most suffer by its working. There can be little doubt that if any one paper were to insert a story, garnished with high names, however manifest might be the impropriety of the publication, the other papers would run great risk by not also giving it to their readers; so it is inserted with perhaps a comment, disapproving the original publication, but professing an unwillingness to withhold it, as it has already been made public; and possibly an offer is added to insert any contradiction that the parties may choose to give—a topic which demands some further remark.

The unwillingness of all men to prosecute for libels, always naturally great, has been much augmented of late years by the difficulty of obtaining verdicts from juries, who are themselves apprehensive of the attacks which will be made upon them individually for months after the trial. For a court of law is of all engines of publicity the most powerful, having at its command the whole resources of the press, with a good many peculiar to itself; and it gives not merely universal circulation to the subject-matter of its proceedings, but a degree of authority fatal to their objects. Whoever then would do his duty to the community by prosecuting a libel, must lay his account with enregistering his frailties in an imperishable record, and making a belief in them the faith of the whole world. It is true the libeller is also severely handled, and the fears of the press and its victims are undoubtedly mutual; legal proceedings being an object of especial and very natural dread to all editors and proprietors of works or papers. But the punishment can only be inflicted by the absolute sacrifice of the individual who proceeds, and he must lay his account with aggravating his own annoyance tenfold, for the sake of preventing others from being

similarly troubled hereafter. It thus happens that but very rarely are any proceedings instituted against the offenders who every day pollute the press with their defamation. But further, the powers of the press, mutually hostile on all other matters, are in firm and compact alliance in what regards their common interest—they do their utmost at all times to discourage prosecutions and actions for libel. Their rule is a convenient one certainly, and however gross the absurdity of the reason given for it, they find it almost universally received. If any one proceeds at law for an attack upon his character, they assume that he must feel himself justly accused, else why not trust to his reputation; and if he be of liberal politics, he is moreover charged with deserting his principles, by invading the press and stifling discussion. But if he is attacked and does nothing, then they never fail to pronounce that he dares not, because conscious of guilt. When, however, any indication appears of a desire to take the law, then 'our columns' are freely offered to explain or defend; he is at liberty 'to send his own statement,' which will be inserted 'with the strict regard to justice that has always distinguished us.' So that every newspaper is erected into a tribunal, before which any person may be cited; if he makes default, judgment goes against him; if he appears, he enjoys the advantage of contesting in his own person with an unknown adversary, while the scales are held by those who, having begun by taking part against him, are too ready to help the lurking defamer, because success is in part their own, or at all events conduces to their safety. As for any newspaper ever admitting that it has fallen into an error, or is in the wrong, or even that it has been hasty, or is capable, like other mortals, of erring in any respect, that is wholly out of the question; so that when by the most gross and palpable blunder some wholly groundless statement has once been made, however it may be exposed elsewhere and shown to have been some mere error of a name, or a date, or plain and downright misapprehension of a word or a fact, the mistake becomes the rule and canon of the paper for ever; and all that serves to prop it up is carefully given, and even dwelt upon, with a suppression of all that tends to expose and correct it. Nay, it is well for the luckless wight who has been the only sufferer, and of course the innocent cause of the error, if he do not incur the perpetual hostility of the paper, and be misconstrued, and misrepresented, and attacked on all other occasions, merely because it was in defaming him that the paper got itself into a scrape. Add to all this the preposterous state of the law, which throws every impediment in the way of just prosecutions—prevents an injured party from seeking redress in the only way in which he can defy his accuser to prove his charge—presses unjustly upon the publisher in one thing—in another as unjustly on the party de-

famed—encourages chicanery—protects anonymous slanderers,—affords no inducement to authors coming forward openly and avowedly in their own names*—and leaves it at all times impossible for editors to ascertain either the nature or the amount of the risk they run, and the means by which they may make themselves secure. Under this defective system the press has been at times oppressed, and at times, from the excess of the legal abuses, has revelled in licentiousness with absolute impunity; reputation has been at all times ill protected, and a habit has grown up among judges and juries of administering a bad law so badly, as to make it much worse than the legislature gave it them; so that, to instance but one of many defects, a slandered man, having but a single proceeding open to him by which he can vindicate his character, and defy a proof of the imputation—sues for damages—runs the risk of a conspiracy between writer and publisher proving falsehoods by false swearing against him—succeeds in obtaining a verdict—and receives from the ‘intelligent jury,’ under the direction of the impartial judge, that the damages should be ‘adequate but moderate,’ a verdict assessing the value of his character at some thirty pounds in London and Middlesex, and fifteen in the country.

After the case of the Queen was over, and while her enemies turned the current of their spite, exasperated by vengeance after their discomfiture, into the foul channels of periodical defamation, it was understood that her Majesty’s advisers were prevented from proceeding against her defamers, by the difficulties which the state of the law interposed. She suffered with the rest of the community from the abuses of the press; but from one of its consequences she was altogether exempt. Upon her firm soul the menaces of the professional defamer fell powerless; the daily and hourly attempts of those abandoned ruffians, who knowing that the press armed them with the boundless power of publication, threaten weak minds with that universal exposure, were, in the Queen’s case, wholly fruitless; not one farthing of her money was ever expended in averting a menace or silencing a defamer, any more than in bribing a witness, or gaining an adversary; and the only sum she is ever known to have given in any

connexion whatever with the press, is said to have relieved a celebrated writer from a verdict obtained against him in a court of justice, upon a matter which had no connexion whatever either with the Queen or her supporters.

The abuse of the press, to which we have been referring, has a pervading influence that can hardly be conceived, and the editors and other responsible conductors of it are really fully as much the victims of it as the instruments. They are wholly incapable of making themselves partakers in it, with a few vile exceptions; so are they, with the same exceptions, wholly free from all charge of accepting bribes, to resist or to suppress matters affecting individuals. But unless they exercise a sharpness of eye, and control with a firm hand, and which is next to impossible, are never thrown off their guard, they cannot prevent the powerful engine which is under their direction from being pointed by the malice or the covetousness of individuals, often unknown to them, so as to further the plots in which this base traffic of threats consists. The extent to which the vile trade is driven can hardly be conceived. All public men, especially all men in office, nay, most persons of both sexes who move in the eye of the world, experience its effects, or at least perceive symptoms of it almost daily. We have heard men high in the public service declare that they hardly ever knew a complaint or a remonstrance from a disappointed suitor for promotion which did not throw out intelligible threats, by hints, by references to other appeals, by allusion to an impartial public, or often by the use of a single word far more vague than any of these expressions, but the meaning of which could be doubted. Nay, we have heard in the same quarters, that very many applications for favours, most respectfully couched, contain some suggestions, as if it would be not less for the interest of the minister than of his suitor, that the prayer should be listened to. In other instances where the firmness and integrity of the great man himself are such as to make any threats unavailing, or even perilous, he is approached by friends and by connexions who are gained over to favour the petitioner by threats applied to them. But the most extensive branch of the threatening trade looks to mere pecuniary profit. Sometimes a sum is extorted; sometimes an annuity—not seldom, the payment of a tradesman’s exorbitant demand, to avoid ‘exposure in a Court of Justice.’ Of all this detestable commerce the press, but especially the newspaper press, is the mainspring, without which not one of its operations could be preferred to any extent whatever. The late Lord Dudley had a custom of saying that it had reduced assassination to a mere question of prudence—meaning, that when men are kept in a state of torment and irritation by this system of extortion, all other feelings merge in the resolution of self-defence. But there are other

* Not only is no kind of obstacle thrown in the way of the skulking assassin of character, by making it, for instance, the rule, that upon proof of a defendant being the real author, he should, in a criminal proceeding, be suffered to give evidence of the truth of his libel, after due notice to the prosecutor; but the law allows a kind of proceeding, which prevents many an honest man from proceeding against his defamer. The author conceals himself and indemnifies the publisher. The latter is sued, and pleads in justification, that is, avers the matters of the libel to be true. He then produces as his witness the real defamer, who pretends to know the things he has sworn, and being a competent witness, if he denies the indemnity, his evidence, in all probability uncontradicted, secures the escape of all parties.

risks which the press encounters, and from which nothing can save it but a most rigorous exercise of far greater vigilance than is now displayed; an abstinence from dragging forward private persons into public view; above all, a rigid determination that, whoever connected with any newspaper establishment shall be once caught taking advantage of his access to its columns, in order to gratify any private spite, much more any sordid propensity, shall that instant cease for ever to have any connexion with, or employment in it. The rule should be, that any editor or proprietor who finds out any of his writers to have had a private grudge against any one whom he has been attacking, must immediately be dismissed, and with notice of the ground of dismissal to all the other papers. In truth, the offence is that of gross dishonesty and breach of trust.*

To these abuses by newspapers and pamphleteers are now to be added those committed by booksellers and publishers on a larger scale. Select society and its manners, conversations of deceased persons into whose mouths any slander against the living may be safely put, collections of letters, with anecdotes of their writers, and those to whom they are addressed, have become a most favourite branch of reading with the thoughtless public; and accordingly there is no expense to which avaricious and unprincipled publishers will not go in providing food for this diseased appetite. Here, again, the great market for the vile commodity is found among the upper classes, who, by a just retribution, are themselves the victims of the slanderous authors. Men of rank, and ladies of fashion, never reflect while they pay for a book exposing their rivals or their friends, that their own turn may come next, and their own private life be made sport for the town before the London season is over. As nothing published is now attended with the smallest risk of prosecution or action, a publisher has only to reckon the profits by the number of copies he can sell; and the cost by the sum the manuscript is purchased for; and as the copies sold will be many in proportion to the venom which pervades the book, the number of private persons who are exposed in it, the delicacy of the subjects of exposure; so will the price paid be low in proportion as the station of the author is mean, and his or her fortunes desperate. A double security is thus afforded that the publications will be of the very worst description in every respect; that abominable slanders will pervade the whole; that disclosures offensive to every feeling of delicacy, outraging even common propriety, will stud each page; and that the want of all talent, learning, style, correctness, literary

* An offence of a very similar kind is sometimes chargeable upon Reviews, that of taking articles against works from rivals in the same walk of letters,—as from rival translators, or writers that are known to have a hostile feeling towards others.

merit of every kind, will be only atoned for by the malignity or the indecency of the details. To discourage such an infamous traffic is the interest—the direct personal interest—of every man and every woman in the country. Every man who keeps a body-servant—every woman who has a waiting-maid—nay, every one who is upon terms of intimacy with any person having a waiting-maid, or corresponding with such a person—is directly interested in the failure and the punishment of such panders to the depraved taste of the public, as those publishers. In the case of the work before us, Mr. Colburn has induced a lady of rank to be his caterer and accomplice, at the cost, as he himself states of 1000*l.*; he will next find it better worth his while, perhaps, to give this lady's Abigail fifty guineas for her letter-box, or for a MS. which will probably show more literary ability than that of her malicious mistress.

It may, however, be asked in what way any danger is to approach the press—that 'Great Power in the state,' as it has often been termed, and most accurately—'the New Power in Europe,' as Mr. Wyndham called it—the Fourth Estate in the monarchy,' as others phrase it! Its great influence is not denied; but we deny altogether that it is invulnerable or invincible. Let the abuse of which we have spoken but proceed a little farther; let it go on unchecked and unabated as it now exists; and it is our firm belief, that instead of crouching and complaining of these facts, men will begin to defend themselves against the unseen tyrant with many heads—the only despot who, himself living and thriving by assassination, is exempt from a fate and a fear to which all single and ordinary despots are subject, as the only check to their enormities, and the only control of their caprice. Oppression pushed beyond a certain pitch never fails to rouse its victims, and beget the spirit of resistance. That hour may well be thought to approach, when it has so often been said in free England that the country is happy where the press is fettered; that the price we pay for the liberty of the press in its gross abuses is all too dear; and that if we can only preserve our public liberty by an individual thralldom which makes life uncomfortable, the balance is a loss by the bargain. Nor can any inference be drawn against the practicability of resistance from the abortive attempts already made. They were deservedly abortive, because they were directed against the perfections of the press, and not against its crimes; nay, the attacks upon it were made by the very men who were, for their own most nefarious purposes, fostering its worst offences against society, and profiting by them. Instead of assailing the libeller, or the violator of domestic peace—the venal or the malignant wretch who encroaches upon the privacy of secluded life, to gratify his own spite, or feed for lucre the foul appetite of others,—the daring

writer was attacked who denounced abuse and corruption, who invaded tyranny in its strongholds, who ventured to think for himself upon the great questions of Church and State, and taught the people to follow his bright example. Meanwhile private slander was propagated by the very parties who would secure immunity for public delinquency by silencing the press; and while no discussion of the measures of state and the conduct of statesmen was tolerated, hired assassins were set on to run down by scurrilous falsehoods the character of all who dared to oppose the career of oppression or malversation. The *Constitutional Association*, as it called itself—the *Bridge Street Gang*, as the people soon learned to nick-name it—had no better object than to silence free discussion of public affairs; and it was in close alliance with the party which, under the royal patronage, on the same occasion, the acquittal of the Queen, seduced and polluted the press to defame all who espoused the cause of justice against tyranny. Yet had that association been established for a praiseworthy purpose, and with consistent views—had the same numbers and funds been collected together for the punishment of whatever paper drove a trade in slander—had its members strenuously exerted themselves to enforce the whole law—that is, the criminal law, against all private libels, whether in the books of the Mr. Colburns, or the pamphlets of Mrs. Clarke, or the newspapers of each week and each day—who can entertain a doubt that the press would have speedily been defeated, been purified, been exalted, by restoring it to the proper and dignified office of teaching the people and overawing their rulers? The community would have gained much, but in truth the press would have gained much more, by such a defensive league of all respectable and firm-minded men against its intolerable abuses. Nor can the time now be far distant when some man of irreproachable life, in public and in private, of sufficient authority with his countrymen to ensure co-operation, and of capacity fit for so important a service, will arise amongst us, and worthily execute the important mission of leading the revolt against unknown oppressors; and, if not destroying the invisible tribunal which now domineers over the community, at least restraining within due bounds its lofty pretensions, and compelling it to wholly abstain from the excesses that have rendered it hateful to God and man.

But if it shall be said that we must take the bad with the good—that no great institution, no powerful instrument is exempt from the liability to be abused which attends all the works of man and all his exertions—and that the evils of which we are so loudly complaining, cannot be extirpated or prevented without endangering, perhaps destroying the freedom of the press itself—we make answer that no persons have ever been more constantly the strenuous and uncom-

promising friends of that freedom than ourselves; and that we give the best earnest of our sincerity when we add the expression of our wish even to accept of this great security for public liberty with all its encroachments on individual comfort, to which our remarks have been directed—**IF WE CAN HAVE IT ON NO OTHER TERMS.** But then we must first be satisfied that this is a necessary condition, and that there is no possibility of severing the clog from the benefit. No reasoning can convince us of any such thing. Past experience is all the other way; for the press never was more free in the right and wholesome sense, than when private feelings were spared, nor ever more harassed with state prosecutions than during some periods of licentious invasion of private society. A trial of measures devised for its purification—its restoration to former purity—can alone show that the country must be put to the sad election of losing the best security for its liberty, or suffering the present intolerable evils of unbridled licentious publication. The wretched libellers and threateners, and the disreputable booksellers of whom we have been compelled to speak, are the only portion of society who can pretend the least interest in the most prodigious abuse of our times. Where is the man courageous enough to pretend that the constitution of England is in jeopardy if Mr. Colburn shall no longer be suffered to tempt persons of feeble understanding, and destitute of all honourable feeling, into a partnership with himself, by giving them a share of the profits derived from publications outraging all the feelings of our nature, and on subjects with which the public at large have absolutely no concern?

One topic remains, a plausible one, but a fallacy still. The feelings thus outraged are said to be those only of the higher and more fastidious circles, and, above all, of public men, who it is said must lay their account with suffering for the public good; must steel their minds against being too sensitive to attacks upon their private life; and must persuade their connexions, how retired soever their habits, to be as callous as themselves. But we ask, if it is really just to public men that because their lives are given up to the service of their country, therefore they should be the only portion of its inhabitants whose feelings may be outraged with impunity? Is there any thing like justice in proscribing the class of society most devoted to their duties, and proclaiming that upon them alone may be inflicted what to all others would be the extreme of torture? But, we further ask, if there is any wisdom in this cruel proscription? How often is it said that the character of public men is public property? Then, has the public a less interest in their character being really pure, honest, high-spirited, gentle, and kind, than in their enjoying the reputation merely of those excellent virtues? But can the ingenuity of a fiend devise so effectual a method of making them the very

reverse of all this, as making their souls callous in the most tender points of all! The state of the press is every day bringing matters nearer and nearer to the point when no man can submit to serve the country who has either nice feelings of honour and reputation, or a refined sensibility of heart—and we feel perfectly convinced, that the loss is prodigious which its service must sustain by so miserable a selection as must soon be made of those qualified to engage in it.

This is the rational view of the matter, and places in its true light the impolicy of sanctioning the abuse complained of by destroying all regard for reputation in the most important members of society. But after all, we are disposed to place our refutation of the fallacy upon higher ground, reverting to our first topic—namely, the crying injustice of it to those whose feelings are so outraged. The infliction of pain is never justifiable unless for some great public purpose. This principle is the foundation of our only right even to punish offenders. How much more strongly does it apply to the case of unoffending parties! See how we even treat the lower animals! All men cry out against experiments, the cruelty of which is out of all proportion to the amount or the utility of the knowledge thus obtained; and no philosophical enquirer is allowed to push his experiments so far as to torture rabbits and dogs, unless there is a reasonable prospect of an investigation thus conducted leading to some discovery highly beneficial to mankind. What possible right then can the Colburns and their like have to torture the feelings of living persons by publications which can only slake their own thirst of profit, or food to the prurient and diseased appetites of the idle or the malignant? Their crimes would be unpardonable were even some gratification of scientific curiosity the purpose of the offender, unless that curiosity referred to matters of great moment, which might justify the pain whereby it was purchased. When the only possible fruit of the offence is money to the criminal, and corruption to the public—there is nothing but aggravation in every view that can be taken of their delinquency.

We have, in the course of these remarks, discussed a subject of such paramount importance, that we hardly think any other ever broached by us since the commencement of our labours, five-and-thirty years ago, possesses the same deep and universal and permanent interest. We trust that the discussion may have its due effect with the reader of at least fixing his attention upon the question in all its various relations. Aware, as we must be, that the other matters handled in this long paper will be apt at first sight to appear more interesting and more attractive, because treating more upon personal topics, we, nevertheless, are profoundly impressed with the vastly superior claims to attention of this latter part of the article; and we make it our most earnest request that this portion may be

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suffered to become the subject of deliberation and calm reflection among all who value the best interests of society. To those who regard the great uses of the press itself, and its high destinies, if kept pure, we chiefly make our appeal. The grievous abuses we have been exposing are fatal to that great engine of public instruction; and while they present the most cheering prospect to the bigoted enemy of reformation and the interested adversary of liberty—to the friend of darkness and the ally of tyrants—they offer nothing but despair to the advocate of human improvement and the assertor of the rights of man. The most superficial of observers alone can for a moment imagine that we have been setting ourselves in opposition to the press. As well might he be called an enemy of the city who would cleanse its sewers of the 'perilous stuff' that threatens to lay its population waste with pestilence,—as well might the physician, endowed with courage to stand between the living and the dead, and stay that plague, be deemed the enemy of man, because he applied the remedy needful for the malady wherewithal his patient had been stricken.

And now we assuredly feel the swift descent which we make from subjects of such surpassing interest and importance, as the great characters of the past age, and the gross abuses of the press, to the work before us, remarkable only for displaying in equal and in ample measure, the utmost ignorance of the one, and the most striking example of the other. But the duty which will be expected of us must be performed; and we have no right to let the dulness and feebleness with which a bad purpose is executed, act as a screen to shelter the vile intention from justice. The origin, the nature, and the execution of this book, therefore, claim a few remarks.

A woman of the highest rank, by birth at least, is openly stated to be its author. Her name has been repeatedly given in the newspapers, without any contradiction either from her accomplice the publisher, or from herself, or from any one else under the sanction of a real name. A highly respectable Journal of a political and literary nature,* in an article devoted to the subject, gave vent to the feelings of just indignation at the offence committed, and charged it on Lady Charlotte Campbell (now Bury) by name. Still, no denial has proceeded either from herself, her publisher, or her friends. That Mr. Colburn gave a thousand pounds for the manuscript, and that it is the work of a woman, is all we know to have been told of the plot by him; and that has appeared under his own hand, and the hand of a correspondent, a military gentleman, who, justly offended at certain untrue matters published in it, in regard to an amiable and respected relative,

* *Quarterly Review*. The observations on Queen Caroline, in the article alluded to, are dictated by great prejudice and some political rancour.

thought proper to address a letter of enquiry to the publisher. One thing is quite certain in all this; Lady C. Campbell (otherwise Bury) might in one hour remove all doubt on the subject; so might Mr. Colburn; and as both knew of the universally received belief, and neither has taken any steps whatever to dispel it, we are entitled to conclude, either that she is the author, or that he has made it worth her while to pass for such, and in either case she must bear the blame. That he would resent as an injury to him in his trade any doubts seriously expressed on this head, no one can pretend to deny; for the whole value (such as it is) of the details contained in the Book, depends upon their being vouched by the authority of some one who had been in the Queen's household. And here begins the ground of all the charges to which this woman is exposed by the scandalous business. For Lady C. Campbell was in the household of the Queen when Princess of Wales, and she was received into it as an act of kindness well suited to that illustrious Lady's charitable disposition. Knowing that Lady Charlotte had been left in poor circumstances, with the burthen of a large family, by her husband's death, she conceived that humanity required her to accede to the application, on the suggestion made, and gave a woman of narrow means, of altogether unexceptionable conduct, and of manners and figure extremely pleasing, the convenient addition to her income of a few hundreds a-year. It is said,—such a passage being naturally now called to mind by her late unexpected conduct,—that a friend of the Princess being asked by her, while deliberating upon the appointment, if the proposed lady was a safe and trust-worthy person, or one likely to gossip and make mischief in a house well known to be infested with spies and other vermin, replied with something like indignation at the doubt, 'Madam, she is a gentlewoman, ay, and sister to the most honourable and amiable gentleman of the age!' The feelings of her Royal Highness's friend may be conceived, if he should have survived to read the records of this high-born gentlewoman's treachery. Little could it then have entered into his mind, that she was occupied, while in waiting, with committing to paper all she saw, and heard, and misunderstood, or comprehended not at all, in order that she might afterwards turn her portfolio to account, and sell the confidence of her kind mistress for the means of decking her own person in the costly tawdriness of younger days!

If there be any thing in this book more stupid than another, where all is marked with want of sense as much as of sound principle and right feeling, it is the absurd trick of pretending that it is the work of a man. How is this silly falsehood kept up? We need give no further proofs than the Princess's familiar letters and notes, published with the most unblushing effron-

tery, in which she addresses the author in all the familiarity of persons writing to those of their own sex. However, we at once put down the base fabrication by a letter from Mr. C. K. S. at Christ Church, Oxford, stated to be addressed to the author as a man, and in which occurs the following passage, which we presume is not in the style of the inmates of Christ Church, when addressing their *male* correspondents.

'I have finished your portrait and it is not like, so I have met the fate of all my painting predecessors.—Yet to catch your Lordship's likeness would not be quite impossible, if this system of galvanism could be improved, and four painters of ancient times rendered as lively by it, as a pig's tail is at present.—I would rouse from his dull repose, Titian, to paint your head; Sir Peter Lely, your neck; Vandyke, your hands; and Rubens for the draperies and back ground of the picture;—then, perchance, one might have something worth looking at;—as matters stand, I confess I am in utter despair.'

The first thing that strikes any one who reads these volumes, is the detestable conduct of any person living in a select society, and keeping minutes of every unguarded expression, notes of each thoughtless and careless action, and copies of any hasty or unreflecting letter, for the purpose of afterwards coining the whole into money, by exposing all to the public gaze. But after this first impression is effaced, and the indignation has subsided which it had occasioned, the next surprise is that any person of the rank of a gentlewoman should deem it worth her while, for a paltry sum of money, to sacrifice her station in society; and make it nearly as impossible for any persons of respectable condition, nay, for any who prudently set a value on their own personal safety, to admit her under their roofs, as if she had been convicted of an infamous crime. It is said, indeed, that she threatens society with a fresh outrage, not in the shape of dull and unreadable novels, but of Letters received from all her friends. Then we will say that it is their own fault if she or her publishing accomplices shall execute this menace. Every person who has ever written her a Letter ought to have an Injunction Bill ready to put on the file of the Court of Chancery the instant any such work appears. The property in Letters is partly in the writer of them, and the receiver has no right whatever to publish them without the writer's leave. As for property in a book like the present, there is, there can be, no copyright at all in it; and we speak the deliberate opinion of the heads of the law, when we say that any one may pirate it with perfect impunity—the court giving no kind of protection to so slanderous a publication. Mr. Colburn has, therefore, spent his money to no purpose, and will find it a poor speculation to repeat a like adventure.

But really the stupidity and gross ignorance which prevail through every page of it, are sufficient to deprive this work of any sale, and the purchaser of the copy-

right of any profit. It is wonderful how any person of the authoress's rank in society, should evince so little knowledge of the world in which she ought to have lived. Every page demonstrates that she had never associated with the good company of her day. She is as wholly ignorant of the tone, and as much at a loss respecting the meaning, of refined conversation, as if she had come from the provinces, and never been in the society of the capital. It is plain, indeed, that she is out of her element. Astonished at matters which are familiar, and of hourly occurrence,—receiving without the least remark things which would stagger persons inured to refined converse,—utterly unable to comprehend men and things which are known as the *a, b, c* of all who live in the higher circles of London,—every page shows that a person has obtained admission to society wholly new to her, and is among those whose intercourse is foreign to her habits of life. Endless mistakes—ridiculous confusions of persons and of things—constant inability to comprehend what is the matter—are the inevitable result. But the construction of the difficult passages is always the same,—the blank is always filled up in one way—the unknown meaning is without any exception always given in a single unvaried direction—the uncharitable, the malignant, the spiteful, the cruel—above all, the slanders are seasoned the highest, and concentrated the most strongly, when levelled the most bitterly against the Royal Mistress, patroness, benefactress of the author—against her whose charitable hand had been timely extended to relieve her wants by receiving her in the household, and whose bounty in an extra largess of money, the pages of this very work itself record, after the period of her service had expired.

Nor is the Princess herself the only subject of misapprehension, and of uniform, or all but uniform, slander. Hardly a person is mentioned who does not afford opportunities for displaying alternately the dullness and the malevolence of the writer. No matter how little these may be obtruded upon the public eye by their position in society or their conduct in private life; no matter how little connected they may be with the court of the late Queen; it suffices that their names should be named—that the recollection of them should come across this gentlewoman—her pen is at once dipped in gall, and the scandal flows. The publisher, no doubt, gave a hint that an abundance of names would be required to make the book sell, and as he had given a large price, he had a right to be heard. The stupid affectation of initials and dashes is another trick to give mystery and pique curiosity, where, in case any one should mistake or be at the smallest loss to find out who are meant, sometimes a circumstance is added that at once fills up the blank, and sometimes a note tells that Lady M— C— means Lady Mary Coke. If a faint allusion be made

in a private letter, written only for the eye it was addressed to, but here published to increase the selling value of the work, a commentary explains what the author's vanity is resolved should be no secret. Thus, 'I suppose Her Royal Highness alludes to Lady Charlotte Campbell, the beauty of the Argyll family of that day.' Indeed the small traffic of malignity that is driven between the author in the text, and a supposed editor in the notes, presents the very picture of petty trickery as well as detraction. If the text abuses, the note, with a stupid stare expresses wonder at any person having such bad taste as to dislike such a one; if the text, by some rare chance, happens to praise, the note spits out the author's venomous phlegm, which perhaps it was thought better, for some purpose or other, that she should be able to deny,—as when a very near connexion of one who married her daughter is to be slandered, and the peace of a whole family irrecoverably destroyed, the libeller skulks into the note, for the purpose of being able to exclaim, 'Thou canst not say 'twas I that did it.'

If a sample be required of the breach of all trust and confidence with which this book throughout abounds, and which indeed is the very subject of it, and for which the publisher paid his thousand pounds, take the letter, Vol. I. p. 23.—or rather the extract of a letter—for it is curiously culled out from the original document, and is the only passage given. The Princess expresses herself indiscreetly, certainly, but surely not unnaturally, as if the death of her unsparing tormentor would be the period of her troubles. Had she been guilty of the vile hypocrisy of pretending any the least sorrow for such an event, or the blasphemy of praying that it might not happen, we should equally have had the letter published, and all the world would have turned from it with disgust. This letter, as the publisher no doubt foresaw, has excited much indignation, and the great indecency of it has been exclaimed against. But let two very different offences be kept distinct in our reprobation of them, as they differ most widely in their nature. There is the offence of feeling relieved at a cruel and heartless persecutor's decease,—her husband indeed—but only the more inexcusable on account of the relation, the whole duties of which he habitually violated. No one can visit severely what every one must admit to have been a feeling all but unavoidable. There is also the indiscretion of expressing such natural feelings in writing, which, had the writing never met any eye but hers to whom alone the writer addressed it, never could have called down a severe censure from any one who heard of it. We live certainly in an age, if not of canting, at least of a lax and defective morality, whose many blanks we seek to fill up with a very cheap kind of virtue,—that of indignation at other people's failings, and overdone views of their obligations; pretty much as dishonest goldsmiths put in bits of tinsel to minish

the precious metals, and knavish coiners colour over copper and lead to make them pass for the current coin. The heroics into which some of our contemporaries have been thrown upon female delicacy and affection to husbands, by reading this publication, reminds us very much of those mean practices; for we have looked in vain through the page that glows with such virtuous indignation at the mere indiscretion of one party, in order to find one solitary expression betokening even the most tempered disapprobation of the cruelty, the perfidy, and the crimes by which the revengeful life of the other party was filled up and disfigured. Wonderful, if not wilful, is the blindness of some men! How could it ever be imagined that their clipped morality should attract much respect—that this gross inconsistency should be overlooked even by the most careless of readers! The husband is suffered to pass his life in tormenting his wife,—to turn her out of doors,—to live in open adultery from the hour of his marriage,—and afterwards to seek her life whom he had driven into strange society—while she is to be execrated as if she had done all this and worse, for merely giving vent to a feeling which every human being, every one lower than the angels, must have entertained, and which if she had not entertained, all men would have believed that they witnessed a miracle!

In answer to a mass of scandalous gossip distributed over page after page, the greater part of which is unquestionably the creation of a malicious fancy uniting with a dull understanding, and the rest a misconception of facts of mere royal idleness and caprice, it is quite sufficient to say, that *if* the writer really believes all or half of the slanders that distil from her pen—if she really was living in scenes so revolting to a woman of virtue, or even of ordinary refinement, as she would have us believe—why did she remain a day, or an hour, amidst such pollution? There was no tie of any kind to hold her; no duty whatever to discharge; no obligation to bind. Had she chosen to go forth from the den of impurity, the door was open. She had been received into the household from motives of humanity; in order to bestow this kindness so acceptable to her circumstances, her fantastic habits had been overlooked, her dull society borne with. What kept her there then one hour after her virtue forbade a longer sojourn? She is in a dilemma from whence it would require far other ingenuity than hers to extricate herself. Either she is now saying the thing that is not; or she stamps herself with discredit by the confession of having submitted to degrading intercourse for the love of gain. She is like a witness who comes forward to inculpate herself, and whom no court believes. The tale she tells works her own discredit in the exact proportion of its injury to her deceased mistress. We believe this writer not to be the person she now would fain represent herself; indif-

ferently as we think of her, she is not by a great deal so bad as she would paint herself. She did not prostitute herself by living in scenes of impurity; but she had heard things which made her suspicious; she was deceived by jokes she understood not, nor ever gave herself the trouble of examining;—witness her swallowing all the nonsense told by the Princess about her deceased sister Princess *Caroline*, the very name alone being enough to show the whole was a fiction invented to play upon a fool; she was imposed upon by interested agents who would fain make her their tool; she misconceived some things from not having lived in courtly company; others she misunderstood from natural incapacity; and having once persuaded herself that all was not right, whatever she saw gave birth to wrong impressions. But as she saw nothing in the least decisive, her belief at the time, and on the spot, was not formed and fixed. She kept her place, therefore, as her predecessor Lady Douglas had done five years before; and afterwards, from supposing she had seen much vice, her fancy suggested much that she never saw; she resolved to make a book for money, as her predecessor had resolved for some such reason to make a trial; and had the parties been still alive, we are not at all sure that the parallel would not have been rendered complete, by a new ‘*Delicate Investigation*,’ in which she might form the prominent actor.

There is nothing much more disgusting in this book than the cant of religion which pervades it. By that hard name we have assuredly a full right to call it, when we see it usually unaccompanied with charity. Take one instance. Lord Abercorn had been visited with the most severe afflictions in the loss of his amiable family, almost all of whom he had survived. He maintained a firm and erect posture under this storm of fate. To what use must the malicious writer of these volumes turn the mention of his misfortunes, but to record that he was an unbeliever? In all likelihood this is a fabrication or a mistake, arising from the Marquis pushing aside some officious attempts of hers at increasing his sufferings by reading him a dull lecture. But she puts it broadly down as a fact. ‘I wish I could give him comfort, by advising him where to seek for it, where alone it is to be found; but his heart is hardened and he will not believe.’ The name is here given at full length; and in the very same paragraph mention is made of something quite immaterial having occurred at a lady’s house—but her name is carefully wrapt up as Lady S—!

In the midst of all the abuse of the unfortunate Princess, which forms the staple of these volumes, though not to the exclusion of attacks upon nearly every other person who happens to be named, we find one or two passages where the truth is so powerful that it lays slander low, and pierces through malevolence itself. We defy any human being to have displayed more re-

fined delicacy of feeling, or been guided by a stricter regard to propriety and good taste, or to have shown in most difficult circumstances more entire presence of mind, than the Princess exhibits in the following passages; the only extract we shall give from the author's own part of the work.

'When we arrived at the Opera, to the Princess's, and all her attendants' infinite surprise, we saw the Regent placed between the Emperor and the King of Prussia, and all the minor Princes, in a box to the right. 'God save the King' was performing when the Princess entered, and consequently she did not sit down. I was behind; so of course I could not see the house very distinctly, but I saw the Regent was at that time standing and applauding the Grassinis. As soon as the air was over, the whole pit turned round to the Princess's box and applauded her. We, who were in attendance on her Royal Highness, entreated her to rise and make a curtsy, but she sat *immovable*, and at last, turning round, she said to Lady —, 'My dear, Punch's wife is nobody when Punch is present.' We all laughed, but still thought her wrong not to acknowledge the compliment paid her; but she was right, as the sequel will prove. 'We shall be hissed,' said Sir W. Gell. 'No, no,' again replied the Princess with infinite good humour, 'I know my business better than to take the morsel out of my husband's mouth; I am not to seem to know that the applause is meant for me till they call my name.' The Prince seemed to verify her words, for he got up and bowed to the audience. This was construed into a bow to the Princess, most unfortunately; I say most unfortunately, because she has been blamed for not returning it; but I, who was an eye witness of the circumstance, know the Princess acted just as she ought to have done. The fact was, the Prince took the applause to himself; and his friends, or rather his *toadies* (for they do not deserve the name of friends), to save him from the imputation of this ridiculous vanity, chose to say, that he did the most beautiful and elegant thing in the world, and bowed to his wife!!

'When the Opera was finished, the Prince and his supporters were applauded, but not enthusiastically; and scarcely had his Royal Highness left the box, when the people called for the Princess, and gave her a very warm applause. She then went forward and made three curtsies, and hastily withdrew. I believe she acted perfectly right throughout the evening—but every body tells a different story, and thinks differently. How trivial all this seems, how much beneath the dignity of rational beings! But trifles make up the sum of earthly things—and in this instance this trivial circumstance affects the Princess of Wales's interests, therefore it becomes of consequence for the true statement to be made known; and as I was present, I can and will tell the truth. When the coachman attempted to drive home through Charles-street, the crowd of carriages was so immense it was impossible to pass down that street, and with difficulty the Princess's carriage backed, and we returned past Carlton House, where the mob surrounded her carriage, and, having once found out that it was her Royal Highness, they applauded and huzzaed her Royal Highness till she, and Lady —, and myself, who were with her, were completely stunned. The mob opened the carriage doors, and some of them insisted upon shaking hands with her, and asked if they should burn Carlton House. 'No, my good people,' she said, 'be quite quiet—let me

pass, and go home to your beds.' They would not, however, leave off following her carriage for some way, and cried out, 'Long live the Princess of Wales, long live the innocent,' &c. &c. She was pleased at this demonstration of feeling in her favour, and I never saw her look so well, or behave with so much dignity. Yet I hear since, all this has been misconstrued, and various lies told.'

The second of these volumes opens with one of the most notable of the countless instances which they present of the writer's being as completely in the dark upon the whole intercourse and meaning and society of the wits whom she met at the Princess of Wales's table, as if she had been transplanted from the house-keeper's room. She records a dinner at Kensington Palace, where the company was composed of Mr. Luttrell, Mr. Nugent, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Ward, and Lord King. Of the latter she is pleased to say, for the purpose of at once destroying the whole credit of all the accounts she gives of other less known persons: 'He is a very dull man. I never met him here or any where else before that I remember' (so that he *must* be an obscure man as well as a dull one), 'nor can I conceive why the Princess thought of inviting him. She must have some reasons; such as making him useful; for he is neither ornamental nor agreeable.' Now, it is so universally known that Lord King was one of the most distinguished men of his age, and not more for knowledge and great talents than for the powers of conversation which made his society singularly delightful, that the reader of this passage is lost in amazement—the more so, that he who is represented as not ornamental, was about the most handsome person of the day, as any painter could have informed this silly writer. But what follows is perfect. She represents herself as affected by the conversation taking the turn 'of quizzing Mr. Wilberforce;' and so little did she know the tone of the society she was admitted to, that she was not aware of Mr. Wilberforce being the intimate friend and object of veneration of several of the company who indulged in this harmless pleasantry, as they were wont, from time to time, merely to plague Mr. Brougham, whose more intimate friendship with that great man used to call forth these sallies of mere good-humour from men, all of whom were as incapable of really laughing at or underrating Mr. Wilberforce, as this dull author was of comprehending the tone of those she was permitted now and then to see.

If her ignorance of men and things in English society leads her into such mistakes, but never, be it observed, into good-natured or charitable ones, we may well expect that when the scene of her remarks is laid abroad, the page will be studded, at least as thick with blunders. Among them, we hope, may be placed the story in Vol. II. p. 95, of a duchess being for some time the favourite of a certain prince—she being, what

this writer probably knew not, the aunt of that serene personage. But not content with incest, she must needs charge the lady with the profligacy of having admitted her coachman to her favours, in the same breath. In one single instance we retract or qualify our assertion, that all her misapprehensions are unfavourable to their objects. Speaking of Lord Glenbervie, whose great merits we do not at all deny, though they certainly were of another cast, she says, he was 'famous, when at the bar, for being so very profound a lawyer that he was termed the very dungeon of law.'

It may possibly prove a further qualification to what we have more than once observed of the uniform malignity displayed towards the Princess, if we add that the proceedings in 1820, on the Bill of Pains and Penalties, seem to have animated this author with a momentary enthusiasm in favour of her kind benefactress. But it is under the guidance of so very weak a head, that it can lend very little help to its object. Witness the indignation which she expresses (Vol. II. p. 397), against the Queen's counsel for not 'hurling their briefs at the wig of the Lord Chancellor,' and at which, and at their going on with the evidence, to prove her Majesty's innocence, instead of picking a quarrel with the House of Lords, by 'dashing the powder out of the lion-visaged, mane-like upper work of Eldon,' she says, 'her heart swelled in her bosom to the size of thrice their hearts!'

The reader of this article is already aware that the authoress of the book has thrown open her letter-box to the publisher, and he seems to have ransacked it with the mere purpose of garnishing its pages with distinguished names, and without the least regard to the propriety of printing any given production, or indeed to its contents possessing the smallest portion of interest. There are several letters given of the Princess of Wales, which contain absolutely nothing that any human being can find the least entertainment in reading. Can any thing be more like a trick than advertising a book as containing original letters of Queen Caroline, when again and again all that you find to read is only such matter as the following, about equal in interest, and as well deserving to be printed as cards of invitation to dinner!

'I am on the eve of sailing, which will be to-morrow evening, as the wind is favourable, in the Jason frigate. Another brig is to carry all our luggage, baggage, and carriages. Captain King represents Jason himself. If the present wind is favourable to land at (illegible) continues, we shall arrive by the 12th of August; by the 15th I hope to be at Brunswicke. I intend only to remain in my native country ten or fifteen days, after which I shall set out immediately for Switzerland in the beginning of September. My intention still is to remain at Naples for the winter, but in case disturbances should commence there against Murat, of course I should prefer to be the winter at Rome or Florence—

but we must not anticipate misfortunes before they really arrive, for which reason I trust for the best, to be able to be at Naples,' &c. &c.

But the like objection cannot certainly be made to the publication of Sir W. Gell's letters, though any thing more reprehensible than giving to the world such effusions of good-humoured nonsense, can hardly be imagined. The mere keeping of them, and exposing them to the risk of seeing the light, is bad enough; and tends to break up all social intercourse by destroying its whole security; but the deliberate act of selling them for money, in order that the public may be admitted to see what the writer assuredly wrote and sent in the perfect certainty of its being instantly destroyed—at all events of no eyes but hers he was addressing ever seeing one line—is an offence of a flagrant character. We subjoin two of these letters, the oddity of which shows they came from a humorist; though he was also a man of rare talents and endowments. It may be presumed that Mr. and Mrs. Thompson mean the Regent and Princess; and of course Thompson House is Carlton Palace.

'As to favour with both Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Thompson, that is out of the question. I was drubbed for executing my commissions in the aphrodisiac way, in such style; but you are not to suppose that crowned heads are capable of distinguishing such superabundant talents. On the contrary, my constituents see my merits, and the University confers the horrors—I mean honours; for they will not let princes do any thing of the kind in mere gaiety of heart, but all is done through the ministry. Keppel Craven returns in the first week of June; Mrs. P. is going to Worthing to see Lady C. Campbell, and so is Mr. Knutson, or Canutson, to prevent the sea from flowing, as his ancestor, Canute the Great, did.

'As to Mrs. D——, you know, when you are gone to France I shall have a fine opportunity of retorting all your malice and your sallies, and I can trust to the lady in question. I seem banished from Thompson House, but she has a triumph at Boodle's ten to one. The balls at White's and Co. seem in a languishing state, but London is furiously full of parties and suppers. Only to give you an idea of what I was engaged to go to last night:—Dinner, Mrs. Lock, 2000 virgins; Lady Douglas, music; Mrs. Davenport, christening; Devonshire House, supper; Lady Salisbury's. I do not pretend to send you any thing entertaining, as we write on business. Being,

'My dear——,

'Your affectionate grandmother,
'JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTEIN.'

'Mrs. Thompson had an idea of hiring Lady Oxford's house, next door, and persuading Lady C. Campbell to come and occupy it. I wish her Royal Highness would try and make Ma Tante Aurore accept this invitation, it would do very well, if the said Oxfords quitted it. The Oxfords say that they can live perfectly well for 3000 a-year, provided they have *only* what is necessary; but a carriage is included in the said necessities, and a tutor for the ugly boy, and a doctor for the naughty girls; besides all the furniture they spoil or destroy, which cannot be trifling; and four thousand

dresses, with gold embroidery, for the little Alfred; and last, but not least, many dogs, who have neither left one corner of the carpet nor a single silk chair, without holes.

'Inspired by these awful reflections, my paper seems to be finished. I see, every day and every hour, more reasons why people should never marry, and why I shall never be in love with a lady of fashion. I see sighs and tears lavished on one, and as quickly bursting and dropping from another. No; in spite of those smiles of Lady C. C., which might seduce one's weak heart for a moment, I shall never be really in love with her. Tell her so, and that she may give way to all those elegant effusions of sentimentality in her next letter, which so eminently distinguish her from the other inhabitants of the civilized world, add, that my judgment will not be perverted by the state of my heart, which is adamant, and I shall be able to give her excellent counsel, where prudence, patience, chastity, temperance, and the best of the virtues of northern climates, want of opportunity, and barren hills, are required. We expect Lady Charlotte Lindsay daily. Love to Lord and Lady Glenberve. Oh! fie, Mr. Douglas!

'Your most affectionate aunt,

'ANNA TAYLOR,
'*Alias*, WILLIAM GELL.'

Having extracted these specimens of his epistolary style, it is fit we add that Sir William Gell was one of the most accomplished scholars, most learned antiquaries, and most agreeable companions of his day. Few ever added more relish to the cup of society than was infused into the sweet potion by his varied acquirements, extensive knowledge of the world, familiarity with the best society, experience of various countries, full acquaintance with 'the manners of many men and many cities,'—added to his quaint and original humour, and his constant good spirits, in spite of the most painful infirmities. Nor were these, high though they be, the only qualities which entitled him to a distinguished place in the mundane system of refined intercourse. His manly courage in facing the adversaries who would oppress his Royal mistress, and crush all her adherents—his noble disregard of interest and all other sordid considerations—his constancy in maintaining a serene front amidst the frowns of fate as well as of power—his gaiety, even to buoyancy of spirits, whilst a martyr to the hereditary gout that prematurely shortened, after embittering, his life—present a character well fitted to win the admiration of the philosopher, as well as the esteem of all just men. His truly classical works have attracted the well deserved esteem of the learned world; his loss, first to the society of this country, when his crippled state obliged him to seek relief in the delightful climate of Italy, then to the world, when he sank into the grave with a spirit unsubdued and nerves unshaken, have left a blank in the polished circles of Europe not easily to be filled up.

While we perform the grateful task of strewing flow-

ers over his classical grave, another lies near, as we are reminded by these volumes—a grave destined to receive still higher attainments, and to close over far more brilliant prospects. The late Lord Dudley, better known for the greater part of the present century as John William Ward, was certainly one of the most remarkable men that have appeared in this country; and when the adventitious gifts which fortune bestowed on him, in union with extraordinary endowments of mind, are regarded, we may well affirm that a more cruel fate has hardly ever blighted such singular expectations as the world had a good right to indulge in him. Born to an immense and an unincumbered fortune, with none of the trammels which a numerous body of relations too often impose, as more than a counterpoise for any power and influence that such a connexion is calculated to confer, this eminent person entered public life with the most perfect independence that ever rising statesman enjoyed. But nature had been still more lavish of his gifts than fortune. He possessed one of the most acute and vigorous understandings that any man ever was armed with. His quickness was not accompanied with the least temerity; on the contrary, he was as sure as the slowest of mankind. His wit was of the brightest order, combining with the liveliest perception of remote resemblances, and mere distinctions—the peculiar attribute of wit properly so called—all that nice relish of the ludicrous, especially in character, out of which perfect humour is engendered. His powers of reasoning, though never cultivated in the walks of the stricter sciences, were admirable; and the tuition of Dugald Stewart had well supplied the defects of an Oxford education in all that concerned metaphysical lore. To a prodigious memory he added a lively imagination, even in matters unconnected with the merriment of humour, or the playfulness of wit. And it was none of the least enviable of his great qualities that, in union with all those endowments, and in spite of that fortune and station usually so inimical of laborious pursuits, he possessed the faculty of intense application; passing his life by preference in study, and having acquired the habits of unremitting intellectual labour as completely as if he had been born a poor man, by necessity become a student, gifted with a slow understanding, and at once devoid of fancy and of acuteness.

This distinguished man had early become a consummate classical scholar. The taste which habitually evolving the remains of ancient genius had refined to the most exquisite pitch, and even rendered so fastidious as to impede his own exertions, was subsequently enlarged and variegated by his marvellous facility of acquiring modern languages. Nor was there a great writer from Homer to Dante, and from Dante to Byron, with whose productions he was not perfectly familiar. His acquaintance with the records

of history, and with the principles of political as well as moral and metaphysical science, was extensive and profound.—‘Est enim et scientia comprehendenda rerum plurimarum, sine quâ verborum volubilitas inanis atque irridenda est; et ipsa oratio conformanda non solum electione, sed etiam constructione verborum; et omnes animorum motus, quos hominum generi rerum natura tribuit, penitus pernoscenti, quod omnis vis ratioque dicendi, in eorum, qui audiunt, mentibus, aut sedandis, aut excitandis expromenda est. Accedat eodem oportet lepos quidam, facietique et eruditio libero digna, celeritasque et brevis et respondendi, et lacescendi, subtili venustate atque urbanitate conjuncta. Tenenda præterea est omnis antiquitas, exemplorumque vis.’—(Cic. *De Or. Lib. I.*)

All this was well known when he entered into public life, and vast expectations were raised of his success. Nor can it be said with any truth that these were disappointed. For though he made no progress, during the two first sessions of his sitting in Parliament, while he joined Mr. Pitt who estimated him at the highest rate, and Mr. Canning, whom he long after rejoined, having quitted him for a season; yet having been one of those most conscientious and honourable Pittites who adhered with Lord Grenville to Mr. Fox, after Mr. Pitt had been, unhappily for his fame and for his happiness, induced to break up the Coalition in 1804 and take office alone, Mr. Ward, in the short session of 1807, before the dissolution, distinguished himself above all competitors by a most able and eloquent advocacy of the Slave Trade Abolition; in him rendered the more valuable and the more meritorious by the fact that he was heir to ample West Indian possessions. In 1808, and still more in 1810, when the Walcheren expedition was brought into discussion at the commencement of the session, he delivered some of the most splendid orations which have been heard in Parliament, whether we regard the closeness of their reasoning, the force of their sarcasm, or the inimitable beauty of their composition. His health in some of the following years was so much broken, that he rarely took part in debate; but he returned to public life in the high station of Secretary for Foreign Affairs, when Mr. Canning's administration was formed in 1827; and continued in that great and difficult office until the secession of the Canning party at Whitsuntide of the following year. Steady to the principles of his leader, he offered the most uncompromising resistance to all Parliamentary Reform; attacked with extraordinary vehemence and the most distinguished ability the Bill of 1831; and alone, or almost alone of his party, held by its peculiar creed, when, happily for the country, as we think, Lords Melbourne, Palmerston, and Glenelg had joined with ‘the brave Gias and the brave

Cloanthus,’ in deserting their colours, and ranging themselves under the banners of Reform.

To say that Mr. Ward failed in answering the large expectations formed of him by all parties, is therefore a very great mistake. His capacity and his acquirements were fully developed, and bore him both to high honours, to great fame, and to exalted station. But he had an over-sensitiveness, an exquisitely fastidious taste, a nervous temperament which was perhaps never uncombined with physical constitution, and ended in the most melancholy mental as well as bodily disease. Unsteadiness of purpose, therefore—unwillingness to risk, and reluctance to exert—incapacity to make up his mind either as to the measures of others or his own conduct—greatly checkered his existence as a public man during the latter years of his brilliant, but unhappy life. At length, what seemed only to have been a morbid affection of the will, extended itself to the understanding, and laid waste one of the most acute, subtle, powerful intellects ever bestowed upon man. A cloud overspread his whole mind; he ceased utterly out of society; he, who was among its most brilliant ornaments, could no more be admitted to its intercourse; he whose faculties of every kind and in the most extraordinary combination, hardly had known an equal, was reduced to the darkness of entire aberration of intellect; and fate, untimely and relentless, more, far more, than counterbalanced all the singular gifts with which nature and fortune had striven together in order to enrich him, and left us all the melancholy reflection, how little those gifts avail here below!—

‘———Manibus date lilia plenis:
Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
His saltem adcumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.’ *Æn. Lib. vi. 884.*

From these lofty though mournful contemplations, we must once more descend to the mean level of the Book before us. That this writer is of the class to which the notorious Mary Ann Clarke belonged, as far as regards revelations of private anecdote, and making money of her own journals and other people's letters, we have already suggested. But it appears, too, which might not have been so readily expected, that she has cultivated her sister-artist's acquaintance. Her object in so doing is unfolded by herself. It was in the way of business—of their common trade—as one dealer in the foul wares of improper books or prints may communicate with another in furtherance of their forbidden traffic. She has occasion to cite Mary Ann Clarke as her authority for a scandalous anecdote respecting the Royal Family, and she adds, ‘you know how I wheedled her to show me the ‘notes she had prepared for her own Memoirs.’* We ask what she

* The italics are the writer's own, to call our attention to her cunning tricks.

would have said of any of those exalted persons whom she slanders in each page of her work, had they been guilty of associating with an infamous woman like this, and for so sordid a purpose?

One other anecdote recorded by herself—one more trait of her sketched by her own hand, and we have done. 'The Princess,' (says she, Vol. II. 198), 'has heaped benefits on Lady C. Campbell, and sent her a thousand ducats in hard cash as soon as she arrived' (at Genoa). How does she requite all this kindness? How relieve herself from this load of gratitude for the benefits so heaped upon her! By this abominable publication! Is she callous and insensible to the cruelty and the ingratitude she is thus committing? No such thing. She can feel it criminal to write down the anecdotes which no eye but her own can ever see. 'Writing these notes, though they are never to meet any eye but my own, seems to me unamiable; for I am more than ever overwhelmed with kindness.' Where then were the feelings thus roused by the mere scratching of 'the solitary pen, when the machinery of the printing press was by her own mercenary hand made to play, and the recorded scandal to resound through all the newspapers and in all the circulating libraries of the empire? Verily, she has pronounced with her own mouth her own condemnation, and under this sentence we leave her.*

From Tail's Magazine.

WHITE'S VIEWS AND TOURS AMONG THE HIMALAYA.†

In noticing this splendid volume, one is at a loss whether to give predominance to the engravings or the illustrative descriptions. It is only because we are on a ground nearly untrodden by travellers by the fire-side,

* We are aware that we have in this long paper confined our attention entirely to the general subject of the Abuses of the Press, and the Characters of Statesmen and Princes now no more. We have purposely kept ourselves within those comparatively narrow limits, and we think our reasons justify this course. As to the Press, we felt it sufficient for one occasion to open the general subject, and reserve for a future discussion those most important details with which we are enabled to illustrate our positions, and which we shall hereafter lay at large before the reader. As to the historical portion of this article, we felt it a safer course, and one that exposed us both to fewer temptations and less misconstruction, to avoid sketching the characters, or commenting on the conduct of living statesmen and living monarchs. But we desire it to be distinctly understood that we have so abstained, without entertaining the least doubt that the public conduct and public character of living men and of women, too, in high station, falls within the legitimate scope of our duty. Our next article of this kind will comprehend the other great characters of the past age.

† Views and Tours among the Himalaya Mountains. By Lieutenant George White. Edited by Emma Roberts. VOL. XXXIII.—JULY, 1838. 46

that we give preference to the latter, and first advert to the magnificent region to which the Views refer. To a certain extent, it may happen of mountains as of birds, of which it is proverbially said, "Far away fowls have feathers fair;" yet we are compelled to believe that the Himalaya range, while it greatly exceeds the Pyrenees, the mountains of Norway, the Swiss Alps, and even the Andes, in altitude, equals them in grandeur of scenery. Travellers who have seen both, yield the palm to this chain, which divides the plains of Hindostan from those of Thibet, and in which the Ganges and the Jumna, and many smaller rivers have their rise. These, however, are but isolated features of this sublime barrier of our eastern empire.

Since the termination of the Goorka war in 1815, this interesting scenery has been opened to English travellers, who, until then, knew comparatively little of the Himalaya, and who have not yet been able to penetrate the regions of perpetual snow. Some of these mountains rise to the immense height of 27,000 feet above the level of the sea; and from 18,000 to 20,000 feet appears a common altitude. The passes which European travellers have already explored, as those of Shastool and Rol, are from 15,000 to 16,000 feet above the level of the sea; and, therefore, higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. The Shastool pass is flanked by an inaccessible icy peak, 2,000 feet higher than itself.

There is very little level ground to be found in these mountainous districts, though cultivation is attempted upon the southward slopes, at the incredible height of 10,000 feet, and in some places even higher. There the crops are cut before they are ripe. Few human habitations are found above 9,500 in height, and at 11,800 the forest ceases, though dwarf birches and bushes creep up to 13,000. Pasture ranges seem to ascend to 14,000 feet. On the northern sides of some of the valleys, having, of course, a southern exposure, both dwellings and fields are found somewhat higher, and furze bushes are found at the immense height of 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. Since the Goorkas, a brave and hardy race of mountaineers, were finally subdued by Sir David Ochterlony, they have been taken under the protection of the British government, and now occupy military stations in the hills, proving faithful mercenaries to their conquerors, who depend upon them alone for maintaining the peace of the country. The conquered districts are now visited every year by the English, whose summer journeys to the hills, or the inferior range of the Himalaya, form delightful episodes in the lives of the sweltering European residents of the plains. They seek at once health in a bracing climate, and pleasure in contemplating the most sublime and picturesque scenery in the world. The number of visitors in search of health,

change of air and amusement, and of scientific travellers and sportsmen, increases every year. Their journeys have been facilitated by the formation of an excellent road, and there are now several hill-stations, in which the residents in the plains have villas, to which they repair during the hot seasons. The description given of these new mountain retreats, remind us of the watering-places in the Pyrenees. *Mussooree*, one of the principal hill-settlements, and a great resort of visitors from the plains, is 7,500 feet above the level of the sea. The neighbourhood commands the most extensive and splendid views of the rich plains of Hindostan, with the Ganges and Jumna winding through them, for forty miles, out of the 1,200 miles of their prolonged course.

The private journals of many of the late Himalaya tourists, and of the enterprising explorers of the mountain fastnesses, far beyond the hill settlements, have been placed at the disposal of Miss Roberts in compiling interesting illustrations of the views; and her valuable descriptions contain much original information concerning the Alpine regions of the East, their scenery, inhabitants, and natural productions, and the manners of the Indian Highlanders. How much of this comes direct from the pen of Lieutenant White we are at a loss to know. To the spirit and fidelity of his pencil we have heard testimony borne by those who have visited the scenes depicted. His original sketches are retouched—or embellished, shall we say?—by Turner, Stanfield, Harvey, and other eminent artists; and the engraving alone, of twenty-nine views, has cost, it is stated, £2,400. This may give one an idea of the scale of the undertaking. They are beautifully executed, and the work, in every department, is finished in that style which reflects so much honour upon our modern enterprising publishers, and indirectly upon the country to which they belong. There are no truer indications of the rapid progress of high civilization than those splendid specimens of the diffusive productions of art, which now adorn the tables of persons of refined taste even in the middle ranks of life, and which, like this elegant volume, become enhanced in value from being purchasable by that most important class of society.

The vignette, by Lieut. White, possesses a purely Oriental character. It represents the encampment of the chief of Lahore, *Runjeet Singh*, on the banks of the Sutlej; the Hyphasis of Alexander the Great, and the boundary of his eastern conquests. It was here that Lord William Bentinck, during a truce, met the great chief and conqueror. The scene of the plate, and another, is thus described:—"Roopur is beautifully situated among the lower skirts of the Himalaya, where the Sutlej first enters the plains; and the splendid encampment shewed to great advantage, amid the low ranges of hills and woody valleys of the landscape.

Runjeet Singh's army occupied the right bank, and probably equalled in magnificence any display ever made by the gorgeous satraps of the East. The spot chosen for the temporary palace of the chieftain exhibited, to great advantage, the peculiar ingenuity of native talent, which is never so favourably occupied as in the conversion of some desert waste into a scene which looks like the work of the fabled genii of the soil. A space, about eight acres of land, had been marked out, and the interstices, between the intended erections, were sowed with a quick-growing herb, and kept constantly watered, so that the pavilions and tents appeared to be surrounded by parterres of the brightest green. Nothing could equal the splendour of these tents, which gleamed with the richest draperies of crimson, purple, scarlet, and gold, supported on gilt pillars, and having awnings, embroidered, and fringed, and tasselled in the most costly manner. Each thing was in the same style, and the river, running in front, reflected the whole of this barbaric pomp upon its polished surface. Above a ledge of rock, the highly gorgeous scene was crowned by a pavilion, formed of panels of wood plated with silver, and all around were splendid groups of caparisoned elephants, war-horses, and camels. In the distance, the *Maha-rajah's* army occupied picturesque positions among the hills, which opened to a view of the snowy range bounding the view. The British camp, on the other side of the river, looked poor in comparison with the barbaric magnificence of the Chief of Lahore and his train. Among the other appendages, were 200 camels, each decorated with housings of crimson and gold, and carrying a swivel, and his principal officers, sumptuously arrayed, and mounted upon elephants." This splendid warlike pageant is well described; yet we turn with pleasure from it to the solitary tours in the Himalaya, which occupy so much of the work. The frontispiece to the "Views in India" is the *Rocks at Colgong* on the Ganges, a scene of exquisite loveliness. These rocks are esteemed holy by the Hindoos; and a fakier is occasionally found there, and a few religious mendicants. These beautiful crags are luxuriantly garlanded with creepers, and are the haunts of numerous birds. Pigeons nestle in the trees; and, on the smallest alarm, myriads of waterfowl rush out in snowy flocks. The view is exquisite. Over these translucent waters, Turner displays as much mastery as in the fields of sunny air. But these subjects, and the magnificent Oriental shews of *Runjeet-Singh*, possess less distinctive and original character than the Views as we approach the Himalaya. The first of these is *The Ganges entering the plains near Hurdwar*, at a hundred and fifty miles from its sacred birth-place in the bosom of the mountains, and where it has still to flow on, for twelve hundred more, before it reach the sea. A view of part of the Ghaut, at the holy city of Hurd-

war, introduces a lengthened and animated description of the celebrated fairs of that place—a striking feature in native Indian life, and one strongly marking a particular stage in civilization. These fairs—or convocations for traffic, for religious and secular purposes, as well as for amusement—have, however, been described by former writers, and this volume contains much fresh matter. Hurdwar is almost at the portal of the Himalaya chain, and of the new settlements frequented by the British; and from it we shall start with a travelling party. Upon leaving Hurdwar, they ascended the valley of the *Dhoo* to the village of Rajpore. Part of the way led through a thick forest of lofty trees, among which the rhododendron, here a tall tree, was seen covered with its rich crimson flowers. The cultivated flowers of English gardens, and nearly all the European fruits, are found wild and abundant in the Himalaya. In the *Dhoo*, the turf is adorned with the amaranth and the ranunculus, in variety. The ascent from Rajpore to the town of Deyrah, the station of the Goorka battalion of hill-rangers, is so gradual as scarcely to be perceptible; but thence it becomes so steep that hill-ponies are used, a rough but sure-footed species of small horses, well adapted to the country. The road now leads up the side of precipices of the most romantic character—craggy with rocks, and richly clothed with trees, descending to the bottom of deep and almost unfathomable ravines. From the summit of this ridge, a glorious burst of view is obtained over the plains; but the mountain scenery, as seen from all the hill-settlements, is yet more striking. These villages themselves are romantic or picturesque in a high degree. At Simlah, the most fashionable of them, the scattered dwellings have been compared to gulls' nests, perched on the side of a cliff. There is no table-land, the level places being chiefly cut out of the rock; and there is scarcely a road or enclosed piece of ground round any dwelling. The roads scooped out of the sides of the precipices look fearful to strangers; yet ladies soon learn to gallop along them without apprehension. The pear, the cherry, and barberry, abound in this neighbourhood; but while the beautiful rhododendron clothes the southward slopes, the northern sides of the hills shew only the gloomy pine, and a stunted and withered vegetation.

The hill-settlements already possess all the necessities and the western luxuries of life known in the plains. Though delightful as summer residences, they can never become permanent abodes to the English, from the severe and tempestuous weather which prevails in the mountains for a great part of the year. A dwelling at *Mussooree*, termed the *Abbey*, commands, from its elevated and isolated position, the noblest prospects; but, in the rainy season, is scarcely habitable, and completely enveloped in mists. The entrance of fog into a house is sufficiently disagreeable;

but in those altitudes, the clouds take the same liberty; and suddenly, if sitting in an apartment with the door or window open, the inmates may find themselves drenched through. Terrific storms often rage below the sublime or dizzy peak, upon which the European may have fixed his dwelling; while, as frequently, thunder and lightning, a snow-storm and a hurricane, assail it all at once. The loss of animal and of human life is often sustained in these terrific tempests.

Sunrise is described by nearly all the tourists as being attended with extraordinary splendour in these alpine regions, when the mountain brows and the snowy peaks are tinted with hues of gold, or glowing in rosy light; and the settlement of *Mussooree* must be exceedingly picturesque at night, with the lights twinkling from the numerous scattered dwellings, so fancifully placed on heights, and the gleaming fires which the native servants always kindle on the ground, marking the site of each homestead. Our tourists tired at length of *Mussooree*, and determined to penetrate into the snowy ranges; and, indeed, all adventurous persons residing at the hill-stations for a season, make the attempt of going farther into the mountain wilds. The tourists, consisting of three gentlemen, with the host of native servants and coolies which attend all Indian expeditions, mustered to the number of eighty persons, equipped with everything required in this difficult and even perilous journey; for they contemplated nothing less than reaching the source of the *Jumna*. The first view taken upon the ascent, is of *The snowy range from Tyne to Marna*. We leave the reader to judge if the scene is not wildly sublime. The place stands at an elevation of ten thousand feet.

The fore-ground was composed of a rich ridge, covered with timber, the growth of ages; and, contrasting by its dark foliage with the bare eminences, which, rising in all directions, appeared as if the tumultuous waves of a stormy ocean had suddenly been converted into earth; while the forest, standing forth in the midst, looked like a peninsula, stretching far into the billows. Beyond this wild and confused sea, arose, in calmer majesty, those towering piles of unchanging snow, which, from whatever point they may be viewed, can never fail to inspire sentiments of awe and admiration. The higher cluster of white peaks, near the centre, are those of *Bunderpooch*, above *Jumnotree*, the source of the *Jumna*. To the right are the *Rudra*, *Himala*, near *Gongootree*, whence springs the *Ganges*; and, still farther to the east, the loftiest of the peaks, the *Dawalagiri*, may sometimes be discovered, although at the distance of two hundred and fifty miles, rearing its snowy coronet, and looking down at the height of 27,000 feet, upon the pigmy world below; while, far to the east and west, extend the hoary tributaries of the giant, until their snowy summits melt into air, and are lost to the straining sight.

Several enterprising explorers have made their way to the more northward of these hills; but their peaks remain, and probably ever must, untrod by human feet. This snowy ridge divides India from the plains

of Thibet and Chinese Tartary; and, at the narrowest part, is penetrated, by tedious and troublesome journeys, through long tracks of rock and snow. The descent upon the other side to Thibet is comparatively easy, as Thibet stands at an elevation of 15,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The journal of the tourists, in this wild and almost untrodden region, is exceedingly interesting, both from the savage grandeur of the magnificent scenery, and their personal adventures. One day's march may serve us as a specimen of many:—

The first part conducted us through a narrow gorge, walled on either side by fantastic rocks, and crowded with fine alders, the stream rolling beneath our feet; while the path was overhung by dreadful precipices, toppling crags, now and then threatening to follow some of the huge fragments which had already fallen; then the scene widened a little, and a natural terrace, shaded by some splendid mulberry trees, offered rest and repose; the rocks scattering themselves around, traversed, at one place, by a foaming cataract. Ascending a steep and rugged eminence, we toiled on our weary way up rock and crag, until we came to another halting-place of table-land, adorned with fine chestnut-trees, and commanding an extensive view, backed by the snowy ranges; while we looked down upon a splendid confusion of waterfalls, wild precipices, and luxuriant forests. The air was delightfully cool and bracing; and, it may be supposed, we enjoyed the meal that awaited us in this glorious resting-place. In addition to the articles of foreign luxury which we had brought with us, we regaled ourselves with mountain mutton, a hill-pheasant, some of the delicious honey for which the place is famed, and peaches of no despicable size and flavour. Our appetites, sharpened by exercise and the invigorating breeze, enabled us to do full justice to the meal; while we were at no loss for subjects of conversation—the surrounding country being sufficient to inspire the most prosaic mind with poetical ideas.

The absence of lakes, or any large bodies of water in these mountains, is regretted by travellers, as the one thing wanting to complete the beauty of the scenery; but the rolling mists often seen below, as in all mountainous regions, take the form of lakes and seas, and cheat the tourist with an agreeable illusion. The Himalayas are rich in vegetable productions. Nearly all the cultivated fruits of Europe grow spontaneously, and the ground is carpeted with strawberries. Flocks of wild sheep are seen; and deer, and a great variety of game, abound; so that these regions afford the exiles of Great Britain their favourite sports. The musk-deer and the hawk are regarded as a sort of royal game—the property of the state, or of the chieftains of the district; but these are the only rights of forestry which appear to exist in India. Musk-bags bear a high value in the hills and plains; and the drug would seem to be greatly adulterated before it reaches Europe.

The native mode of hunting the musk-deer, reminds us of the ancient royal huntings in Scotland, so often

described; and of the chamois hunts in the Pyrenees. When a musk-deer is espied, the whole population of the neighbouring villages turn out—the information being spread through the hills with extraordinary celerity. The country being up, a *cordon* is formed round the destined victim, and he seldom fails to be hemmed in; pelted with stones from the surrounding cliffs, on which the natives are perched like eagles, wounded, scared, and finally surrounded and taken. Ten pounds is sometimes paid for a live hawk, taken in the mountains, and carried down to the plains for sale, for the purpose of being trained for the chivalrous sport of hawking. This is a favourite amusement with Runjeet-Singh and his train. The Himalaya are inhabited, as we have said, to a great height; and the castles of the petty native chiefs, and the scattered hamlets, perched upon some cliff, often form a picturesque feature of the scene. The natives are a harmless race, contented with their few enjoyments, and knowing nothing better. They are easily managed by kindness, but occasionally restive under the scornful treatment of their new European employers. The women, since they have conquered their first fears of the white strangers, have been found particularly obliging to travellers, and as hospitable as their slender means permit. "In passing through a village," says the tourist, "the women will frequently bring out, unasked, milk and fruits for the refreshment of the travellers; and although, according to the custom of all semi-barbarous countries, they are looked upon with great contempt by the other sex, we found them generally more intelligent, as well as more communicative, than the men; and they are certainly quite as industrious." Female degradation is so horrible in one respect, that we would fain hope that the travellers may have been misinformed as to the tenure of Himalaya marriages. A love of flowers seemed to be the most elegant taste manifested by the mountaineers, who are quite insensible to the grandeur and beauty of the scenery which attracts strangers to their country. All tourists appear to be enchanted with the changeful and beautiful skies, and remarkable atmospheric effects seen in the Himalaya particularly at dawn.

The following random extracts may serve as a specimen of the sylvan delight experienced by the Himalaya tourist and sportsman—for sport seems to have been generally conjoined with the other objects of these excursions:—

We met with some delightful halting-places on the line of march—grassy terraces, carpeted with strawberry and wild flowers, where the cowslip, the primrose, and butter-cup, brought the pranked-out fields of our native country strongly to the mind. Many of the travellers in the Himalaya are moved even to rapture at the sight of the first daisy which springs spontaneously in their path. As an exotic in some gardens of the

plains, it excites deep emotion; but growing wild, spangling the meadow-grass with its silvery stars, it becomes infinitely more interesting, and the home-sick, pining exile will often gather its earliest-encountered blossoms, weeping. Leaving this luxuriant vegetation, we arrived at a wild spot, the summit of a ridge of peaks, covered with snow; and though the prospect was more circumscribed and of greater sameness, we enjoyed it amazingly. We seemed to be hemmed in on all sides by thick ribbed ice, transported to antarctic snows, imprisoned amid ice-bergs, ever-freezing and impassable. Presently, however, we emerged, and, descending through the snow, reached the boundary line between the districts of the Jumna and the Ganges. The extreme limits of these river territories, are marked in the manner usually employed in rude and desolate places, by heaps of stone—many raised by Europeans, who thus commemorate their pilgrimage.

Those *cairns* are all nameless. The next point of great interest in this excursion, is the summit of a ridge, whence the first view of the Ganges is obtained; a sight that never fails to raise the drooping spirits of the Hindoo followers, and which generally excites no small degree of enthusiasm in the breast of the Christian travellers. This holy place is very difficult of approach. It lies in a deep glen, and considerable distances, covered with loose flinty stones, must be traversed at no small peril. Sometimes the face of the rock must be climbed from cliff to cliff, which offered no resting place for foot or hand, and one scaled by ladders. These difficulties surmounted, behold our travellers near the desired goal.

The grandeur of the scene which opened upon us as we at length stood upon the threshold of Gungootree, cannot be described by words. Rocks were piled upon rocks in awful majesty, all shivered into points, which rise one upon another, in splendid confusion, enclosing a glen of the wildest nature, where the Ganges, beautiful in every haunt, from its infancy to its final junction with the ocean, pours its shallow waters over a bed of shingle, diversified by jutting rocks, and even here shadowed by the splendid foliage of some fine old trees. The devotee who undoubtedly believes that every step that he takes towards the source of that holy river, which from his infancy he has been taught to look upon as a deity, will lead him into beatitude, is content to seek its origin at Gungootree; but the true source of the sacred stream lies still higher, in still more inaccessible solitudes; and it was reserved for the ardour of those who measured the altitudes of the highest peaks, and penetrated to the utmost limits of man's dominion, to trace the exact birth-place of the holy river. Captains Hodgson and Herbert in 1818, found, at the height of thirteen thousand eight hundred feet above the sea-level, the Bhagarati, or true Ganges, issuing from beneath a low arch, at the base of a vast mass of frozen snow, nearly three hundred feet in height, and composed of different layers, each several feet in thickness, and, in all probability, the accumulation of ages. Neither here nor at Gungootree, is there anything resembling a cow's mouth to support the popular fable.

A pilgrimage to Gungootree is, to the Hindoo, like one to Mecca, performed by the Mahomedan. In commemoration of an act of piety, which compara-

tively few have the good fortune to perform, a Goorka chief has here erected a small pagoda in honour of the goddess, on a platform of rock twenty feet above the bed of the river. A few Brahmins live in the vicinity of this temple, to whom the pilgrims make their oblations. Europeans, though not reaping the benefit of the prayers and ceremonies, also pay voluntary toll to the priests of the goddess. Holy water is carried from this place to all parts of India, and is highly prized by Hindoo devotees, and pious frauds are often practised in this traffic, though the portion of water borne away, is carefully sealed up by the presiding Brahmins.

European tourists seem to enjoy these excursions even more than the devout pilgrims. They travel with those appliances and means which leave just as much of danger and hardship as may give zest to their rambling forest life. Their Mahomedan attendants are intelligent and zealous, and an exception to the nearly universal adage about the quarter from whence cooks are sent. No sooner do the party reach the encamping ground pitched upon for the time, than the servants set to work, while the masters use their guns, sketch, or enjoy the scenery. A fire is kindled in a hole in the earth; and if there be no charcoal for roasting their jungle-birds, or mountain mutton, as it may be, they are delicately braised. Spices and materials for a fry are carried along with the party; and whenever eggs can be found, forth comes an omelette. Rain is the greatest drawback upon this sylvan life; it falls in torrents, and for successive days, besides the regular season of rain in July and August. Nor are falls of snow unfrequent at seasons when they are not naturally looked for. To servants from the plain, snow is a marvel and a horror.

Our attention has been riveted upon the descriptive parts of the work; but we must not forget to apprise the reader that this is not considered its strength. It is a book of Views of a fresh and lovely world, remote from our European imagination—the sublime and luxuriant highlands of a tropical country. One or two of the engravings were noticed above; but we shall not attempt to describe them, which is the office of the tours we have been quoting, much less to criticise. They must be seen, to be understood or felt. Those we leave unnoticed are full of character. Those mountain passes, and dreary and forlorn primeval solitudes—those dizzying aerial bridges, spanning chasms and ravines—the animals of the Himalaya, and its peculiar vegetable productions—are all silent historians of this novel region. Sometimes we have an Alpine hamlet, with its rude primitive temple, and groups of native inhabitants; and special justice has been done to the new hill settlements, which are all charmingly picturesque; native pictures mingling finely with those adjuncts of European civilization which the English raise amidst them, as if by magic. Their incursions,

the money they scatter, and their usages, may be expected to have a happy if not a rapid effect among the natives, who are not so strongly fettered by *caste* as the Hindoos of the plains.

The enlightened benevolence which Miss Roberts displayed in her former work on India does not slumber here. Her reflections upon the sort of influence which the white strangers ought to seek over those "black fellows" whom they are too apt to despise, or forget altogether, save as carriers and serfs—are worthy of the profound consideration of young Anglo-Indians. We could expatiate upon the fool-hardy, undisguised contempt with which the prejudices of the natives, and their most sacred opinions, are too often treated by thoughtless, arrogant young men; but this is not the place; and, moreover, a better and wiser feeling is arising. Let us, therefore, close the book in good humour. It is one which must be particularly prized by Anglo-Indians and their connections, and one which adds another splendid trophy to the treasures of diffusive art. Paintings are like the rare illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages, which few could possess; engravings come to us like the same manuscripts having undergone the magic transformation of the printing-press, and ready to fly abroad, carrying enlightenment and blessing over the whole earth.

From the Spectator.

LANE'S TRANSLATION OF THE ARBIAN NIGHTS.*

In spite of the disadvantage of a translation made from the French instead of the original, and by persons not over well versed in Oriental customs or character, the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* has been and continues to be the delight of youth and the occasional recreation of age. The novelties and wonders which it opens up, the strange and fascinating kind of life and the variety of adventures which it contains, are alluring to childhood. The lessons of prudence and worldly instruction that it imparts, render the book attractive to maturer years; which, swayed by old associations or by the obvious belief of the writers in the marvels they relate, tacitly admit them to be *speciosa miracula*.

The merit of the work, which is tested by a popular circulation wider than the Classics, and perhaps than the Scriptures—for it circulates over the Christian and Mahometan world—deserves a better translation than our literature possesses. And no fitter man than Mr. Lane could be found to undertake the task; for he has

* A New Translation of the Tales of the Thousand and One Nights, known in England as the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*; with copious Notes. By Edward William Lane, Author of "Modern Egyptians." Illustrated with many hundred Wood-Cuts, engraved by the first English Artists, after Original Designs by William Harvey. Part I.

given ample proof of his knowledge of the Arabian language and of Egypto-Arabic customs, in his account of the Modern Egyptians. His plan is as judicious as his acquirements are sufficient. The object he proposes to himself in this new translation is, faithfully to reflect the original without interpolations or omissions, except "of such portions as the translator deems uninteresting or on any account objectionable. Truth is always valuable for itself; but, independent of being more true as regards the points, incidents, and character of the tales, the present version, Mr. Lane says, will give an exact picture of Arabian manners, which, "since the downfall of the Arab Empire of Bagdad," are to be found in perfection at Cairo. How far this is the case, we are not prepared to dispute; though we incline to think that the personal feelings springing from long residence in the city which has been to him an *alma mater*, may induce our author not to make sufficient allowance for the lapse of ages, the change of masters, and the influx of foreigners, or even for the evidence of the book he is at work upon. But be this as it may, the narrative, in the part before us, has unquestionably an Oriental character, yet one differing considerably from all other pictures of Oriental life that we have met with; being more primitive in manners, more simple, and less *knowing* in estimating the distinctions of life and the observance of its forms. The brother Sultans, whose matrimonial misfortunes and subsequent experience of the faithlessness of the sex give occasion to Shahrazad to tell the "Tales of a Thousand and One Nights," are invested in the descriptions with all the external power and riches of royalty, such as they might seem to the fancy of an Arab; but their feelings and behaviour are those, we opine, of a desert chief. Speaking with submission to Orientalists, there is another internal evidence in the tales, of a very simple, that is of an Arab state of society. The supernatural impossibilities, and geographical absurdities, are indeed articles of common belief throughout all the East, unless perhaps where a familiar intercourse with Europeans may have induced doubt, but the infidelities of the Sultanas, their punishment by their lords, the conduct of the monarchs in leaving their thrones, and the determination of Shahriyâr to behead each new wife the morning after the wedding, are told with the good faith of a trusting story-teller applying vulgar gallantries to the great, and the coolness of an Oriental too accustomed to little displays of regal power to deem them worthy of comment. The tales themselves bear evidence of a primitive state of society. Their wisdom arises from direct and homely instances of universal application, not from any power of generalizing or any attempt at it. They present results without any minute filling-up, and bring about changes without any of those attempts at smoothing together, or explanation, which writers in an awakening

state of society find necessary to secure the credence of a reflecting generation. Abstracting national character, they remind us of the popular national tales of Europe.

The translation forms only one literary characteristic of the present edition, and that perhaps the smallest. To each chapter notes are appended, as yet far exceeding the text in quantity, and devoted to its illustration. Sometimes these notes are brief explanations, or remarks on the work or its allusions; but frequently they are elaborate commentaries on the religion, superstitions, manners, customs, and scientific notions of the people, if that can be called science which is physically impossible. Of the nature of these notes, a few samples will convey an idea.

MAHOMETAN ARTICLES OF BELIEF.

1. Belief in God, who is without beginning or end, the sole Creator and Lord of the universe, having absolute power, and knowledge, and glory and perfection.

2. Belief in his Angels, who are impeccable beings, created of light; and Genii (Jinn), who are peccable, created of smokeless fire. The Devils, whose chief is Iblees, or Satan, are evil Genii.

3. Belief in his Scriptures, which are his uncreated word, revealed to his prophets. Of these there now exist, but held to be greatly corrupted, the Pentateuch of Moses, the Psalms of David, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and, in an uncorrupted and incorruptible state, the Kurán, which is held to have abrogated, and to surpass in excellence, all preceding revelations.

4. Belief in his Prophets and Apostles; the most distinguished of whom are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed. Jesus is held to be more excellent than any of those who preceded him; to have been born of a virgin, and to be the Messiah, and the word of God, and a spirit proceeding from Him, and not partaking of his essence, and not to be called the Son of God. Mohammed is held to be more excellent than all; the last and greatest of prophets and apostles; the most excellent of the creatures of God.

5. Belief in the general resurrection and judgment, and in future rewards and punishments, chiefly of a corporeal nature: that the punishments will be eternal to all but wicked Mohammedans; and that none but Mohammedans will enter into a state of happiness.

6. Belief in God's predestination of all events, both good and evil.

ARABIAN ESTIMATE OF THE SEX.

The wickedness of women is a subject upon which the stronger sex among the Arabs, with an affected feeling of superior virtue, often dwell in common conversation. That women are deficient in judgment or good sense is held as a fact not to be disputed even by themselves, as it rests on an assertion of the Prophet; but that they possess a superior degree of cunning is pronounced equally certain and notorious. The general depravity is pronounced to be much greater than that of men. "I stood," said the Prophet, "at the gate of Paradise; and lo, most of its inmates were the poor: and I stood at the gate of Hell; and lo, most of its inmates were women." In allusion to women, the Khaleefeh-'Omar said, "Consult them, and do the con-

trary of what they advise." But this is not to be done merely for the sake of opposing them, or when other advice can be had. "It is desirable for a man," says a learned Imán, "before he enters upon any important undertaking, to consult ten intelligent persons among his particular friends; or, if he have not more than five such friends, let him consult each of them twice; or if he have not more than one friend, he should consult him ten times, at ten different visits: if he have not one to consult, let him return to his wife, and consult her; and whatever she advises him to do, let him do the contrary: so shall he proceed rightly in his affair, and attain his object." A truly virtuous wife is, of course, excepted in this rule: such a person is as much respected by Muslims as she is (at least according to their own account) rarely met with by them. When woman was created, the Devil, we are told, was delighted, and said, "Thou art half of my host; and thou art the depository of my secret; and thou art my arrow, with which I shoot and miss not."

The Mahometans, it seems, acknowledge two kinds of destiny,—one general, or as it were in the nature of things, and unalterable; the other peculiar, and capable of being changed, God willing, by prayer. And in some cases their conduct seems to show that they consider a particular result capable of being influenced by human means.

The Arabs in general constantly have recourse both to charms and medicines, not only for the cures, but also for the prevention of diseases. They indeed have a strange passion for medicine, which shows that they do not consider fate as altogether unconditional. Nothing can exceed the earnestness with which they often press a European traveller for a dose; and the more violent the remedy, the better are they pleased. The following case will serve as an example. Three donkey-drivers, conveying the luggage of two British travellers from Boolak to Cairo, opened a bottle which they observed in a basket, and finding it to contain, as they had suspected, brandy, emptied it down their throats: but he who had the last, on turning up the bottle, got the tail of a scorpion into his mouth; and looking through the bottle, to his great horror, saw it contained a number of these reptiles, with tarantulas, vipers, and beetles. Thinking that they had poisoned themselves, but not liking to rely on faith, they persuaded a man to come to me for medicine. He introduced the subject to me by saying, "O Efendee, do an act of kindness: there are three men poisoned: in your mercy give them medicine and save their lives;" and then he related the whole affair, without concealing the theft. I replied that they did not deserve medicine; but he urged that by giving it I should obtain an immense reward. "Yes," said I, "he who saveth a soul alive, shall be as if he had saved the lives of all mankind." I said this to try the feeling of the applicant; who, expressing admiration of my knowledge, urged me to be quick, lest the men should die; thus showing himself to be no unconditional fatalist. I gave him three strong doses of tartar emetic; and he soon came back to thank me, saying that the medicine was most admirable, for the men had hardly swallowed it when they almost vomited their hearts and livers, and every thing else in their bodies.

From a distrust in fate, some Muslims even shut themselves up during the prevalence of plague; but this

practice is generally condemned. A Syrian friend of mine who did so nearly had his door broken open by his neighbours. Another of my friends, one of the most distinguished of the 'Ulama, confessed to me his conviction of the lawfulness of quarantine, and argued well in favour of it; but said that he dared not openly avow such an opinion. "The Apostle of God," said he, "God favour and preserve him! hath commanded, that we should not enter a city where there is pestilence, nor go out from it. Why did he say, 'Enter it not!'—because, by so doing, we should expose ourselves to the disease. Why did he say, 'Go not out of it!'—because, by so doing, we should carry the disease to others. The Prophet was tenderly considerate of our welfare; but the present Muslims in general are like bulls (brute beasts); and they hold the meaning of this command to be, go not into a city where there is pestilence, because this would be rashness; and go not out from it, because this would be distrusting God's power to save you from it."

Many of the vulgar and ignorant among modern Muslims believe that the unchangeable destinies of every man are written upon his head, and what are termed the sutures of the skull.

The wood-cuts, that thickly inlay the text, become a prominent feature of this book: they not merely adorn, but really illustrate its pages. Assuming the correctness of the translator's theory as to Cairo, the costumes, the furniture, the dwellings, &c. represent the habits and mode of life described in the stories with minute accuracy. The value of these graphic comments is the greater, though less ostentatious, from their being made subservient to the invention of the designer, Mr. Harvey, in giving picturesque effect to the incident depicted. The cavalcade of the brother Sultans—the revels of the faithless Sultanas and the slaves in the garden—the interview of the Wezeer and his daughter Shahrazád, and her reception by the King, whose deadly purpose she so successfully diverts—and the Oriental shop of the merchant—have all the seeming verisimilitude that belongs to authentic delineations. The apparitions of the Genii, like a column of cloud assuming shape, and the aspect of the gigantic Afreet, though purely imaginative, acquire a degree of reality by the juxtaposition of characteristic costumes. In a word, the union of fact and fancy is complete; and the figures are graceful, spirited, and expressive. The engravings are the perfection of the present refined style of the art: in delicacy and sharpness of line, and pictorial effect, they may vie with etchings on copper; and every leaf is enriched with one or more.

From the Examiner.

Rondeau. Translated from the French by J. R. Best, Esq. Saunders and Otley.

A little work evincing all the appropriate joyousness and gallantry of the troubadour, with more fidelity

to the text than many minstrels of the sixteenth century showed to their originals. The curious in *Runes* will no doubt be gratified to learn

"What are the exact poetic characteristics of 'a good rondeau.' In this matter I confess myself somewhat in the dark. That it consists of thirteen lines of five feet each, involved in a peculiar manner, and with only two rhymes amongst them, I know to my cost. Some have objected to the structure of the sonnet, that its effect is like that which would be produced by shackling a performer with chains before he should begin to dance; but the sonnet boasts of fourteen rhymes. Nor is it hampered with my *refrain*, which is generally, though not always, made to agree with the sense of the preceding line. This *refrain* is also, I believe, a principal characteristic of a French rondeau. Like the Italian rondo in music, the French poem is bound to leave off as it commenced—a system which may be more clearly exemplified by the pretty nursery ballad of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren.

The following is a fair specimen of Rondeau, and leads to some amusing annotations:—

"*ESPERANT D'AVOIR QUELQUE BIEN.*"

While fondly hoping she'll bestow
Some gift of love for all I bear,
To her door, a beggar, I repair:—
The almoner says briefly—'No.'
Then wailing much, my hand I show
All wasted and disfigured grown;
She says, 'To-morrow morn will do;
They're all a-bed: our dole is done.'
Just as I came, I lingering, go;
Save that far greater's my despair:
But hope still comforts all my care,
And I endure—God knows 'tis so!*

* As this rondeau is graced by a different metre from the preceding; and as it is, moreover, a very pretty little piece of conceit, the reader may be glad to have the original French:

Esperant d'avoir quelque bien
Damours pour qui tant de mal porte
Comme ung coquin suis a sa porte
Mais lausmonier ne me diet rien
Trop bien me plains et tends la main
Monstrant chiere forte defaite
Lausmonier diet cest a demain
Iz sont couchez lausmone est faiete
Je men revoye tel que ie vien
Fors que ma douleur est plus forte
Mais bon espoir me reconforte (a)
Et endure Dieu le scait bien
Esperant d'avoir, &c.

"(a) '*Reconforte*,' exclaims John Bull; 'why that cannot be French! we all know that the French have no word for COMFORT; no word to express all that an Englishman prizes more than state or wealth; no word to express roast beef (with the *gravy* in it, as we delicately call the ruddy effusion); no word to express King Arthur's plum pudding (with his "great lumps of suet"); no word to express a roaring sea-coal fire, or a tankard of foaming ale!' Who has not heard similar expressions from our travelling *compatriotes* while grumbling through a country where cookery has raised itself to the rank of one of the fine arts, and where the extensive forests and the 'vine-covered hills' might of themselves show cause why the natives should not dig into the bowels of the earth for fuel, nor 'corrupt barley,' as Caesar says, 'into a certain similitude of wine?' Not only, however, does it appear that 'comfort' is really a

We earnestly hope that future years will fully justify the following, as the note invests it:—

"LA PLUS DU MONDE."*

Of all the world, most perfect whole art thou;
Of choicest workmanship whose gifts o'erflow;
Inestimable deemed by just renown;
Of love most worthy; in thy worth alone;
In every place thy fame and praises grow;
God 'fends thee too from every care and woe;
With kind good will doth thy high bosom glow;
Modest in every action; loved and known
Of all the world.

No need to praise where all do praise thee so;
Thy kindness bids thy rank to others bow;
Grace, graciousness, in all thy deeds is shown;
No slightest blame on thee was ever thrown.
Lady most blest! where virtues most do show
Of all the world.

From the Examiner.

MR. CARLYLE'S LECTURES.

We attended the third of these lectures on Monday. An unexpected accident prevented our presence on the fourth, the day before yesterday; but we hope in future to give our notices, such as they are, without omissions. Mr. Carlyle described the earliest charac-

French word, but that the French have the advantage over us in possessing its extension '*reconforte*' and even its diminutive '*meconforte*'.

"*L'espoir me conforte*' is, indeed, the old French motto of one of our peers.

"Having now satisfied my cosmopolite feelings by thus defending the language of the French, my John Bullism revives triumphant in the assertion that, although comfort was formerly a French word, it is so no longer; and that although our neighbours may have originally lent us the word, they have never since been under the necessity of reclaiming it—because words are the signs of ideas.

"How curious is this interchange of words and ideas! *Ennui* is a French word which we have not; although we have the idea in such perfection that we are compelled to naturalize the word amongst us. *Home* is an English word which the French and Italians do not possess;—for *chez moi* is only a corruption of

Casa mia! casa mia!
Qualche picciola che sia
Tu sei sempre casa mia!

"But although neither *casa mia* nor *chez moi* convey the domestic feeling embalmed in the English word *home* and its German root *heimath*, yet those who know the French people intimately will doubt whether the kindly love and attachment between parents, children, and home, does not exist more vividly with them than amongst the English; to whom long years of childhood passed at public schools give an independence of feeling which active private pursuits and distinct domestic establishments do not afterwards tend to rectify."

"Not being a courtier, I can only request any friend differently situated, to represent to her Majesty, the Queen, that this rondeau must have been addressed in a prophetic spirit to herself; and that, with all devotion and respect, I pray therefore to inscribe to her this most literal translation of it."

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ter of Rome as consisting in a spirit of steady agricultural *thrift*, a quality which he considered 'the germ of all other virtues;' meaning, we presume (for he sometimes gives his auditors too great credit for making the most of his sententious brevity,) the inclination to turn every little power we possess to its utmost, in a right direction; but his allusions to the *Dutch* and *Scotch* hardly tended to do justice to the higher part of his inferences on this point. This thrifty faculty in the Romans became turned into the 'steady spirit of conquest,' for which they soon grew famous,—all 'by method' and the spirit of 'the practical;' and the lecturer made some striking remarks on the vulgar objection to the early Romans, as thieves and robbers. He said they were only a tribe of a superior character, gradually, and of necessity, forcing the consequences of their better knowledge upon the people around them. The Carthaginians, he considered, in comparison with the Romans, as a mere set of money-hunters, with 'a Jewish pertinacity' affecting their whole character. He then noticed the spirit of *Cæsar's Commentaries*, which showed 'the triumph of civil knowledge and regulated valour over barbarism;'—the 'brief, nervous, and commanding character of the Latin language;'—the poor, un-epical character of *Æneas*, 'a suit of armour, without a man inside it,' praising Virgil nevertheless for his music, and a certain 'Roman breadth of writing *enamelled*;'—Horace, full of a graceful worldliness and good sense, tending, like all worldliness, to melancholy;—Ovid (if we mistake not, for we hardly caught the name,) whom we think he greatly undervalued, as exhibiting nothing but consciousness and conceit;—Seneca, who with an excess of consciousness and a sort of honest cant between worldliness and a wish to be philosophic, exaggerated in all things, and declaimed himself into a notion of being a Stoic in the midst of luxuries;—and lastly, Tacitus, the last of the Romans, born in a most un-Roman time, and great by contradicting it. Does not our lecturer, now and then (we ask the question with great hesitation of so deep a thinker,) tend to confound consciousness with conceit?—things not unlikely indeed to go together, but not of necessity so doing; for consciousness, *per se*, though implying self-deference, does not at all imply self-esteem. It may be accompanied, for obvious reasons, with something quite the reverse. Tacitus, Mr. Carlyle's last of the Romans, was full of consciousness, as a writer. We regretted, and were somewhat surprised to hear nothing, in this part of the lecture, of Lucretius, Plautus, &c., Catullus, and Cicero: but whatever Mr. Carlyle may omit, he is sure abundantly to make up in *thought's worth* by what he does say.

From the Spectator.

MR. LISTER'S LIFE OF CLARENDON.

Life and Administration of Edward First Earl of Clarendon; with Original Correspondence and Authentic Papers, never before published. By T. H. Lister, Esq. In 3 vols.

An impartial life of Lord Clarendon is one of the desiderata of English literature; or rather, we want a searching and enlarged estimate of his character and career, for the paucity of materials renders a complete biography impossible. Few statesmen so little distinguished as the leaders of a party, or the avowed movers of great events, have been so praised and attacked as Clarendon. After his fall, and indeed for some time preceding it, his character was given up to the vituperation of his political and personal enemies. But these feelings died away in time; and on the publication of his *Apology for Charles the First*, which he nicknamed a History, he became a sort of sacred ark, not only with Tories and Churchmen, but even with many Whigs, who professed veneration for the "Royal Martyr," and horror at his life-taking. Few, except sturdy persons of wrong opinions, dared raise a voice against him; for it was a mark of deficiency in taste and breeding to be insensible to the merits of the "illustrious Clarendon,"—a not uncommon fallacy confounding the character of the artfully-agreeable writer with that of the pernicious statesman. A cant of another kind has sprung up in our day, which, endowing itself with the title of philosophical, proceeds very unphilosophically to judge Clarendon by the standards of the present age, pretty deeply modified by the notions and pursuits of the individual pronouncing judgment.

Edward Hyde was born in 1609; and at fourteen was sent by his father—a country gentleman of sufficient fortune—to the University. Here he at first studied for holy orders,—whence probably his zeal for the Church; but family circumstances induced him to turn his attention to law. He became a student of the Middle Temple; in due time he was called to the bar, and gradually rose to practice,—family influence perhaps aiding him, for his uncle was a judge. In 1640, he was elected a Member of Parliament, and continued for some time to act in opposition to the Court; his practical sagacity, industry, and a style of speaking at once sensible and attractive, rendering him of considerable service to the friends of the people; though his caution, and perhaps his penetration as to the objects of some of them, kept him hanging loose upon the party. His first difference with his friends was upon Church questions; and a message from the King, followed by a private and flattering interview, confirmed his change. In this there was no breach of political

morality; but it seems not consistent with common honesty to maintain, as Hyde did, the appearance of an independent Member of Parliament, while he was the secret and irresponsible adviser of the King, the writer of his public manifestoes, and no doubt the furnisher of such intelligence as his position enabled him to obtain. On the breaking out of the civil war, he remained in London as a sort of spy, until the King required his counsels; when he escaped. During a considerable part of the troubles, he was zealously occupied in the Royal cause, till the successes of the Republicans in the West of England compelled him to fly, first to Scilly and subsequently to Jersey, with the Prince of Wales, to whom he had been appointed a kind of political tutor or dry-nurse.

Throughout the exile, he partook of all the privations of Charles and his courtiers: and besides acting generally as a kind of Mentor to the young King, he underwent the grievance of an embassy to Spain; where he was treated with civil contempt, and exposed to the galling bitterness of the hardships of poverty, as well as the appearance of it. He was also the centre of the Royalist plots and correspondence; and was appointed Chancellor,—a sinecure perforce, from the want of suits.

With the Restoration came his reward. He was retained in his high office; created a Peer; his daughter was married to the Duke of York (James the Second); whilst his influence with the King made him virtual Prime Minister. And now the defects of his character came into play. He exhibited the arrogance of a *parvenu* and the ostentation of the *nouveau riche*. Overlooking the lapse of years and the change of circumstances, he assumed the pedagogue over the *man* Charles King of England *de facto*, as if he were still a stripling vagabond Monarch *de jure*. This might, or perhaps must have been borne, had Clarendon possessed the nerve and commanding genius of Chatham; or been like Shaftesbury, versatile and unscrupulous, and ready to throw himself into opposition; or even had he been consistent in his virtue: but 'he wound his way between right and wrong.' He lectured the King on his amours; he sermonized upon his conduct to his wife; he refused to put the great seal to grants to mistresses, or to allow Lady Clarendon to visit Lady Castlemaine. Yet he undertook the decent and delicate mission of persuading the Queen to receive the King's mistress as a Lady of the Bedchamber; he managed secret intrigues for pecuniary assistance with France; and he was not only a willing instrument, but even, according to his own account, a forward adviser upon stretching the prerogative, in a manner which he must have known to be illegal. These inconsistencies were not likely to escape so quick sighted a man as Charles the Second; so that, after a time, Clarendon, in addition to a censor, became a bore and a butt. He pertinaciously annoyed

the King with business, and, Charles said, with his 'temper;' and he is reported to have required the Monarch to meet him at an earlier hour than he himself would see any body. His old-fashioned habits and his ostentation also exposed him to that most fatal of weapons, just ridicule. Amongst other weaknesses of display, Clarendon seems to have had the seal and mace carried about with him even on private occasions; and Buckingham used to mimic the solemn and swelling demeanour of the gouty Chancellor, with the shovel and tongs borne before him to represent those insignia.

Whilst thus declining in Court favour, he had no other resource to fall back upon. His loyalty, his prejudices, his regard to appearances, and to do him justice, his honesty, prevented him from uniting with a hostile party to force his way into power. And the same *juste-milieuism*, which had weakened him at court, had left him without supporters in the public. As a minister he had done enough to make enemies of his friends, but not enough to make friends of his enemies, or to enforce the *moral respect of all parties*. The Catholics and Dissenters were united against him for his persecuting acts; the Churchmen were angry because he would not let them persecute more. Refusing to do any thing in the settlement of property which had been sold during the Commonwealth the whole was left to the law; which decided that individual transactions should not be disturbed, but all purchases from the State should be restored. The Roundheads, whose property was thus in a measure confiscated for the 'Church and King,' were naturally indignant; while the Cavaliers, many of whom had been forced by persecution or circumstances to sell their estates very unfavourably, and even had applied the purchase-money to the purposes of the Royal cause, were equally dissatisfied, if not with such good reason. The friends of absolute power were offended with his opposition to some arbitrary measures; he did enough, and perhaps said more, to alarm the friends of liberty. His unwillingness to sacrifice more of the Regicides than he could help, exposed him to the suspicion of the Royalists, from revenge and party feelings anxious for blood; the zealous Republicans bore him a grudge for those who were executed.

While the power of the Minister was thus baseless, popular indignation was turned against him by the distress consequent upon the Fire of London, the Great Plague, and the disasters of the Dutch war; and he heightened this, as well as gave scope to the charge of corruption, by having built a very magnificent house. Refusing to resign the seals, he was forced to give them up; and his enemies turned their Parliamentary power against him. He was impeached by the Commons on seventeen articles, some of them

general, but all intelligible and capable of proof. They, perhaps, neither individually nor collectively amounted to treason, (except a charge put in afterwards,) but involved corruption, breach of law, and the exercise of arbitrary power. The Lords, however, demurred to receive an impeachment without some evidence in support of it; and to prevent a 'collision' between the Houses, and on a message from the King, (so runs the story,) Clarendon withdrew, in November 1667, to the Continent: there he died in 1674; having solaced the broken fortunes of his declining years by study, by finishing his 'History,' and by composing some other works.

As a minister and a statesman, Lord Clarendon was only of the second class—fully up to his age, but not a step in advance of it; possessing great experience, foresight, and worldly sagacity, but without any principles founded in the nature of politics, or, it would really appear, of morals, to guide him in difficulties. This intellectual deficiency was increased by his truly English prejudices, and even by his sense of honesty and right. It was made conspicuous by the unfavourable circumstances in which he was placed as a minister; his conscientious feelings urging him one way, his sense of loyalty another; whilst his want of firmness, or perhaps a lurking love of power and profit, induced him to choose the loyalty when it came to a pinch. His fate has been a theme with moralists; but the fall of

'Hyde,
By kings protected and to kings allied,'

does not display the instability of power, as the folly of attempting to unite incongruities—to exhibit moderation in right, to carry the principles of the *juste-milieu* between vice and virtue, especially when a mercenary self-interest seems to be the prompter of the course. The moral of his fate is, that neither abilities, acquirements, nor even a good degree of virtue, can uphold a politician who halts midway between conflicting principles.

As an author, Clarendon was deficient in depth, and in that grasp and comprehension which, enabling the historian to present the whole of his subject to the reader, secures his own pre-eminence by preventing even the approach of others,—a natural deficiency, increased in him by his bias, and purposed partiality. But as a chronicler or memoir-writer he is unrivalled. His style has been called diffuse, and critically speaking is so; but to the bulk of readers it is merely a dilution, just sufficient to enable them to bear and palate the spirit of the matter,—for condensation, requiring thought to read, is distasteful to the vulgar of all ranks. As a delineator of characters, Mr. Lister truly remarks, he is admirable: Sallust only excels him in strength and brevity. As an advocate, he has perhaps no equal for artfulness without the appearance of art: his easy,

attractive narrative, half verging upon the gossipy style, both lulls the judgment and disposes the assent. The long and almost fanatical regard for the 'misfortunes' of his treacherous and faithless master, is attributable in a great degree to Clarendon's History; as that and the autobiography are the cause of his own fame and repute. People like to get at results by the easiest process: it was much easier to read the agreeable pages of Clarendon than to inquire into the facts; so his character and merits were taken upon his own warranty. Such is the power of a pleasant pen.

A good deal of his reputation, however, arises from his personal, or rather his native character; which, strongly resembling his countrymen's in general, strongly appeals to their sympathies and prejudices. Lord Clarendon was a 'most respectable man,' and his very failings all leaned to the side to which respectable men themselves incline. His morals were strict; his mode of living regular and decorous; he paid great regard to appearances; and he would not do any thing criminal for the world,—but then, he had a lax and accommodating conscience when the wrong was required by greatness. He does not deny that he sold offices; but all Chancellors had done so before him—it was only a percentage or perquisite in the *regular* way of business. He had a truly English aversion to change and theory; much of the practical soundness of the middle classes; and a deep veneration for things established—yet not approaching to idolatry, especially if interest required that they should go. He wished to be, and was, a *safe* man; but, like all very cautious people, in novel difficulties he looked only to the present, and the neglected future was too much for him. He was religious, and personally tolerant, for his own theology was large and Scriptural; but his politics drove him to religious persecution. His practical morality was conventional, and dependent upon the greatness of the object. He was horrified at some Royalists, who in Spain murdered a Parliamentary agent,—for it alienated still further an ill disposed Court; but he himself could be privy to plots for the assassination of Cromwell,—a crime, however, which nothing would have induced him to engage in for any personal advantage, or against a man whom he did not consider a public criminal.

Mr. Lister's work, professing to narrate the 'life and administration' of this very remarkable man, is in outward seeming all that could be desired. The volumes are of the right size; portly, well-clothed, and well-printed, with a good portrait of Clarendon. The time is scrupulously noted in the margin, the authorities at the foot; and some notes on genealogy and family history are added, which show that Mr. Lister is not ill-read in that department of letters. But to entitle the book a *life*, is a delusion. Mr. Lister does not seem to have a notion of what biography is. All that

really relates to Clarendon might have been put into half of one of the three volumes. The greater part of the rest consists of a narrative, strongly Whiggish, but not disagreeable further than being out of place, of the events which had any relation to the events with which Clarendon was connected: thus, when he is elected a Member of Parliament, Mr. Lister favours his readers with a précis of the history of the Parliaments of Charles the First.

Nor does the biographer, in despite of his labours in libraries and public offices, tell any thing very new. Little personally characteristic or historically important is brought out, beyond what may be found in Clarendon's own writings, or in memoirs and histories; though, had this information been properly put together, it would have been an acquisition. But in addition to literary defects, Mr. Lister is an apologist of his hero, to an extent which might be called dishonest, were it not that a family connexion by marriage suggests a solution of another kind. He has 'always an excuse ready:' he does not deny, but he glosses. This, however, is chiefly in the narrative: his estimate of Clarendon, both personal and literary, is just; though throughout the book Mr. Lister exhibits great deficiency in that discrimination which marks by a touch the nicer and characteristic points.

The third volume consists of selections from the yet unpublished manuscripts of Clarendon, preserved at Oxford. They are curious and informing to the historical student or minute inquirer, but have little popular attraction.

Perhaps the most interesting passages in the publication are from the pen of Clarendon himself, though well dovetailed by Mr. Lister. Such is this account of his privations during exile. We wonder whether royalty ever reflects, or whether reflection ever profits! Had not the Stuarts been a doomed race, the distresses noted in the following graphic passages would surely have taught them wisdom from experience.

In August 1652, Hyde states, in a letter to Sir Richard Browne, that 'a summ lately receaved at Paris for the Kinge,' 'which is all the money he hath receaved since he came hither, doth not inable his cooks and backstayres men to goe on in provydinge his dyett; but they protest they can undertake it no longer.' In December 1652, Hyde says, the King is 'reduced to greater distresse than you can believe or imagine.' In June 1653, he says, in a letter to Nicholas, with respect to the distresse of the King and his adherents, 'I do not know that any man is yet dead for want of bread, which really I wonder at. I am sure the King himself owes for all he hath eaten since April; and I am not acquainted with one servant of his who hath a pistole in his pocket. Five or six of us eat together one meal a day, for a pistole a week, but all of us owe for God knows how many weeks to the poor woman that feeds us. I believe my Lord of Ormond hath not had five livres in his purse this month, and hath fewer clothes of all sorts than you have; and yet I take you to be no gallant.'

Hyde was severely exposed not merely to the nominal

distresses of pecuniary embarrassment, but to the real privations of poverty, as is apparent from many of his letters. 'At this time,' (November 9, 1652.) 'I have neither clothes nor fire to preserve me from the sharpness of the season.'

'I am so cold that I am scarce able to hold my pen, and have not three sous in the world to buy a faggot.' 'I have not been master of a crown these many months, am cold for want of clothes and fire, and owe for all the meat which I have eaten these three months, and to a poor woman who is no longer able to trust; and my poor family at Antwerp (which breaks my heart) is in as sad a state as I am.' It appears, too, that his official duties as Secretary in the place of Nicholas, instead of being a source of profit, caused what, in his destitute state, was a serious addition to other burdens. 'I cannot,' he says, 'avoid the constant expense of seven or eight livres the week for postage of letters, which I borrow scandalously out of my friends' pockets; or else my letters must more scandalously remain still at the post-house; and I am sure all those which concern my own private affairs would be received for ten sous a week; so that all the rest are for the King, from whom I have not received one penny since I came hither, and am put to all this charge.' In another letter, he mentions that he is reduced to want of decent clothing; and, in May 1653, tells Nicholas—'I owe so much money here, to all sorts of people, that I would not wonder if I were cast into a prison to-morrow; and if the King should remove, as I hope he will shortly have occasion to do, and not enable me to pay the debt I have contracted for his service, I must look for that portion, and starve there.'

Here is a specimen of Clarendon's own account of his mode of dealing with the King: the subject was his wife's visiting Lady Castlemaine.

He told him, 'that as it would reflect upon his Majesty himself, if his Chancellor was known or thought to be of dissolute and debauched manners, which would make him as incapable as unworthy to do him justice; so it would be a blemish and taint upon him to give any countenance, or to pay more than ordinary courtesy and unavoidable civilities to persons infamous for any vice, for which, by the laws of God and man, they ought to be odious, and to be exposed to the judgment of the church and state; and that he would not for his own sake, and for his own dignity, to how low a condition soever he might be reduced, stoop to such a condescension as to have the least commerce, or to make the application of a visit to any such person, for any benefit or advantage that it might bring to him. He did beseech his Majesty not to believe that he hath a prerogative to declare vice virtue, or to qualify any person who lives in a sin and avows it, against which God himself hath pronounced damnation, for the company and conversation of innocent and worthy persons: and that whatever low obedience, which was in truth gross flattery, some people might pay to what they believed would be grateful to his Majesty, they had in their hearts a perfect detestation of the persons they made address to; and that for his part he was long resolved that his wife should not be one of those courtiers; and that he would himself much less like her company, if she put herself into theirs who had not the same innocence.'

Turning from Clarendon, we will close with an extract from Mr. Lister, descriptive of the state of things after the Chancellor's dismissal. The anecdotes are all of them old enough, but they are agreeably grouped, and furnish a fair sample of the author's composition—well-studied commonplace.

Charles signalized his emancipation from Clarendon's control, by making, within a month after that Minister had retired from office, a grant of plate to Lady Castlemaine; and afterwards by an indulgence more open and unbridled in reckless extravagance and licentious pleasures. His Minister, Buckingham, encouraged in him that contempt of decency which Clarendon had been wont to reprove; and, at Buckingham's instigation, Charles installed in Lady Castlemaine's post of dishonour an actress of notorious frailty; who, in allusion to two proceeding paramours of the same name, called the King her 'Charles the Third.' The few years following Clarendon's expulsion were the most glaringly profligate in that age of profligacy—the most corrupt and degraded in that reign of political degradation. Morality had fallen so low that it could scarcely obtain even the homage of the shallowest hypocrisy from those whose position, making them conspicuous, ought to have made them also mindful of the example they were setting; and the grossest crimes were sometimes pardoned if they assumed the character of frolic. Two court favourites, the King's recent companions in an indecent revel, 'run up and down all the night almost naked, through the streets,' and are taken into custody; 'the King takes their parts,' and a Lord Chief Justice imprisons the constable who had done his duty in apprehending them. The favourite Minister kills in a duel the husband of a woman whose paramour he is, and who assists at the combat in the disguise of a page. The King's illegitimate son Monmouth, in company with the young Duke of Albemarle and others, kills a watchman, who begs for mercy, and the King pardons all the murderers. A daring ruffian, named Blood, attempts to assassinate the Duke of Ormond, and soon afterwards to steal the regalia; Charles admits the felon to his presence—hears with amusement the boastful confession of his committed and intended crimes, and not only pardons but rewards him. The son of Ormond tells the King's Minister, before the King, that he believes him the instigator of the recent attempt to assassinate his father; and that should any such attempt succeed, he shall regard that Minister as the secret instrument, and kill him even in the King's presence. Sir John Coventry a Member of Parliament, in the course of a debate in reply to an argument against taxing playhouses, namely, that the players were the King's servants and a part of his pleasure, asked, whether the King's pleasure lay amongst the men or the women who acted? Charles stung by Coventry's allusion to what everybody knew, sends some officers of the Guards to waylay and maim him; which they do by cutting his nose to the bone. Assuming that these facts were monstrous exceptions, and not average examples of the state of society, it may still be urged that they could not have been possible except in a period of unparalleled corruption.

From the Spectator.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

A story of the Sea. By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., Author of 'The Pilot,' 'The Red Rover,' &c. &c.

Considered merely as a novel, this work wants the interest that springs from number, variety, and novelty of incidents woven into a connected story; all which are probably reserved for the continuation,—as the *Homeward Bound* breaks off with the arrival of the ship at New York, where the persons in whom the author desires to excite an interest are left in a requisite state of mystery, dilemma, and distress. As a distinct, complete, and truthful picture of life at sea in a New York packet ship, varied by a gale and a wreck, the book is entitled to high praise. It has also considerable merit for sketches of character, as well as for its observations on life and opinions; which are always shrewd and thoughtful, though some of them are dry and out of place.

Whatever the object of the author might be, the effect of the *Homeward Bound* is to lay the foundation of a tale of love and rivalry, which shall open where any other novel might do, with the advantage of having the reader familiarized with the characters and the growth of their feelings; as if Shakspeare, for example, had written an introductory account of the dangers and wooing of *Othello*. The subject is simply the narrative of a voyage to America in the *Montauk*, which is driven from her course by a King's ship following her to search for a public defaulter, whereas the commander of the *Montauk* apprehended delay on some trumped-up charge of smuggling. The incidents springing out of this are a long and varied chace, a tempest, and a partial wreck, followed by several adventures on the African coast in a voyage of boats, and a contest with the Arabs, until the packet is refitted.

All this is little enough of itself for three volumes: the interest in it arises from our feelings towards the persons, who are so truly and so quietly developed, that before long we regard them as old acquaintances. As yet, indeed, only three or four persons—the lovers, the lady, her father, and an old bachelor cousin—seem certain to act very prominent parts in the ensuing volumes; but it is probable that the conduct of several other characters will have some material influence on the future fate of the hero. It is chiefly, however, in the portraits that the interest of the work resides. Mr. Truck, the master—a thorough-bred seaman, whose soul is in his ship, and whose country's contests with England on maritime rights have induced him to ponder over Vattel without understanding him—is a capital specimen of a respectable, good hearted American seaman, without a dash of caricature, but perhaps with a little favourable softening. The Coloured steward, Saun-

ders, is also a sketch to the life—with the love of gossip and greatness inherent in Negro blood; the slave's habits of familiarity checked by the discipline of a ship; his affectation of fine words caught up from the passengers and misapplied; and his whole thoughts centred in his pantry. The foolish, vain defaulter, voyaging under the style and title of a baronet, is slightly touched, but with truth and effect; as is Mr. Monday, the commercial traveller—thoroughly attentive to his own comforts, with a strong dash of vulgar sensualism, but good-natured, unaffected, and brave when necessity calls. Steadfast Dodge, Esq., the representative of the servile American when travelling abroad, and of the thorough-paced demagogue at home, is the most elaborated personage, though scarcely the most successful: he is too much an abstraction of mean-spiritedness, vulgarity, and all the other shabby qualities which Mr. Cooper seems to consider characteristic of the present American political mob-leaders. The rest of the persons, even when weak or bad-principled, have their lights and reliefs thrown in with remarkable skill; but for Mr. Dodge, the author has neither respect nor pity. Whenever any meanness is to be perpetrated, in thought, word, or deed, he is the man engaged; and, by way of capping the whole, he is made to have written a journal, during his European tour,—a species of *Pencilings by the Way*, some of which he has sent to the American newspapers, and parts of which he occasionally reads to the passengers: these, though amusing enough, and cleverly imagined, are too exaggerated to be possible.

Always excepting the political discussions on America and Federalism, with some other points of a similar kind, which are becoming bores in the hands of Mr. Cooper, the interest of the book is inseparably bound up with its character as a whole; the incidents being too few, and too long drawn out, to have any attraction without the characters and little events that give them nature and reality. The dialogues, however, are always truthful and characteristic, even when they lead to nothing.

NAUTICAL THEOLOGY, WITH TOUCHES OF NATURE.

'Mr. Leach!

'Captain Truck!

'Do you ever pray?

'I have done such a thing in my time, Sir; but, since I have sailed with you I have been taught to work first and pray afterwards; and when the difficulty has been gotten over by the work, the prayers have commonly seemed surplusage.'

'You should then take to your thanksgivings. I think your grandfather was a parson, Leach.'

'Yes, he was,' Sir, and I have been told your father followed the same trade.'

'You have been told the truth, Mr. Leach. My father was as meek, and pious, and humble a Christian as ever thumped a pulpit. A poor man, and, if truth must be spoken, a poor preacher too; but a zealous

one, and thoroughly devout. I ran away from him at twelve, and never passed a week at a time under his roof afterwards. He could do little for me, for he had little education and no money, and, I believe, carried on the business pretty much by faith. He was a good man, Leach, notwithstanding there might be a little of a take-in for such a person to set up as a teacher: and as for my mother, if there ever was a pure spirit on earth, it was in her body!"

"Ah, that is the way commonly with the mothers, Sir."

"She taught me to pray," added the Captain, speaking a little thick, "but since I've been in this London line, to own the truth, I find but little time for any thing but hard work, until, for want of practice, praying has got to be among the hardest things I can turn my hand to."

"This is the way with all of us: it is my opinion, Captain Truck, these London and Liverpool liners will have a good many lost souls to answer for."

"Ay, ay, if we could put it on them, it would do well enough; but my honest old father always maintained, that every man must stand in the gap left by his own sins; though he did assert, also, that we were all fore-ordained to shape our courses starboard or port, even before we were launched."

"That doctrine makes an easy tide's-way of life; for I see no great use in a man's carrying sail and jamming himself up in the wind, to claw off immoralities, when he knows he is to fetch upon them after all his pains."

"I have worked all sorts of traverses to get hold of this matter, and never could make any thing of it. It is harder than logarithms. If my father had been the only one to teach it, I should have thought less about it, for he was no scholar, and might have been paying it out just in the way of business; but then my mother believed it, body and soul, and she was too good a woman to stick long to a coarse that had not truth to back it."

"Why not believe it heartily, Sir, and let the wheel fly! One gets to the end of the v'y'ge on this tack as well as on another."

THE COAST OF ENGLAND.

The coast of England, though infinitely finer than our own, is more remarkable for its verdure, and for the general appearance of civilization, than for its natural beauties. The chalky cliffs may seem bold and noble to the American, though, compared to the granite piles that buttress the Mediterranean, they are but mole-hills; and the travelled eye seeks beauties instead, in the retiring vales, the leafy hedges, and the clustering towns that dot the teeming island. Neither is Portsmouth a very favourable specimen of a British port, considered solely in reference to the picturesque. A town situated on a humble point, and fortified after the manner of the Low Countries, with an excellent haven, suggests more images of the useful and the pleasing; while a background of modest receding hills offers little beyond the verdant swales of the country. In this respect, England itself has the fresh beauty of youth, rather than the mellowed hues of a more advanced period of life; or it might be better to say, it has the young freshness and retiring sweetness that distinguish her females, as compared with the warmer tints of Spain and Italy, and which, women and landscape alike, need the near view to be appreciated.

A STORM BREWING.

The awaking of the winds on the ocean is frequently

attended with signs and portents as sublime as any the fancy can conceive. On the present occasion, the breeze that had prevailed so steadily for a week was succeeded by light baffling puffs; as if, conscious of the mighty powers of the airs that were assembling in their strength, these inferior blasts were hurrying to and fro for a refuge. The clouds, too, were whirling about in uncertain eddies; many of the heaviest and darkest descending so low along the horizon, that they had an appearance of settling on the waters in quest of repose. But the waters themselves were unnaturally agitated; the billows, no longer following each other in long regular waves, were careering upwards like fiery couriers suddenly checked in their mad career. The usual order of the eternally unquiet ocean was lost in a species of chaotic tossings of the element—the seas heaving themselves upward without order, and frequently without any visible cause. This was the reaction of the currents and of the influence of breezes still older than the last. Not the least fearful symptom of the hour, was the terrific calmness of the air amid such a scene of menacing wildness. Even the ship came into the picture to aid the impression of intense expectation; for, with her canvass reduced, she too seemed to have lost that instinct which had so lately guided her along the trackless waste, and was 'wallowing,' nearly helpless, among the confused waters. Still she was a beautiful and a grand object—perhaps the more so at that moment than at any other; for her vast and naked spars, her well-supported masts, and all the ingenious and complicated hamper of the machine, gave her a resemblance to some sinewy and gigantic gladiator pacing the arena, in waiting for the conflict that was at hand.

"This is an extraordinary scene," said Eve, who clung to her father's arm, as she gazed around her equally in admiration and in awe; "a dread exhibition of the sublimity of nature."

THE RISKS OF SCUDDING.

The velocity of the water, urged as it is before a tempest, is often as great as that of the ship; and at such moments the rudder is useless, its whole power being derived from its action as a moving body against the element in comparative repose. When ship and water move together, at an equal rate, in the same direction, of course this power of the helm is neutralized; and then the hull is driven much at the mercy of the winds and waves. Nor is this all: the rapidity of the billows often exceeds that of a ship, and then the action of the rudder becomes momentarily reversed, producing an effect exactly opposite to that which is desired. It is true this last difficulty is never of more than a few moments continuance; else, indeed, would the condition of the mariner be hopeless; but it is of constant occurrence, and so irregular as to defy calculations and defeat caution. In the present instance, the Montauk would seem to fly through the water, so swift was her progress; and then, as a furious surge overtook her in the chase, she settled heavily into the element, like a wounded animal, that, despairing of escape, sinks helplessly in the grass, resigned to fate. At such times the crests of the waves swept past her, like vapour in the atmosphere; and one unpractised would be apt to think the ship stationary, though in truth whirling along in company with a frightful momentum.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that the process of

scudding requires the nicest attention to the helm, in order that the hull may be brought speedily back to the right direction, when thrown aside by the power of the billows; for, besides losing her way in the cauldron of water—an imminent danger of itself, if left exposed to the attack of the succeeding waves—her decks at least would be swept, even should she escape a still more serious calamity.

Pooping is a hazard of another nature, and is also peculiar to the process of scudding. It merely means the ship's being overtaken by the waters while running from them, when the crest of a sea, broken by the resistance, is thrown inboard over the taffrail or quarter. The term is derived from the name of that particular portion of the ship. In order to avoid this risk, sail is carried on the vessel as long as possible; it being deemed one of the greatest securities of scudding to force the hull through the water at the greatest attainable rate. In consequence of these complicated risks, ships that sail the fastest and steer the easiest scud the best. There is, however, a species of velocity that becomes a source of new danger of itself: thus, exceedingly sharp vessels have been known to force themselves so far into the watery mounds in their front, and to receive so much of the element on deck, as never to rise again.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

JONATHANIANA.—Every new book that appears is of course clearly proved in turn to be a 'desideratum'; that is an established rule, which has no exception; and we therefore run no risk in pointing out a decided desideratum for the benefit of American as well as English readers. We allude to the absolute necessity that now exists of collecting into one vast volume (would there be a richer in any language?) the 'Jonathaniana' that arrive from month to month, and excite among all real relishers of a wild and monstrous excess of humour grins almost as broad as the Atlantic. We have had a rich supply of late, and the collection ought to be proceeded with at once. The materials are abundant. Among the more recent flights and frolics of fancy, the convulsed collector will not forget to include the story of the scythe, the shadow of which cut a man's leg off; nor the account of the blind beggar, who had sat so long on one particular spot, that his shadow remained on the wall five days after he was dead; nor the history of the very thin gentleman, who required six weeks' fattening to make him a good skeleton; nor the narrative of that capital shot, who could get no sport by virtue of his unerring aim; for the racoons knew him, and called out 'Is that you, Major A.? Well, don't fire, I'll come down;' nor the tale of the new and surprisingly popular journal, which was stated by the editor to be selling with the rapidity of 'greased lightning;' nor the story of the tall man, who was obliged to get upon a ladder to

shave himself; nor that of the oyster, that followed a gentleman about the house like a loving little dog; nor of that still more remarkable oyster, of a size so excessive that it took three men to swallow it whole; nor of the bear, that went to the theatre night after night, and at last took with him a young alligator into the pit, to see the irresistible Ellen Tree; nor, in short, should any of the exquisite extravagancies of the present or past months be omitted.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TO A CHILD.

Dear Child! whom sleep can hardly tame
As live and beautiful as flame,
Thou glancest round my graver hours
As if thy crown of wildwood flowers
Were not by mortal forehead worn,
But swift on summer breezes borne,
Or on a mountain streamlet's waves
Came glist'ning down from sparry caves.

With bright round cheek, amid whose glow
Fancy and Wonder come and go,
And eyes whose inward meanings play
Congenial with the light of day,
And brow so calm, a home for Thought
Before he knows his dwelling wrought;
Not wise indeed thou seem'st, but made
With joy and hope the wise to aid.

That shout proclaims the undoubting mind;
That laughter leaves no ache behind;
And in thy look and dance of glee,
Unfore'd, unthought of ecstasy,
How idly weak the proud endeavour
Thy soul and body's bliss to sever!
I hail thee, Childhood's very Sprite,
One voice and sense of true delight.

In spite of all foreboding sadness
Thou art a thing of present gladness;
And thus to be enjoy'd and known
As is a pebbly fountain's tone,
As is the forest's leafy shade,
Or blackbird's music through the glade;
Like odour, breeze, and sun thou art,
A gush from Nature's vernal heart.

And yet, dear Child, within thee lives
A power that deeper feeling gives,
That makes thee more than light or air,
Than all things sweet and all things fair;
For sweet and fair as aught may be,
A human promise dwells in thee,
And 'mid thine aimless joys began
The perfect Heart and Will of man.

Thus what thou art foreshows to me
How greater far thou soon shalt be;
And while amid thy blossoms breathes
A wind that waves the fragrant wreaths,
In each faint rustling sound I hear
A mighty Spirit journeying near,
That dawns in every human birth—
A messenger of God to earth.

From Tait's Magazine.

Extracts from the Memorandum Book of the late Pastor of St. Leonard's.

NO. I.—THE SOMNAMBULIST.

28th March 18—.

Eo die.—Having been informed, by George Anderson, the clerk, that Walter B—, the proprietor of the estate called Dowielee, had been sorely tried—that, like Habakkuk, his lips quivered, that rottenness had entered into his bones, that he trembled and prayed to be at rest in the day of trouble, and wished to see me—I resolved to visit him. After all my labours, how little good, alas! do I do, unless I am aided by the powerful mean of Heaven-sent affliction! Yesterday I did no service to heaven, for the individuals I attempted to benefit were steeped in the drunkenness of worldly prosperity. These are strange times in which we live. They are like those mentioned by Esdras—'When men hope, but nothing obtain; and labour, but their ways do not prosper.' It is necessary, however, that our energies in the good cause of salvation be doubled. I hope this day may not be like yesterday—a barren field in God's kingdom on earth.

I called at Dowielee. Though in the neighbourhood, I had never even seen the house, which lies deep in the birchwood that surrounds it, and conceals it from the eye of the passer by. The proprietor never before solicited either my friendship or my professional aid—preferring to struggle single handed with his sorrows and misfortunes; but it is not good that we should stand by and wait till we are called; for, while we wait, the soul perisheth; therefore do I blame myself for not having waited on him before. Walter B—, to whom the servant introduced me by name, received me kindly. He is about seventy years of age; has been a good-looking, and is still an intelligent, though grief-worn and miserable individual—bent, broken down, and carrying on his aged shoulders a dreadful load of disease and sorrow. As the proprietor of so fair an estate, he must have 'enjoyed' in his day; but he is receiving now in this time 'an hundredfold.' He could not rise to receive me—being bound, by his innumerable infirmities, to an old high-backed chair, elaborately carved and stuffed with cushions, but a faint smile, which struggled with difficulty through wrinkles, deep furrowed by age and sorrow, made ample amends for the want of the accustomed forms of reception he had been necessitated to renounce.

Having sat down, I told him I had called in consequence of his own request, communicated to me through the session-clerk.

'And I am glad,' he replied, 'that you have so quickly complied with my wish; for, though I have suffered as no man hath suffered, my affliction hath sprung from my heart, along with my pain, but too

little of a balm that is said to be secreted there, and which, if brought forth and properly applied, is capable of not only assuaging our sorrow, but making us love it. Nor have I inquired for good means to produce this effect.'

'It is not too late,' said I, 'for the final good, though it may be for the temporal benefit, of your mind and body, which, I dare say, you acknowledge to be of no great importance, when compared with that which awaits us; for none of us are long in this world of trial till we are compelled to pray, as Tobit prayed, that we may be 'dissolved and become earth.' Experience, common sense, poetry, and revelation, all agree in the conclusion, that the portion of man in this world, is suffering.'

'Ay, but it is not even in the power of poetry,' said he, smiling painfully, 'to shadow forth suffering like mine. What I have borne, I have concealed; but I have latterly thought that, if I were to unburden my mind of the secret of my misery, I might, from such a person as you, receive the aid of a sympathy which would not stop to assuage my temporal sorrow, but lead and accompany my mind in an endeavour to turn that sorrow to account in the place where it may be of proper avail.'

I expressed myself well pleased with his intention, and described to him many advantages that I had known to result from unburdening the mind of secret causes of grief, besides that of enabling a person in my situation to enter into the same train of thinking and feeling, and thence to lead the mind from thoughts already ascertained, to others, in the gradation and progress of a proper regeneration. He accordingly proceeded with his narrative.

'I have said that my sufferings are beyond the descriptive powers of the poet; but, indeed, no invention of man in weaving together the incidents of life, by the powers of a fertile imagination, ever can accomplish a work combining so many ingenious modes of misery as may be found in actual operation in the mind and body of a man engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life. The dramatic poet has, especially in Greece and in our own England, done perhaps all that can be done, to shew how far the invention of man can go, in making the ideal elevated and intensive; yet, on a comparison of these grand and immortal efforts of inspired genius, with one single hour of the life of any man that has lived long enough 'to know what it is to live,'—occupied, as that brief span may be, with ten thousand successive ideas and emotions, following and crowding on each other with a celerity equalled by nothing that is palpable to man's sense, and yet every one of them loaded with its appointed portion of human suffering too fine and too acute for being expressed by the clumsy apparatus of language—how far short do they fall of a portrayal of pure moral truth! Your own

individual sufferings—for all men consider their griefs to be great, each indeed conceiving his own to be the most acute and unmerited—will secure for me an admission of the correctness of what I now advance. In the expression of the real suffering of life—at least of what I have felt of it, and I think I excel all in my experience of misery—a man can scarcely stumble on the province of paradox; and, taking refuge under that sentiment, I could say, in sober earnestness, that I have experienced more pain in one minute of time than all the splendid and magnificent language of *Æschylus* in his ninety plays, or of *Shakspeare* in all he wrote, is capable of conveying to the mind of man. But, in this impotency of language, we may discover the traces of the merciful finger of God; for, if it were possible for man to communicate to his brethren the real felt nature of his sufferings, the misery of our condition would be multiplied a thousand millions of times, and the heavens would be filled with the lamentations of mortals.

‘Were it not for the reason I have already mentioned, you may be well assured that I would not, I could not have prevailed upon myself to lay open, so far as our gift of language, inadequate as it is, might enable me, those dark recesses of my mind, where Sorrow, in her long dreary residence, has generated forms which I cannot contemplate without terror, and from which I can get no refuge. It might, indeed, have been well for me if I could have, long ere this, communicated, partially at least, my knowledge and sentiments to sympathizing friends. My sorrow might have been alleviated; but Nature hath said to man, ‘Whilst thou sufferest, thou shalt not have the power of communicating thy woes, till time hath taken that sting from them which would poison the happiness of thy neighbours; doubtless a good final cause, which, in our voiceless grief, we dare not impugn.

‘You know, I believe, my parentage, from your having been brought up in the neighbourhood. This property of *Dowielee*, which I got from my father, was a gift to one of my ancestors by King James VI., in consideration of services done to the State. It is, as you must have observed, one of the most beautiful and romantic estates in Scotland; for it is ornamented by thick umbrageous woods, through which a noble river rolls its majestic stream—roaring, in some places, with the voice of the dashing cataract—in others, singing like a blythe maiden on her way to be married—and, in some, sleeping with the placidity and the latent power of the infant *Hercules*. This house, called *Dowielee House*, was built by my great-grandfather. It is old, but on that account the more romantic and interesting; for it is associated in my mind with a host of historical family occurrences, which exhibit, in a strong light, the virtues of my ancestors—though sometimes I am forced to confess their crimes, and, I may

add, mournfully, their misfortunes, which alas! are all shamed by my own. In this last respect, I have been fated to contribute to the old mansion an interest which, in after times, when my griefs shall have darkened the page of our family annals, may raise an unavailing tear to the eye of a remote descendant, as he lifts it to those moss-covered walls which have witnessed scenes that lend, says holy writ, an eloquence to stones.

‘I came by far too soon to my property and power; for I was scarcely twenty when my father died intestate, whereby, being put under no salutary restraining fetters of testamentary guardianship, and no legal curators being deemed necessary for a nine months’ non-age, I became possessed of a power of which I did not know the value, and a forward status in society, without experience to guide me in the affairs of life. But power and opportunity are divested of their danger, when the heart is happily free from a propensity to evil. Yet weaknesses, which are often fostered by riches, may generate misfortunes as gigantic as the consequences of vice; and we get little consolation from our own consciences, in the midst of self-caused suffering, from any fine-spun distinction between blind error and voluntary crime. While I have God to thank for keeping me free from the contamination of serious evil, I have myself to blame for the consequences of faults and follies as pregnant as crime itself of unhappiness to man.

‘Inheriting, from weak and nervous parents, feelings of extreme sensibility—ready, on the slightest touch of an exciting cause, to burn into love or shame, or to thrill with disappointments, fancied slights, and imaginary insults—I soon found myself unsuited for general society. I sometimes fancied that this itself was an imagination, and, for a period, struggled against the irresistible constitution of my nature, only to be made more certain that my happiness lay among my own beautiful woods of *Dowielee*; though, alas! my certainty was only that human confidence which, like the mists that conceal the shelving rock of a lee-shore, prevent us from seeing the dangers that almost infringe upon our very organ of vision. As it is easy to argue ourselves into a belief of the truth of our wishes, especially when they seem pointed by original constitution and natural bias, I arrived early at the conclusion that the best life for a man of morbid sensibility was a rural one. The woods, and bosky dells, and green schaws, and running streams of my paternal inheritance, had an eloquent language of their own, which went to the heart of the worshipper of nature, without carrying with it personalities to wound his pride, or excite his fevered emulation. They possessed inhabitants too corporeal to satisfy the inquiries and engage the attention of the scientific and the unlettered naturalist; and incorporeal, to respond to the inspired invocations of the poet. What more did I require? Yet

more was to be found in these sweet retreats, and that, too, I was fated to discover; for who is so ready to meet with misfortune as he whom nature has made incapable of bearing it—the man whom sensibility makes a lover of pleasure, and forces to seek it in the state in which it comes from the womb of Nature.

There are few in these parts whose ears have not been often saluted by the perhaps exaggerated—though that was scarcely possible—description of the rare, almost angelic beauty of the young female who, for a long period, bore the charmed name of the Beauty of Dowielee—an appellation by which she was far better known among the people than that of Lucy Oliver, given to her by her father, David Oliver, the humble cottar of Broomhaugh, part of my property. This simple girl had, for a number of years, been residing with an uncle at a place in the western parts of Scotland, and had returned to Broomhaugh, bringing with her those improved and now perfect charms, which afterwards rendered her so famous in parts much more distant than a cottager's beauty is generally carried. I had heard generally that David Oliver had a pretty and an interesting daughter; but her residence at a distance had prevented me from seeing her; and I felt no interest in a matter which apparently concerned me so little as the alleged and unseen beauty of a cottager's daughter. My fancies, fortunately, did not run in that direction. I was then merely an ardent lover of nature, whom I courted in places the farthest removed from the haunts of disagreeable man or beautiful woman—creatures whom, in the refined society I had left in disgust, I had found imbued with qualities repugnant to those sensibilities which shrunk at the touch of the familiar badinage of fashion.

Not long after the arrival of David Oliver's daughter, I one day sauntered down to Holy Well, the limpid medicinal spring that bubbles up from the moss-covered ground of the retreat that goes under the name of the Fox's Glen. My grandfather erected there a pretty little figure of Niobe, executed with some classical taste; and my father, with that love of refined sentiment by which he was distinguished, planted at her back a willow tree, which, growing more rapidly than his son, had now arrived at an extreme height, sending down over the face of the figure, long weeping tendrils, that, in the winds, moaned in supplianee of the expression of sorrow of the bereaved mother, and, in summer showers, sent drops simulating the tears that are feigned to flow incessantly from the stony eyes of the mournful victim of maternal grief. I sat down under the tree, and was meditating on the character and virtues of these ancestors, who were, by their time-extended acts, exciting in me, their descendant, those sentiments and feelings with which they were themselves, in the very spot I now occupied, inspired.

I looked up in the face of the statue, to realize the idea which that same countenance had produced in their minds. There were two faces there—one beside that of the figure, of flesh and blood, so beautiful, that I had never seen anything on earth, or imagined anything in heaven, more fair. I felt, in some degree, alarmed. I had never seen mortal in that spot. I had heard no noise of one approaching. There could be no person with so heavenly a countenance in these parts unknown to me. My nervous sensibility received in an instant the impression of a mysterious awe; and Fancy, lifting up her magic wand, was on the eve of realizing some immaterial creation, when Perception, vindicating its truer and more natural authority, detected the figure of a female softly yet quickly retiring behind the trunk of the willow. I followed her; and, as she had only tried to secret herself by the cover of the tree, I discovered a young woman, simply, but gracefully attired, standing, overcome with shame, and endeavouring to conceal the beautiful face I had already been so much struck with, by holding up her two hands, through the half-opened fingers of which her dark-blue eyes shone with the lustre of excitement. I stood before her silent, indulging the fanciful humour of testing her fortitude and her patience, by ascertaining how long she would keep her position and attitude, in which I thought she looked more interesting than if the full beauty of her countenance had been entirely exposed to my impassioned gaze. When she saw me in this playful humour, her confidence enabled her to take down her hands; but the blush remained, colouring her temples with a vermilion tint, as beautiful as that which Diana exhibited, as she returned from the stream in which she bathed.

‘Who are you, and whence came you, fair maiden?’ said I. ‘These retreats have heretofore been sacred to me, and to those songsters whose voices fill the air with their music. If such as you frequent our solitudes, I fear they will soon become thoroughfares.’

‘I am the dochter o’ David Oliver o’ Broomhaugh,’ said she, simply. ‘He is ane o’ yer Honour’s cottars.’

‘Then you know me?’ said I.

‘My faither pointed ye oot to me ae day as ye passed our cottage,’ replied she. ‘But I didna ken that ye was at the Holy Well when I looked owre the back o’ the stane leddie. My faither drinks the water o’ the spring for his health—and my pitcher is yet empty.’

She accompanied these words with a deep curtsy, and a motion to seize a pitcher that lay at her feet. With a quick step she hastened down to the spring, and, taking a supply of water, turned to proceed homewards. I said I would accompany her; but the proposition startled her, and, like the frightened roe, she bounded away over the greensward, with as much quickness as her burden, bearing lightly on the springs

of youth and health, would permit. I stood and looked after her. It was the first time I had seen in perfection that wonderful combination, so irresistible to all sensitive hearts—and, to those who are sick of the painted faces and conventional forms of refined society, so fraught with a mysterious power—the most complete beauty and the most natural manners. The effect produced upon me was intense and instant, proportioned to my sensibility to the charms of pure nature, and my disgust of the artifices of factitious society, that, like an olio of foreign and heterogeneous ingredients, requires strong spices and nauseous stimulants to bring the competing flavours to the just mean of the gourmand's depraved taste. From that moment my feelings took on a new character, and pointed to a new object. A few minutes—I speak not paradoxically—deprived the living scenes around me of one half of their life and charms. My burning fancy deified unconsciously the most beautiful of the forms of God's fair works. I became a worshipper at first sight, and, with downcast eyes, sauntered slowly home to Dowielee, a changed man, stricken by a power that was busy bringing out of the electric effects of its first access the intoxicating feelings of Nature's strongest and most elevated instinct.

I do not require to tell you the progress of love, or how the mysterious power of imagination weaves round the object of affection the thousands of indescribable charms which the very judgement of the lover impresses with the seal of the sacred reality of truth. All this has been described by every inspired pen, and by the inspired lips of those who lived before the art of writing was known. I followed the steps of stronger and better men, and resigned myself to the power I could neither resist nor understand. I found myself often walking on the banks of the river which flowed past the cottage of Broomhaugh. For a time, a single look of the simple cottage maiden satisfied a week's longings of the master of Dowielee. Her bashfulness and modesty, which made her fly my approach, almost as timid as her flight, riveted my passion; but her timidity did not prevent her from ministering to the wants of her parent; and I feasted my eyes on her, unobserved, as she daily filled her pitcher at the Holy Well, which she accomplished in the manner of the frightened and fluttering bird that, after a flight, wets its little parched throat in the mountain stream. I do not know how long my peculiar nervous temperament forced me to this timid mode of satisfying a passion that increased every hour; but, one day, with a courage unusual to me, I left hurriedly my hiding-place, and fairly seized in my arms the flying object of an affection that could brook no longer delay. She struggled to get free from my embrace; but I overcame her with my entreaties and my tears, and, acquiring some confidence, she renounced her efforts to escape. Next

day I saw her again; her confidence in me was increased; and thus, from small beginnings, and an almost imperceptible progress, an intimacy grew up between us which became stronger and less reserved at every subsequent meeting.

The second happiness of a lover soon awaited me—the consciousness of being beloved by the woman he holds dearest on earth. I am afraid of falling into the hackneyed, and now almost distasteful language of truth, when applied to an affair of the heart; and I acknowledge it true that, when nature far transcends description, the effort to portray is ineffectual and unpleasant. Lucy Oliver was clearly all my own. I had awakened the first interest of affection in her virgin heart. She exhibited all the strongest symptoms of love: her eyes sought mine as if they acknowledged a secret charm; her thoughts followed the train of my ideas; her feelings were gratified only by a sympathy which she drew from my thoughts, words, looks, and sighs; her emotions burst the bonds of a natural bashfulness; and her trembling arms hung round my neck, while the gushing tears of gratified rapture fell warm on my cheek. This absolute satisfaction, in so far as respected a consciousness of being beloved, was, however, a resting-place; it was a termination of one—the first vista of the view of the inspired heart; arrived there, the mind, framed by God to be ever on the movement forward, required to look to the next stage of the heart's progression. It was here that I felt the first whisper of prudence; and the question, What am I to do with this docile, resigned, conquered, love-distracted girl, the daughter of my own cottar? rose upon me, and demanded an answer. In the very midst of our chaste dalliance, when I kissed away with my burning lips the tear that flowed down her cheek, as she lay yielded up and nestled in my bosom, with her angelic countenance, beaming love's unutterable thoughts, turned up into my face, a sickness came over me when I contemplated the conquered being whose fate was in my hands. The torturing question agonized me; and the tears of sorrow were mixed with those of love's sweet dream.

But it was at home that this train of thought produced in my mind the most startling array of difficulties. It kept sleep from my eyes. I could arrive at no conclusion. My love was pure and impassioned; my pity was choked with tears; my prudence, strengthened by the necessity of keeping up the honour of the house of Dowielee, would not yield. In the midst of this painful conflict, my mother's brother, Frederick Gordon, of Kelpieford, returned from France, bringing with him his only daughter, Amelia, a lovely young woman of eighteen years of age, highly educated, with refined sentiments—which had passed, with safety and even improvement, the fiery furnace of the example of Continental licentiousness—and a noble pride

of the honour of her family. Her mother, a noble-minded woman, had the merit of the training of her elegant and virtuous daughter. I was necessarily a frequent visitor at Kelpieford; and my uncle and aunt, as my nearest relations, conceived they were executing the work of duty and affection in mixing the kindness of friends with the admonitions and advice of relations. I will not absolve them from the charge of an excusable selfishness. I do believe they wished me to wed Amelia; they wished me to seek my good where it was proper I should seek it; they wished me to be happy, as they wished their daughter, who was courted by richer men, to be happy. I do not, and never did suspect that they knew of my affection for Lucy Oliver; but their conduct was the same as if they had. They were prudential people, and saw that my exquisite sensitiveness might make me an easy prey of a low affection. By praising the honour of my house, and drawing high-tinted pictures of the effects of unsuitable marriages; they fortified the prudence I had already, in some degree, opposed to my passion. Meanwhile, Amelia's beauty—of a different style from that of Lucy Oliver—set off by accomplishments of the highest order, and rendered irresistible by manners as sweet as they were refined, and free from the taint of affectation or artifice, began to make upon me an impression which, I confess, I favoured, to aid the resolves of a prudence that yet shook at the dreadful prospect of the application of its energies, in the separation of two hearts so firmly united as mine and the poor victim of a virgin passion. Sensitive people are often wonderfully strong in their moral resolves, as nervous hands have sometimes the greater power of grasp. I resolved on renouncing for ever Lucy Oliver; but my resolution was accompanied by the manly determination of justifying to her face, if that, alas! were possible, the step I had been forced to take.

'The regularity of my visits to the Holy Well had suffered some interruption during the continuance of my irresolution. I now sought it with a step which owed its firmness to a high-wrought resolve. She was there, waiting for me in anxiety, and, as I approached her, searched my countenance with the eye of suspicious affection. My first look, which was only less kind than it was wont to be, struck her to the heart, and tears, anticipative of a coming evil, nearly unmanned me. My safety lay in a quick and immediate execution of a purpose that would have broken down amidst the wails of the misery it produced. I told her, at full length, my sentiments and resolution. She fainted. I awaited her recovery. She spoke; and my surprise at what she said equalled the love I had borne to her, and the sorrow she had caused me.

'It is owre—it is owre,' she cried, as she rubbed her eyes, and looked calmly in my face. 'What I hae

lang looked for, is owre and past. You will hear nae complaint, nae blame frae me. I kept my heart frae you as lang as the strength o' a weak maiden wad enable me. I guarded it wi' fear, and parted wi' it wi' the misgiving o' a suspicion that's now fulfilled. Nae doubt ye sought me first, but I sought ye last; and, if I hae noo to regret a partin' where there should hae been nae meetin', I canna say that honour has been broken where nae promise was ever given. It's better, it's better—God mend my broken heart!—that you should wed Amelia Gordon than Lucy Oliver. Leave, leave me, wha has equals, but nae lovers in thae glens, and hasten to her wha is *your* equal as well as your lover; but let me tell you, afore ye depart, that it will gie me mair pleasure to hear, after you are married to Amelia Gordon, that ye hae forgotten Lucy Oliver, as she will try to forget you, than that you should mak' yoursel' and a guid wife miserable, by thinkin' o' her ye hae nae right to think o' as she has nane to think mair o' you. Ay, even if this pair heart should break in the struggle that waits for it, ye shall not shed a tear for Lucy Oliver. Farewell! farewell!

'There was no anger observable in the conduct of the extraordinary girl. I kissed her as she departed, and she met my embrace with an appearance of sorrowful reconciliation. If I was surprised when I first saw her, I was more astonished at our separation. I was also pleased; for her calmness satisfied me that she would forget me. 'Good, kind creature!' ejaculated I, 'what a sacrifice have I made to feelings generated by those factitious forms I once despised. What a contradiction is man! How steadily faithful, noble, and forgiving is woman!—and what heroine hath ever acted as this humble cottage maiden!' I walked home, and forgot the admiration of conduct I did not think was to be found in fallen human nature, in my new love for Amelia Gordon, whom I married within a month after the extraordinary scenè I have now inadequately described.

'If I had reason to admire woman, in the matchless beauty, grace, and noble-minded generosity of the humble cottager of Broomhaugh—who had, in exchange for the greatest insult and injury that could be offered to her sex, awarded forgiveness, along with even a fervent wish for the happiness of her rival and the destroyer of her peace—I did not want good grounds for an equal admiration in the qualities of my beloved wife. I had happily secured her affection before our marriage; and she was capable of reproducing in me that fervour of elevated passion which had burned so brightly to the trimming care of a meaner hand. Our mutual confidence was unbounded. We resigned ourselves, heart and soul, to the enjoyment of each other; and so selfish were we in our loves, that we could hardly bear that temporary suspension of our heartfelt intercourse and communion of sentiment, which the

forms of society, and the obligations of hospitality, imperiously demanded. We were each to each alone, and all the world to each; and so luxurious were we in the gratification of our tastes and perceptions of matrimonial bliss, that we not only enjoyed as no mortals ever enjoyed it, but we discussed of it and contemplated its characters, and compared it with all the other modes of earthly enjoyment. We were idolators—worshippers—even the interests of heaven were in danger of being sacrificed or overlooked in this harvest-home of our earthly happiness.

‘Within a year my wife bore a son, who was named after me. I would have become altogether oblivious of Lucy Oliver, had I not, on several occasions, met her in places where I would have been as well pleased not to have seen her. I noticed that she sometimes frequented Dowielee House—a circumstance which appeared to me somewhat extraordinary. Will it be believed that it hurt my pride, to think that the first object of my affections could have so far overcome her feelings, and the very recollection of her feelings, as to frequent my house, and to meet me with apparent indifference? But the accompanying sensation of satisfaction, that she *had* mastered her passion, survived her injury, and rejoiced in the continuation of her forgiveness, reconciled me to the extraordinary apparition, who thus, without pain, haunted the mausoleum of her incorporated happiness. I discovered from Amelia, that, as she said, a beautiful and interesting creature, called Lucy Oliver, the daughter of one of my tenants, had introduced herself to her, and seemed anxious, in any way that lay in her humble power, to contribute to her comfort and that of the family of Dowielee.

‘Have you known this beautiful cottager long, Amelia?’ said I.

‘For six months,’ replied she; ‘and the longer I know her I love her the more. Her beauty, her simplicity, her kindness, her conversation, delight me. She is mistress of all the fairy legends of the neighbourhood, which her romantic imagination weaves into new forms; yet so gentle, so bashful, so modest, that you would think she could not speak beyond the sound of a whisper, or tell more than a child. In imagination, she has carried me where my feet have not yet wandered; by the Fox’s Glen, the Holy Well, and the Weeping Mother, where strange doings are done in the light of the harvest moon.’

‘I looked at Amelia, but not suspiciously. She had heard nothing of my intimacy with Lucy. She was beyond my suspicion. Her open and generous soul despised secrecy.

‘What is her object in calling, Amelia?’ continued I.

‘Kindness, pure kindness, beloved soul,’ replied my wife. ‘She is not happy at home, and I think she

would be well pleased to be my lady’s maid, a situation for which her kindness and obliging disposition, as well as her little self-taught accomplishments eminently qualify her. I have a strong desire to comply with her wishes, and then,’ (embracing me playfully) ‘my servant and my lord will be equally delightful to me.’

‘This arrangement did not please me; but I had already committed myself. I had wronged my dear confiding Amelia in not opening my bosom to her at the beginning. I could not now unburden myself: my confession would be merely the result of necessity and compulsion. I must now contrive to keep my secret at the expense of my peace. Thus does secrecy degenerate into deceit. I had never interfered hitherto in the choice or direction of female servants; and, if I wished to keep consistent, and preserve my secret, I behaved to leave the matter of Lucy’s engagement to the free will and judgement of my wife. In a short time I saw my former love—her for whom once I could have died, who first lighted up the flame of passion in my bosom, whom I had renounced, who by her generosity had obtained over me and her own heart a victory beyond the conquests of kings—going through the servile details of the waiting woman of my wedded wife. Beyond all, I was struck with the coolness and propriety of her deportment. She never, not even when together alone, recognised me as her lover of the Holy Well. She treated me simply as the husband of the mistress she was bound and willing to serve—as her master, whose commands she waited, with the servility of an ordinary servant, to receive and to execute. I gradually became reconciled to her; and gratitude for the persevering constancy of her faith, in keeping our secret, lent its acclaim to this additional feature in her extraordinary character.

‘In a short time my beloved Amelia gave me another pledge of an affection which increased with the time of our fortunate union. It was at this period that the attentions of Lucy to her mistress were most marked and unremitting. Amelia expressed her gratitude towards her as her benefactor—as one sent from heaven to administer to her all the comforts which her situation demanded. In two days after the birth of the child—a female—the mother fevered. The medical man detected by the eye of professional experience the nature of the complaint—a puerperal fever; and pronounced a prognosis of a dubious character. I became alarmed, but not unfitted for acting as my wife’s nurse—an occupation in which I took delight. I watched at her bedside. My assistant was Lucy Oliver; she seconded all my efforts with an assiduity and kindness even transcending my own. The fever proceeded to a crisis. As it advanced, my situation was indescribable. I slept almost none—my vigils,

my solicitude, my anxiety preyed on my weak nerves, and produced tremors, morbid terrors, and, during the moments I slept, night mares. My time was spent at her bedside, in attentions, watchings, and secret prayers; yet, in the midst of all this devotion, I could not but observe, admire, and be grateful for the extraordinary conduct of my fellow comforter. Lucy Oliver vied with the man who had courted and deserted her in the extent of her sacrifice of time, health, and happiness, for the recovery of her successful rival. Good God! when I look back to that awful scene—my wife in the grasp of one of the most dangerous diseases incident to mortal; her nurse, my former lover, watching her every motion, anticipating her every whispered want; and I, with racked nerves, and my sympathies wound up till my heart-strings seemed on the eve of cracking—the witness of all that, and distracted with hopes, fears, gratitude, love, I wonder how my feeble frame could have withstood such a fearful combination of torturing causes. Many days and nights were thus spent. The crisis approached; my wife passed the dreadful ordeal. On the announcement of the happy tidings, I fell on my knees; Lucy Oliver followed my example. We offered up thanks to Heaven for the awarded mercy.

‘Alas! alas! our thanks were a vain offering. Overcome with watching, I retired to a couch, to seek a few hours’ repose. My dear wife relapsed during night. Lucy approached me, with trembling steps and timid voice, to announce to me what the doctor had not fortitude to do. I rose, and hastened to the scene of suffering. The lovely victim was in the firm grasp of the grim Destroyer. Her bosom heaved with the weight of death; her mouth was open as she gasped for breath; her eyes were fixed; her consciousness gone; she knew not her husband—her miserable, distracted husband—who bent over her stiffening body, and clutched her in the agonies of despair. She expired in my arms.

‘I cannot continue these details. My wife was buried in the family vault of Dowlece. Who should have taken charge of my pretty pledges, but she who had attended and watched their dying mother with such unparalleled devotion! Time passed on, and partially alleviated sufferings that brought me to the brink of the grave; where, indeed, I often, in my agony, wished myself quietly deposited, by the side of her who taught me happiness, transcending all other modes of pleasure, as much as my misery exceeded all other kinds of pain. During this period of trial, my good angel was Lucy Oliver. She it was who administered to me the only relief that remained for me on earth. She tended, with a mother’s care, my children, and, with a wife’s devotion, their father. My wants were supplied, my wishes anticipated, my whispers, my looks, my signs watched with the soli-

citude of one whose own happiness depended on my recovery. Yet was there never an allusion to our former intimacy; it seemed to be erased from the tablets of her memory—to be obliterated from Time’s records; so effectually did she avoid every allusion to it, and conceal every thought or feeling connected with it.

‘Time, aided by the unremitting endeavours of my benefactress, performed his usual wonders. I slowly recovered my health. My establishment had been under the charge of her who had exhibited so much fidelity. My dear children looked upon her as their mother: she had become necessary to them. Was she not also necessary to their father? As time softened the recollections of my wife, my old feelings towards my first love revived. I need not describe the rise of a passion, whose progress to the greatest height of human emotion I have already detailed. What use is there for more? The prudence that opposed that passion before, would now have been imprudence. The situation of matters was changed. I married Lucy Oliver at the end of the second year after the death of my Amelia.

‘I again experienced human happiness greater than mortals generally are destined to enjoy in this world. My Lucy seemed all to me that my Amelia had been; and the love which the two bore to each other sanctified my affection for my second wife, while it embalmed in my recollection the feelings I entertained for my first. The bereavement to which I had been subjected by death, made me tremble for the health of her who was now my last, as she had been my first love. In a short time, she was to give me a pledge of affection—a pleasure which the recollection of a former experience turned into a terror and a pain. If it had been a legitimate subject for an address to the Almighty, I would have prayed for barrenness to the wife of my affection, and sacrificed the all-powerful feelings of a father, to the certainty of an avoidance of a repetition of that dreadful calamity that had bowed down my head to the earth, and stretched my heart-strings to breaking. But these things are not in the hands of man, and I checked my impious aspirations, by enforcing resignation to the will of Heaven. My Lucy bore to me a son. She escaped the dangers incident to her situation; but she recovered tardily, in spite of my devotion to the suppliance of her wants, and of everything that could contribute to her safety and restoration to health. A general weakness hung about her long after she was able to walk. An atrophy reduced her body; and neuralgic pains shot through her, forcing her often to cry aloud. At night, she was visited by troubled dreams, in which nightmares and all the hags generated by morbid fancies, followed her, and jabbered, and louted, and hugged her, terrifying her, and forcing herself to nestle closely in my arms for protec-

tion, and often wakening her with a loud scream of horror, which, in its turn, roused me from my own troubled sleep, in fright and anxiety. This state of mind and body continued for a considerable time; and the recollection of the noctuary of these horrors carries with it to this hour an insufferable pain.

'A change now came over my dear Lucy, whose sufferings increased, if that was possible, my love and tenderness. The horrors of nightmare, in some degree, left her, and she slept with apparently more composure, drawing, however, at short intervals, long sighs, accompanied with mutterings and broken unintelligible speech. I wakened one night about the hour of twelve, and was surprised and alarmed to find her place by my side empty. The weakness she had laboured under for a time rendered it difficult for her, even in the day time, to rise and walk; and I could not conceive how she was able to have risen and left the bed. I called out, and received no answer. All was dark and silent. I perceived, by the dim light reflected by her white night-dress, my sick wife walking softly and silently along the room, heedless, because unconscious of my presence, and deaf to my sympathetic inquiries for explanation of her extraordinary conduct. I flew and seized her in my arms. She uttered a loud piercing scream, and, escaping from my grasp, fell senseless on the floor. I called the servants, and procured light. She had partially recovered, and on being put to bed, I asked her why she had left the bed, and why she had screamed when I approached her. She seemed to feel uneasy under my questions; and I did not press her farther on a subject which gave her pain.

'On the following night I took the precaution of having a taper in the room, in case of a repetition of the scene which had produced in me so much alarm; for I was inclined to think that she had become a somnambulist. I slept little, for my fancy was busy with my misfortunes, and my heart occupied with sympathy for the sufferings of my wife. At the same hour she rose and left the bed, walking erectly and firmly, as if her weakness had suddenly left her, and she had been restored to health. She went to a small rosewood cupboard that stood in the end of the room, and opened it, taking from it a small bottle, which she folded in her hands and pressed to her bosom. She then held it up to the light of the taper, and sighed deeply as she looked through it. She turned her face to the bed, and stared at me with open lack-lustre eyes for several minutes. Keeping this frightful attitude, with the bottle held up in her hand, she spoke:—

'She is past danger now, and will recover.' (A pause, and listening.) 'That breathin' is lighter—no sae like death—her mains and grains are gane—the struggle's past, and, when she recovers, I maun continue to dress her for his eye and undress her for his

embrace. Shall that be guid help?' (Looking through the vial.) 'Na, na, she has had her time, and mine waits me. A revivin' patient needs a cordial. Hark! he comes from the couch in the next room.' (Listening again.) 'It is the winds o' the woods o' Dowielee. Quick—quick!—his twa hours are out, and he'll hae a braw wakenin; she canna refuse a cordial frae the hands o' Lucy Oliver.'

'She now approached the bed where I lay in a state of horripilation. My mind denied me thought. I could not think; a general sensation of indescribable horror, which ran through my veins, was the only symptom of consciousness I felt in my mind or frame. I lay, bound to the bed, without power to move, to think, to speak. She approached silently and fearfully, looking back to the door at intervals, and listening; then progressing a step, then pausing and listening again—motions and attitudes she repeated till she arrived at the bedside. She now seemed to recollect herself, turned suddenly, and flew quickly, hurriedly, and tremblingly, for the taper, which, taking up, she held in her left-hand, while her right grasped the vial. She then approached the bed by four or five long rapid steps—her white gown flowing behind her, and her hair, which had come down, streaming over her shoulders. She stood for a moment at the bedside, looking, with staring orbs, into my face, and holding, before my eyes, the taper, which she moved backwards and forwards as if to perceive whether my gaze followed it. She then laid down the taper on a chair at the bedside, and applied her left-hand to my brow. She spoke again:—

'You are warm, dear leddie; but there's a dew on your forehead—a good sign. Your breathin' is freer, and the weight is gane frae your breast. 'When thae signs come,' said the doctor to me, 'gie her this.' (Holding up the vial in my face.) 'It is a cordial I hae tasted wi' my ain lips, and what is sweet to Lucy, canna be sour to her she luv'es abune a' mortals. Drink, my dear leddie—health is the queen o' blessings, und wha wadna wish to be weel wha has Dowielee for a husband! Quick, dear leddie—ay, ay—there, there—a drap still remains, it's owre precious to be lost. There—you will sleep now; and, when ye waken, Dowielee will kiss ye in joy o' your recovery.'

'She now took up the taper, and with a rapid hurried step hastened to the cupboard, opened it, put in the vial, closed it, locked it, placed the taper on the table, blew it out, and came to bed. When she lay down, she sighed deeply, and shook so that the bed moved. I tried to calm my mind, and think of the strange scene I had witnessed, of the strange things I had heard. I had never known of any draught given to my wife on the morning of her death; but she might have got a cordial administered to her. Was there anything in Lucy's words that indicated more. I could not answer my own question; my mind reverted back to Lucy's

extraordinary conduct and character. She was not like other women. She had acted as no other woman could act; but had she not acted nobly and generously?—Why, then, draw evil from good. But to what did my doubts point? I could not mention it. The thought was not recognised by me as an act of my conscious mind. It was a rebel. I quelled it, and tried to sleep; yet I could not. I lay awake during the whole night; my mind turned against itself; my fancy bounded by my judgment; confidence warring with suspicions; doubts struggling in the grasp of a determined but generous dogmatism. During the following day, I observed the same conduct to Lucy; for I had, to a great extent, banished from my mind every reflection suggested by the scene of the previous night, except the conclusion—that somnambulists do strange things in their nocturnal vocations.

‘Two nights afterwards, my wife rose again. I watched her motions. She repaired to the cupboard, in the same way as formerly, took out the vial, lifted up the taper, and approached the bed. Her manner was more confused on this occasion; for she approached and receded from the bed; walked along the room with a rapid step; repeated these motions eight or ten times; and, at last, stood still in the middle of the apartment, pronouncing this monologue in a distinct and impressive manner:—

‘Lang, lang hae I suffered. By the Holy Well I suffered; in my father’s cottage I suffered; beneath the window of this bedroom, on his marriage night, as I sat shiverin’ in the cauld winter blast, I suffered; as I undressed his wife for his bed, and retired to my ain, to think o’ their happiness, and greet myself asleep, I suffered. Yet, a’ this time, he thought I had forgotten him. I loved him still the mair; and my love and my sufferin’ hae come to a height. I can wait nae langer. This chance has failed. Her bairn’s born, and the fever has passed its dangerous hour. Now or never! Lucy Oliver or Amelia Gordon maun dee. She or I maun drink this black death, to the health o’ Apothecary Watson, wha, silly man, refused at first to gie me’t. Come, come, my time is short; he will be here anon.’

‘She rose, and again approached the bed, holding up before my eyes the light, laying it down, passing her hand along my brow, and going through the same series of movements, and using nearly the same words, as on the previous occasion. She at last came to bed, and lay down, sighing and uttering deep groans.

‘My mind was again in a state of confusion; but my horror was, if possible, increased. Her tale was now more connected, and filled with an import more dreadful. It bore a character of waking reality—borrowing, from the daily occurrences of life, facts—undeniable, melancholy truths—turning them to a rational account, and explaining even those very parts of her conduct

which never, in my estimation, quadrated with human nature. My mind tried to escape from the fearful, connected, rational sense of her monologue. Its truth horrified me. I scrutinized the nature of my own dreams, which, I acknowledge, were wild and fanciful, having seldom any verisimilitude to the rationale of life. But I was forced to distinguish between mere dreaming and somnambulism; a state of the mind in which certain of its faculties are even improved, and vested with powers sometimes considered nearly supernatural. Was I bound or entitled to *disbelieve* a rational tale of personal experience, merely because some of the faculties of the mind, not necessary to the reminiscence or the narration, were in a state of inactivity? My inability to answer this in the affirmative, increased my difficulty, and added to my horror. Yet, was I bound or entitled to *believe* the connected, rational tale of a somnambulist? Neither could I answer this. I was on the eve, I thought, of becoming a madman—an opinion which a strong inborn sense of total inability to bear the force of a discovery which I conceived awaited me, confirmed. I sickened and sunk, as the necessity of an investigation rose upon me. The prospect of being compelled to search for proof that my wife—the creature on whom I leant for support, to whom I looked for consolation, in whose love lay my only happiness on earth—was guilty of a crime sufficient to call down the vengeance of heaven, made me almost delirious. Yet the prospect of remaining wilfully in doubt; of being placed on the rack of suspicion; of having all my confidence, all my love, all my converse, all my intercourse with her who slept on my bosom, and nestled in my arms, mixed, qualified, tainted, and poisoned by the thought that she *might have*, that it was *doubtful* whether she *had not*, murdered Amelia Gordon—was that a better one—was it preferable to the killing certainty itself—the last, kind, unqualified, finishing horror, that would admit of no lingering, no torturing, but finish at one stroke, grief, and doubt, and life together?

‘This night was also restless. I slept none. For three nights I had not closed an eye. My brow for all that time had been burning. My constitution felt the stroke. I was seized with a fever, and removed to another apartment. I can say little of this period of my suffering; but I saw often, at my bedside, Lucy Oliver, my wife, who administered to me *medicines—cordials—restoratives*. O God! what were the thoughts which, suggested by her image, changed and coloured by a maniac fancy, mixed with the recollections of Amelia Gordon! Suspicions, hatreds, love, and pity, careered through my fevered, maddened brain! Yet I weathered this pitiless storm of fate. I recovered from the fever; but I convalesced with poison on my mind. Oh, had I then died!

‘I left, at last, my sick chamber; but my suspicions

accompanied me. All my efforts were not able to conceal a change. For a time I struggled on, endeavouring to master my feelings, to look with a steady eye on Lucy, to embrace her without trembling. It would not do. The pain was unbearable. I started up in the midst of an accession of my agony; I walked out; and, scarcely knowing whither I was wandering, found myself in the shop of Nicholas Watson, the village apothecary. I put the question to him whether any of my domestics had bought poison from him for a length of time back.

'Yes,' said he, 'I sold, with reluctance, and after much questioning as to the use to which it was to be applied, an ounce of oxalid acid to Lucy Oliver, then your lady's waiting-woman, now your wife.'

'What more did I require! Yet, I got more. My wife was unable to stand the change that had come over me. She had suspected the cause—for I noticed that she never would speak of her dreams or night-walking. Our eyes became eloquent of mutual suspicions, sometimes of mutual horror, though our mouths were dumb. The disease that already lurked in her system—and all hope of its removal was now gone—would have been sufficient of itself to dissolve her frame; but the accession of a new mental agony, transcending all bodily diseases and pains, accelerated what, though inevitable, might have been long kept off by remedial means. She was soon confined entirely to bed, and reduced to the extremity of life. Her struggles were too painful for me to witness, and I left her to the charge of her attendants. One evening I was called by an urgent express. I approached her bed. She waved her hand to the attendants, to retire. She looked up in my face with a placidity which surprised me. As I gazed on her, her eyes filled with tears.

'It is true—it is true!' she said, and expired.

'What I have experienced since would take years to tell. Have I not suffered as no mortal ever suffered!'

'Your story, Mr. B——,' said I, 'is a remarkable one. I will meditate upon it, and, when we shall have more time, endeavour to extract from it the evidences of the touch of the finger of the Almighty, which, be assured, may be traced, by an eye anxious to find it, in all the sorrows of mortals.'

Having prayed with this heir of sorrow, I left him, to return next day. Nothing else must be allowed to interfere with this duty.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A TALE OF GRAMMARYE.

The Baron came home in his fury and rage,
He blew up his Henchman, he blew up his Page;
The Seneschal trembled, the Cook looked pale,
As he ordered for supper grilled kidneys and ale.
Vain thought! that grill'd kidneys can give relief,
When one's own are inflamed by anger and grief.

What was the cause of the Baron's distress?

Why sank his spirits so low!—

The fair Isabel, when she should have said "Yes,"

Had given the Baron a "No."

He ate, and he drank, and he grumbled between:

First on the viands he vented his spleen,—

The ale was sour,—the kidneys were tough,

And tasted of nothing but pepper and snuff!

—The longer he ate, the worse grew affairs,
Till he ended by kicking the butler down stairs.

All was hushed—'twas the dead of the night—

The tapers were dying away,

And the armour bright

Glanced in the light

Of the pale moon's trembling ray;

Yet his Lordship sat still, digesting his ire,

With his nose on his knees, and his knees in the fire,—

All at once he jump'd up, resolved to consult his

Cornelius Agrippa de rebus occultis.

He seized by the handle

A bed-room flat candle,

And went to a secret nook,

Where a chest lay hid

With so massive a lid,

His knees, as he raised it, shook,

Partly, perhaps, from the wine he had drunk,

Partly from fury, and partly from funk;

For never before had he ventured to look

In his Great-Great-Grandfather's conjuring-book.

Now Lord Rannulph Fitz-Hugh,

As lords frequently do,

Thought reading a bore,—but his case was quite new;

So he quickly ran through

A chapter or two,

For without Satan's aid he knew not what to do,—

When poking the fire, as the evening grew colder,

He saw with alarm,

As he raised up his arm,

An odd-looking countenance over his shoulder.

Firmer rock will sometimes quake,

Trustiest blade will sometimes break,

Sturdiest heart will sometimes fail,

Proudest eye will sometimes quail;—

No wonder Fitz-Hugh felt uncommonly queer

Upon suddenly seeing the Devil so near,

Leaning over his chair, peeping into his ear.

The stranger first

The silence burst,

And replied to the Baron's look;—

"I would not intrude,

But don't think me rude

If I sniff at that musty old book.

Charms were all very well

Ere Reform came to Hell;

But now not an imp cares a fig for a spell.

Still I see what you want,

And am willing to grant

The person and purse of the fair Isabel.

Upon certain conditions the maiden is won;—

You may have her at once, if you choose to say 'Done!'

"The lady so rare,

Her manors so fair,

Lord Baron, I give to thee;

But when once the sun

Five years has run,

Lord Baron, thy soul's my fee!"

Oh! where wert thou, ethereal Sprite?

Protecting Angel, where?

Sure never before had noble or knight

Such need of thy guardian care!

No aid is nigh—'twas so decreed;—

The recreant Baron at once agreed,
And prepared with his blood to sign the deed.

With the point of his sword
His arm he scored,
And mended his pen with his Misericorde;
From his black silk breeches
The stranger reaches

A lawyer's leathern case,
Selects a paper,
And snuffing the taper,

The Baron these words mote trace:—
"Five years after date, I promise to pay
My soul to Old Nick, without let or delay,
For value received."—"There, my Lord, on my life,
Put your name to the bill, and the lady's your wife."

All look'd bright in earth and heaven,
And far through the morning skies
Had Sol his fiery coursers driven,—
That is, it was striking half-past eleven
As Isabel opened her eyes.

All wondered what made the lady so late,
For she came not down till noon,
Though she usually rose at a quarter to eight,
And went to bed equally soon.
But her rest had been broken by troublesome dreams:—
She had thought that, in spite of her cries and her screams,
Old Nick had borne off, in a chariot of flame,
The gallant young Howard of Eflingham.
Her eye was so dim, and her cheek so chill,
The family doctor declared she was ill,
And muttered dark hints of a draught and a pill.

All during breakfast to brood doth she seem
O'er some secret woes or wrongs;
For she empties the salt-cellar into the cream,
And stirs up her tea with the tongs.
But scarce hath she finished her third round of toast,
When a knocking is heard by all—
"What may that be?—'tis too late for the post,—
Too soon for a morning call."

After a moment of silence and dread,
The court-yard rang
With the joyful clang
Of an armed warrior's tread.
Now away and away with fears and alarms,—
The lady lies clasped in young Eflingham's arms.

She hangs on his neck, and she tells him true,
How that troublesome creature, Lord Ranulph Fitz-
Hugh,
Hath vowed and hath sworn with a terrible curse,
That, unless she will take him for better for worse,
He will work her mickle rue!

"Now, lady love, dismiss thy fear,
Should that grim old Baron presume to come here,
We'll soon send him home with a flea in his ear;—
And, to cut short the strife,
My love! my life!

Let me send for a parson, and make you my wife!"
No banns did they need, no license require,—
They were married that day before dark:
The Clergyman came,—a fat little friar,
The doctor acted as Clerk.

But the nuptial rites were hardly o'er,
Scarce had they reached the vestry door,
When a knight rush'd headlong in;
From his shoes to his shirt
He was all over dirt,
From his toes to the tip of his chin;
But high on his travel-stained helmet tower'd
The lion-crest of the noble Howard.

By horrible doubts and fears possess'd,
The bride turned and gaz'd on the bridegroom's breast—

No Argent Bend was there;
No Lion bright
Of her own true knight,
But his rival's Sable Bear!
The Lady Isabel instantly knew
'Twas a regular hoax of the false Fitz-Hugh;
And loudly the Baron exulting cried,
"Thou art wooed, thou art won, my bonny gay bride!
Nor heaven nor hell can our loves divide!"

This pithy remark was scarcely made,
When the Baron beheld, upon turning his head,
His Friend in black close by;
He advanced with a smile all placid and bland,
Popp'd a small piece of parchment into his hand,
And knowingly winked his eye.

As the Baron perused,
His cheek was suffused
With a flush between brick-dust and brown;
While the fair Isabel
Fainted, and fell
In a still and death-like swoon.
Lord Howard roar'd out, till the chapel and vaults
Rang with cries for burnt feathers and volatile salts.

"Look at the date!" quoth the queer-looking man,
In his own peculiar tone;
My word hath been kept,—deny it who can,—
And now I am come for mine own."
Might he trust his eyes?—Alas! and alack!
'Twas a bill ante-dated full five years back!
'Twas all too true—
It was over due—

The term had expired!—he wouldn't "renew,"—
And the Devil looked black as the Baron looked blue.

The Lord Fitz-Hugh
Made a great to-do,
And especially blew up Old Nick,—
" 'Twas a stain," he swore,
"On the name he bore
To play such a rascally trick!"—
"A trick!" quoth Nick, in a tone rather quick,
"It's one often played upon people who 'tick.'"
Blue flames now broke
From his mouth as he spoke,
They went out, and left an uncommon thick smoke,
Which enveloping quite
Himself and the Knight,
The pair in a moment were clean out of sight.
When it wafted away,
Where the dickens were they?
Oh! no one might guess—Oh! no one might say,—
But never, I wis,
From that time to this,
In hall or in bower, on mountain or plain,
Has the Baron been seen or been heard of again.

As for fair Isabel, after two or three sighs,
She finally open'd her beautiful eyes.
She coughed, and she sneezed,
And was very well pleased,
After being so rumbled, and towzled, and teased,
To find, when restored from her panic and pain,
My Lord Howard had married her over again.

MORAL.

Be warned by our story, ye Nobles and Knights,
Who're so much in the habit of "flying of kites;"
And beware how ye meddle again with such Flights:
At least, if your energies Creditors cramp,
Remember a Usurer's always a Scamp,
And look well at the Bill, and the Date, and the Stamp:
Don't sign in a hurry, whatever you do,
Or you'll go to the Devil, like Baron Fitz-Hugh.

"DALTON."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

(CONTINUED.)

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

Involves a Critical Position.

"Who's that?" inquired Brittles, opening the door a little way with the chain up, and peeping out, shading the candle with his hand.

"Open the door," replied a man outside; "it's the officers from Bow-street that was sent to, to-day."

Much comforted by this assurance, Brittles opened the door to its full width, and confronted a portly man in a great coat, who walked in without saying anything more, and wiped his shoes on the mat as coolly as if he lived there.

"Just send somebody out to relieve my mate, will you, young man?" said the officer: "he's in the gig minding the prad. Have you got a coach'us here that you could put it up in for five or ten minutes?"

Brittles, replying in the affirmative, and pointing out the building, the portly man stepped back to the garden gate, and helped his companion to put up the gig, while Brittles lighted them in a state of great admiration. This done, they returned to the house, and, being shown into a parlour, took off their great-coats and hats, and showed like what they were. The man who had knocked at the door was a stout personage of middle height, aged about fifty, with shiny black hair, cropped pretty close, half whiskers, a round face, and sharp eyes. The other was a red-headed bony man, in top-boots, with a rather ill-favoured countenance; and a turned-up sinister-looking nose.

"Tell your governor that Blathers and Duff is here, will you?" said the stouter man, smoothing down his hair, and laying a pair of handcuffs on the table. "Oh! Good evening, master. Can I have a word or two with you in private, if you please?"

This was addressed to Mr. Losberne, who now made his appearance; and that gentleman, motioning Brittles to retire, brought in the two ladies and shut the door.

"This is the lady of the house," said Mr. Losberne, motioning towards Mrs. Maylie.

Mr. Blathers made a bow, and, being desired to sit down, put his hat upon the floor; and, taking a chair, motioned Duff to do the same. The latter gentleman, who did not appear quite so much accustomed to good society, or quite so much at his ease in it, one of the two, seated himself, after undergoing several muscular

affections of the limbs, and forced the head of his stick into his mouth with some embarrassment.

"Now, with regard to this here robbery, master," said Blathers. "What are the circumstances?"

Mr. Losberne, who appeared desirous of gaining time, recounted them at great length and with much circumlocution: Messrs. Blathers and Duff looking very knowing meanwhile, and occasionally exchanging a nod.

"I can't say for certain till I see the place of course," said Blathers; "but my opinion at once is,—I don't mind committing myself to that extent,—that this wasn't done by a yokel—eh, Duff?"

"Certainly not," replied Duff.

"And, translating the word yokel for the benefit of the ladies, I apprehend your meaning to be that this attempt was not made by a countryman!" said Mr. Losberne with a smile.

"That's it, master," replied Blathers. "This is all about the robbery, is it?"

"All," replied the doctor.

"Now, what is this about this here boy that the servants are talking of?" said Blathers.

"Nothing at all," replied the doctor. "One of the frightened servants choose to take it into his head that he had something to do with this attempt to break into the house; but it's nonsense—sheer absurdity."

"Werry easy disposed of it is," remarked Duff.

"What he says is quite correct," observed Blathers, nodding his head in a confirmatory way, and playing carelessly with the handcuffs, as if they were a pair of castanets. "Who is the boy? What account does he give of himself? Where did he come from? He didn't drop out of the clouds, did he, master?"

"Of course not," replied the doctor with a nervous glance at the two ladies. "I know his whole history;—but we can talk about that presently. You would like to see the place where the thieves made their attempt, first, I suppose?"

"Certainly," rejoined Mr. Blathers. "We had better inspect the premises first, and examine the servants afterwards. That's the usual way of doing business."

Lights were then procured, and Messrs. Blathers and Duff, attended by the native constable, Brittles, Giles, and everybody else in short, went into the little room at the end of the passage, and looked out at the window, and afterwards went round by way of the lawn, and looked in at the window, and after that had a candle handed out to inspect the shutter with, and after that a lantern to trace the footsteps with, and after that a pitchfork to poke the bushes with. This done amidst the breathless interest of all beholders, they came in again, and Mr. Giles and Brittles were put through a melo-dramatic representation of their share

in the previous night's adventures, which they performed some six times over, contradicting each other in not more than one important respect the first time, and in not more than a dozen the last. This consummation being arrived at, Blathers and Duff cleared the room, and held a long council together, compared with which, for secrecy and solemnity, a consultation of great doctors on the knottiest point in medicine would be mere child's play.

Meanwhile the doctor walked up and down the next room in a very uneasy state, and Mrs. Maylie and Rose looked on with anxious faces.

"Upon my word," he said, making a halt after a great number of very rapid turns, "I hardly know what to do."

"Surely," said Rose, "the poor child's story, faithfully repeated to these men, will be sufficient to exonerate him."

"I doubt it my dear young lady," said the doctor, shaking his head. "I don't think it would exonerate him, either with them or with legal functionaries of a higher grade. What is he, after all, they would say—a runaway. Judged by mere worldly considerations and probabilities, his story is a very doubtful one."

"You credit it, surely?" interrupted Rose in haste.

"I believe it, strange as it is, and perhaps may be an old fool for doing so," rejoined the doctor; "but I don't think it is exactly the tale for a practised police officer, nevertheless."

"Why not?" demanded Rose.

"Because, my pretty cross-examiner," replied the doctor, "because, viewed with their eyes, there are so many ugly points about it; he can only prove the parts that look bad, and none of those that look well. Confound the fellows, they will have the why and the wherefore, and take nothing for granted. On his own showing, you see, he has been the companion of thieves for some time past; he has been carried to a police-office on a charge of picking a gentleman's pocket, and is taken away forcibly from that gentleman's house to a place which he cannot describe or point out, and of the situation of which he has not the remotest idea. He is brought down to Chertsey by men who seem to have taken a violent fancy to him, whether he will or no, and put through a window to rob a house, and then, just at the very moment when he is going to alarm the inmates, and so do the very thing that would set him all to rights, there rushes into the way that blundering dog of a half-bred butler and shoots him, as if on purpose to prevent him doing any good for himself. Don't you see all this?"

"I see it, of course," replied Rose, smiling at the doctor's impetuosity; "but still I do not see anything in it to criminate the poor child."

"No," replied the doctor; "of course not! Bless the

bright eyes of your sex! They never see, whether for good or bad, more than one side of any question; and that is, invariably; the one which first presents itself to them."

Having given vent to this result of experience, the doctor put his hands into his pockets, and walked up and down the room with even greater rapidity than before.

"The more I think of it," said the doctor, "the more I see that it will occasion endless trouble and difficulty to put these men into possession of the boy's real story. I am certain it will not be believed; and, even if they can do nothing to him in the end, still the dragging it forward, and giving it publicity to all the doubts that will be cast upon it, must interfere materially with your benevolent plan of rescuing him from misery."

"Oh! what is to be done?" cried Rose. "Dear, dear! why did they send for these people?"

"Why, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Maylie. "I would not have had them here for the world!"

"All I know is," said Mr. Losberne at last, sitting down with a kind of desperate calmness, "that we must try and carry it off with a bold face, that's all! The object is a good one, and that must be the excuse. The boy has strong symptoms of fever upon him, and is in no condition to be talked to any more; that's one comfort. We must make the best of it we can; and, if bad's the best, it's no fault of ours. Come in."

"Well, master," said Blathers, entering the room, followed by his colleague, and making the door fast before he said any more. "This warn't a put-up thing."

"And what the devil's a put-up thing!" demanded the doctor impatiently.

"We call it a put-up robbery, ladies," said Blathers, turning to them, as if he compassionated their ignorance, but had a contempt for the doctor's "when the servants is in it."

"Nobody suspected them in this case," said Mrs. Maylie.

"Wery likely not, ma'am," replied Blathers, "but they might have been in it, for all that."

"More likely on that wery account," said Duff.

"We find it was a town hand," said Blathers, continuing his report; "for the style of work is first-rate."

"Wery pretty indeed, it is," remarked Duff in an under tone.

"There was two of 'em in it," continued Blathers, "and they had a boy with 'em; that's plain, from the size of the window. That's all to be said at present. We'll see this lad that you've got up stairs at once, if you please."

"Perhaps they will take something to drink first, Mrs. Maylie!" said the doctor, his face brightening up as if some new thought had occurred to him.

"Oh! To be sure!" exclaimed Rose eagerly. "You shall have it immediately, if you will."

"Why, thank you, Miss!" said Blathers, drawing his coat-sleeve across his mouth: "its dry work this sort of duty. Anything that's handy, Miss; don't put yourself out of the way on our accounts."

"What shall it be?" asked the doctor, following the young lady to the sideboard.

"A little drop of spirits, master, if it's all the same," replied Blathers. "It's a cold ride from London, ma'am, and I always find that spirits comes home warmer to the feelings."

This interesting communication was addressed to Mrs. Maylie, who received it very graciously. While it was being conveyed to her, the doctor slipped out of the room.

"Ah!" said Mr. Blathers, not holding his wine-glass by the stem, but grasping the bottom between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, and placing it in front of his chest, "I have seen a good many pieces of business like this in my time, ladies."

"That crack down in the back lane at Edmonton, Blathers," said Mr. Duff, assisting his colleague's memory.

"That was something in this way, warn't it?" rejoined Mr. Blathers; "that was done by Conkey Chickweed, that was."

"You always gave that to him," replied Duff. "It was the Family Pet, I tell you, and Conkey hadn't any more to do with it than I had."

"Get out!" retorted Mr. Blathers: "I know better. Do you mind that time Conkey was robbed of his money, though! What a start that was! better than any novel-book I ever see!"

"What was that?" inquired Rose, anxious to encourage any symptoms of good humour in the unwelcome visitors.

"It was a robbery, Miss, that hardly anybody would have been down upon," said Blathers. "This here Conkey Chickweed —"

"Conkey means Nosey, ma'am," interposed Duff.

"Of course the lady knows that don't she?" demanded Mr. Blathers. "Always interrupting you are, partner. This here Conkey Chickweed, Miss, kept a public-house over Battle-bridge way, and had a cellar where a good many young lords went to see cock-fighting, and badger-drawing, and that; and a very intellectual manner the sports was conducted in, for I've seen 'em off 'en. He warn't one of the family at that time; and one night he was robbed of three hundred and twenty-seven guineas in a canvass-bag, that was stole out of his bedroom in the dead of night by a tall man with a black patch over his eye, who had concealed himself under the bed, and, after committing the robbery, jumped slap out of window, which was only a story high. He was very quick about it.

But Conkey was quick, too, for he was woke by the noise, and, darting out of bed, fired a blunderbuss arter him, and roused the neighbourhood. They set up a hue-and-cry directly, and, when they came to look about 'em, found that Conkey had hit the robber; for there was traces of blood all the way to some palings a good distance off, and there they lost 'em. However he had made off with the blunt, and, consequently, the name of Mr. Chickweed, licensed witer, appeared in the Gazette among the other bankrupts; and all manner of benefits and subscriptions, and I don't know what all, was got up for the poor man, who was in a very low state of mind about his loss, and went up and down the streets for three or four days, pulling his hair off in such a desperate manner that many people was afraid he might be going to make away with himself. One day he come up to the office all in a hurry, and had a private interview with the magistrate, who, after a good deal of talk, rings the bell, and orders Jem Spyers in, (Jem was a active officer,) and tells him to go and assist Mr. Chickweed in apprehending the man that robbed his house. 'I see him, Spyers,' said Chickweed, 'pass my house yesterday morning.' — 'Why didn't you up, and collar him?' says Spyers. — 'I was so struck all of a heap that you might have fractured my skull with a toothpick,' says the poor man; 'but we're sure to have him, for between ten and eleven o'clock at night he passed again.' Spyers no sooner heard this, than he put some clean linen and a comb in his pocket, in case he should have to-stop a day or two; and away he goes, and sets himself down at one of the public-house windows behind a little red curtain, with his hat on, all ready to bolt at a moment's notice. He was smoking his pipe here late at night, when all of a sudden Chickweed roars out—'Here he is! Stop thief! Murder!' Jem Spyers dashed out; and there he sees Chickweed tearing down the street full-cry. Away goes Spyers; on keeps Chickweed; round turn the people; everybody roars out 'Thieves!' and Chickweed himself keeps on shouting all the time like mad. Spyers loses sight of him a minute as he turns a corner,—shoots round—sees a little crowd—dives in. 'Which is the man?'—'D—me!' says Chickweed, 'I've lost him again!'

"It was a remarkable occurrence, but he warn't to be seen nowhere, so they went back to the public house, and next morning Spyers took his old place, and looked out from behind the curtain for a tall man with a black patch over his eye, till his own two eyes ached again. At last he couldn't help shutting 'em to ease 'em a minute, and the very moment he did so, he hears Chickweed roaring out, 'Here he is!' Off he starts once more, with Chickweed half-way down the street ahead of him; and, after twice as long a run as the yesterday's one, the man's lost again! This was done once or twice more, till one half the neighbours

gave out that Mr. Chickweed had been robbed by the devil who was playing tricks with him afterwards, and the other half that poor Mr. Chickweed had gone mad with grief."

"What did *Jem Spyers* say?" inquired the doctor, who had returned to the room shortly after the commencement of the story.

"*Jem Spyers*," resumed the officer, "for a long time said nothing at all, and listened to everything without seeming to, which showed he understood his business. But one morning he walked into the bar, and, taking out his snuff-box, said, 'Chickweed, I've found out who's done this here robbery.'—'Have you?' said Chickweed. 'Oh, my dear *Spyers*, only let me have vengeance, and I shall die contented! Oh, my dear *Spyers*, where is the villain?'—'Come!' said *Spyers*, offering him a pinch of snuff, 'none of that gammon! You did it yourself.' So he had, and a good bit of money he had made by it, too; and nobody would ever have found it out if he hadn't been so precious anxious to keep up appearances, that's more!" said Mr. Blathers, putting down his wine-glass, and clinking the handcuffs together.

"Very curious, indeed," observed the doctor. "Now, if you please, you can walk up stairs."

"If you please, sir," returned Mr. Blathers. And, closely following Mr. Losberne, the two officers ascended to Oliver's bedroom, Mr. Giles preceding the party with a lighted candle.

Oliver had been dozing, but looked worse, and was more feverish than he had appeared yet. Being assisted by the doctor, he managed to sit up in bed for a minute or so, and looked at the strangers without at all understanding what was going forward, and, in fact, without seeming to recollect where he was, or what had been passing.

"This," said Mr. Losberne, speaking softly, but with great vehemence notwithstanding, "this is the lad, who, being accidentally wounded by a spring-gun in some boyish trespass on Mr. What-d'ye-call-him's grounds at the back here, comes to the house for assistance this morning, and is immediately laid hold of, and maltreated by that ingenious gentleman with the candle in his hand, who has placed his life in considerable danger, as I can professionally certify."

Messrs. Blathers and Duff looked at Mr. Giles as he was thus recommended to their notice, and the bewildered butler gazed from them towards Oliver, and from Oliver towards Mr. Losberne, with a most ludicrous mixture of fear and perplexity.

"You don't mean to deny that, I suppose?" said the doctor, laying Oliver gently down again.

"It was all done for the—for the best, sir!" answered Giles. "I am sure I thought it was the boy, or I wouldn't have meddled with him. I am not of an inhuman disposition, sir."

"Thought it was what boy?" inquired the senior officer.

"The housebreaker's boy, sir!" replied Giles.

"They—they certainly had a boy."

"Well, do you think so now?" inquired Blathers.

"Think what, now?" replied Giles, looking vacantly at his questioner.

"Think it's the same boy, stupid-head!" rejoined Mr. Blathers impatiently.

"I don't know; I really don't know," said Giles, with a rueful countenance. "I couldn't swear to him."

"What do you think?" asked Mr. Blathers.

"I don't know what to think," replied poor Giles. "I don't think it is the boy; indeed I'm almost certain that it isn't. You know it can't be."

"Has this man been a-drinking, sir?" inquired Blathers, turning to the doctor.

"What a precious muddle-headed chap you are!" said Duff, addressing Mr. Giles with supreme contempt.

Mr. Losberne had been feeling the patient's pulse during this short dialogue; but he now rose from the chair by the bedside, and remarked, that if the officers had any doubts upon the subject they would perhaps like to step into the next room, and have Brittles before them.

Acting upon this suggestion, they accordingly adjourned to a neighbouring apartment, where Mr. Brittles being called in, involved himself and his respected superior in such a wonderful maze of fresh contradictions and impossibilities as tended to throw no particular light upon anything save the fact of his own strong mystification; except, indeed, his declarations that he shouldn't know the real boy if he were put before him that instant; that he had only taken Oliver to be he because Mr. Giles had said he was, and that Mr. Giles had five minutes previously admitted in the kitchen that he began to be very much afraid he had been a little too hasty.

Among other ingenious surmises, the question was then raised whether Mr. Giles had really hit anybody, and upon examination of the fellow pistol to that which he had fired, it turned out to have no more destructive loading than gunpowder and brown paper:—a discovery which made a considerable impression on everybody but the doctor, who had drawn the ball about ten minutes before. Upon no one, however, did it make a greater impression than on Mr. Giles himself, who, after labouring for some hours under the fear of having mortally wounded a fellow-creature, eagerly caught at this new idea, and favoured it to the utmost. Finally, the officers, without troubling themselves very much about Oliver, left the Chertsey constable in the house, and took up their rest for that night in the town, promising to return next morning.

With the next morning there came a rumour that

two men and a boy were in the cage at Kingston, who had been apprehended over-night under suspicious circumstances; and to Kingston Messrs. Blathers and Duff journeyed accordingly. The suspicious circumstances, however, resolving themselves, on investigation, into the one fact that they had been discovered sleeping under a haystack, which, although a great crime, is only punishable by imprisonment, and is, in the merciful eye of the English law, and its comprehensive love of all the King's subjects, held to be no satisfactory proof in the absence of all other evidence, that the sleeper or sleepers have committed burglary accompanied with violence, and have therefore rendered themselves liable to the punishment of death,—Messrs. Blathers and Duff came back again as wise as they went.

In short, after some more examination, and a great deal more conversation, a neighbouring magistrate was readily induced to take the joint bail of Mrs. Maylie and Mr. Losberne for Oliver's appearance if he should ever be called upon; and Blathers and Duff, being rewarded with a couple of guineas, returned to town with divided opinions on the subject of their expedition: the latter gentleman, on a mature consideration of all the circumstances, inclining to the belief that the burglarious attempt had originated with the Family Pet, and the former being equally disposed to concede the full merit of it to the great Mr. Conkey Chickweed.

Meanwhile Oliver gradually throve and prospered under the united care of Mrs. Maylie, Rose, and the kind-hearted Mr. Losberne. If fervent prayers gushing from hearts overcharged with gratitude be heard in heaven,—and if they be not, what prayers are!—the blessings which the orphan child called down upon them, sunk into their souls, diffusing peace and happiness.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

Of the happy life Oliver began to lead with his kind friends.

*Oliver's ailments were neither slight nor few. In addition to the pain and delay attendant upon a broken limb, his exposure to the wet and cold had brought on fever and ague, which hung about him for many weeks, and reduced him sadly. But at length he began by slow degrees to get better, and to be able to say sometimes, in a few tearful words, how deeply he felt the goodness of the two sweet ladies, and how ardently he hoped that when he grew strong and well again he could do something to show his gratitude; only something which would let them see the love and duty with which his breast was full; something, however slight would prove to them that their gentle kindness had not been cast away, but that the poor boy, whom their charity had rescued from misery or death, was eager and anxious to serve them with all his heart and soul.

"Poor fellow!" said Rose, when Oliver had been one day feebly endeavouring to utter the words of thankfulness that rose to his pale lips. "You shall have many opportunities of serving us, if you will. We are going into the country, and my aunt intends that you shall accompany us. The quiet place, the pure air, and all the pleasures and beauties of spring, will restore you in a few days, and we will employ you in a hundred ways when you can bear the trouble."

"The trouble!" cried Oliver. "Oh! dear lady, if I could but work for you,—if I could only give you pleasure by watering your flowers, or watching your birds, or running up and down the whole day long to make you happy, what would I give to do it!"

"You shall give nothing at all," said Miss Maylie smiling; "for, as I told you before, we shall employ you in a hundred ways; and if you only take half the trouble to please us that you promise now, you will make me very happy indeed."

"Happy, ma'am!" cried Oliver: "oh, how kind of you to say so!"

"You will make me happier than I can tell you," replied the young lady. "To think that my dear good aunt should have been the means of rescuing any one from such sad misery as you have described to us, would be an unspeakable pleasure to me; but to know that the object of her goodness and compassion was sincerely grateful and attached in consequence, would delight me more than you can well imagine. Do you understand me?" she inquired, watching Oliver's thoughtful face.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, yes!" replied Oliver eagerly; "but I was thinking that I am ungrateful now."

"To whom?" inquired the young lady.

"To the kind gentleman and the dear old nurse who took so much care of me before," rejoined Oliver. "If they knew how happy I am, they would be pleased, I am sure."

"I am sure they would," rejoined Oliver's benefactress; "and Mr. Losberne has already been kind enough to promise that when you are well enough to bear the journey he will carry you to see them."

"Has, he ma'am!" cried Oliver, his face brightening with pleasure. "I don't know what I shall do for joy when I see their kind faces once again!"

In a short time Oliver was sufficiently recovered to undergo the fatigue of this expedition; and one morning he and Mr. Losberne set out accordingly in a little carriage which belonged to Mrs. Maylie. When they came to Chertsey Bridge, Oliver turned very pale, and uttered a loud exclamation.

"What's the matter with the boy!" cried the doctor, as usual all in a bustle. "Do you see anything—hear anything—feel anything—eh!"

"That, sir," cried Oliver, pointing out of the carriage window. "That house!"

"Yes; well, what of it? Stop, coachman. Pull up here," cried the doctor. "What of the house, my man—eh?"

"The thieves—the house they took me to," whispered Oliver.

"The devil it is!" cried the doctor. "Halloa, there! let me out!" But before the coachman could dismount from his box he had tumbled out of the coach by some means or other, and, running down to the deserted tenement, began kicking at the door like a madman.

"Halloa!" said a little ugly hump-backed man, opening the door so suddenly that the doctor, from the very impetus of his last kick, nearly fell forward into the passage. "What's the matter here?"

"Matter!" exclaimed the other, collaring him without a moment's reflection. "A good deal. Robbery is the matter."

"There 'll be murder too," replied the hump-backed man coolly, "if you don't take your hands off. Do you hear me!"

"I hear you," said the doctor, giving his captive a hearty shake. "Where's—confound the fellow, what's his rascally name—Sikes—that's it. Where's Sikes, you thief!"

The hump-backed man stared as if in excess of amazement and indignation; and, twisting himself dexterously from the doctor's grasp, growled forth a volley of horrid oaths, and retired into the house. Before he could shut the door, however, the doctor had passed into the parlour without a word of parley. He looked anxiously round: not an article of furniture, not a vestige of anything, animate or inanimate, not even the position of the cupboards, answered Oliver's description!

"Now," said the hump-backed man, who had watched him keenly, "what do you mean by coming into my house in this violent way? Do you want to rob me, or to murder me?—which is it?"

"Did you ever know a man come out to do either in a chariot and pair, you ridiculous old vampire?" said the irritable doctor.

"What do you want then?" demanded the hunchback fiercely. "Will you take yourself off before I do you a mischief? curse you!"

"As soon as I think proper," said Mr. Losberne, looking into the other parlour, which, like the first, bore no resemblance whatever to Oliver's account of it. "I shall find you out some day, my friend."

"Will you?" sneered the ill-favoured cripple. "If you ever want me, I'm here. I haven't lived here mad, and all alone, for five-and-twenty years, to be scared by you. You shall pay for this; you shall pay for this." And so saying, the misshapen little demon set up a hideous yell, and danced upon the ground as if frantic with rage.

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"Stupid enough, this," muttered the doctor to himself: 'the boy must have made a mistake. There; put that in your pocket, and shut yourself up again.' With these words he flung the hunchback a piece of money, and returned to the carriage.

The man followed to the chariot door, uttering the wildest imprecations and curses all the way; but as Mr. Losberne turned to speak to the driver, he looked into the carriage, and eyed Oliver for an instant with a glance so sharp and fierce, and at the same time so furious and vindictive, that, waking or sleeping, he could not forget it for months afterwards. He continued to utter the most fearful imprecations until the driver had resumed his seat, and when they were once more on their way, they could see him some distance behind, beating his feet upon the ground, and tearing his hair in transports of frenzied rage.

"I am an ass!" said the doctor after a long silence.

"Did you know that before, Oliver?"

"No, sir."

"Then don't forget it another time."

"An ass," said the doctor again after a further silence of some minutes. "Even if it had been the right place, and the right fellows had been there, what could I have done single-handed? And if I had had assistance, I see no good that I should have done except leading to my own exposure, and an unavoidable statement of the manner in which I have hushed up this business. That would have served me right, though. I am always involving myself in some scrape or other by acting upon these impulses, and it might have done me good."

Now the fact was, that the excellent doctor had never acted upon anything else but impulse all through his life; and it was no bad compliment to the nature of the impulses which governed him, that so far from being involved in any peculiar troubles or misfortunes, he had the warmest respect and esteem of all who knew him. If the truth must be told, he was a little out of temper for a minute or two at being disappointed in procuring corroborative evidence of Oliver's story on the very first occasion on which he had a chance of obtaining any. He soon came round again, however, and finding that Oliver's replies to his questions were still as straight-forward and consistent, and still delivered with as much apparent sincerity and truth, as they had ever been, he made up his mind to attach full credence to them from that time forth.

As Oliver knew the name of the street in which Mr. Brownlow resided, they were enabled to drive straight thither. When the coach turned into it, his heart beat so violently that he could scarcely draw his breath.

"Now, my boy, which house is it!" inquired Mr. Losberne.

"That, that!" replied Oliver, pointing eagerly out of the window. "The white house. Oh! make haste!

Pray make haste! I feel as if I should die: it makes me tremble so."

"Come, come!" said the good doctor, patting him on the shoulder. "You will see them directly, and they will be overjoyed to find you safe and well."

"Oh! I hope so!" cried Oliver. "They were so good to me; so very, very good to me, sir."

The coach rolled on. It stopped. No; that was the wrong house. The next door. It went on a few paces, and stopped again. Oliver looked up at the windows with tears of happy expectation coursing down his face.

Alas! the white house was empty, and there was a bill in the window—"To Let."

"Knock at the next door," cried Mr. Losberne; taking Oliver's arm in his. "What has become of Mr. Brownlow, who used to live in the adjoining house, do you know?"

The servant did not know; but would go and enquire. She presently returned, and said that Mr. Brownlow had sold off his goods, and gone to the West Indies six weeks before. Oliver clasped his hands, and sank feebly backwards.

"Has his housekeeper gone too?" inquired Mr. Losberne, after a moment's pause.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant. "The old gentleman, the housekeeper, and a gentleman, a friend of Mr. Brownlow's, all went together."

"Then turn towards home again," said Mr. Losberne to the driver, "and don't stop to bait the horse till you get out of this confounded London!"

"The book-stall keeper, sir!" said Oliver. "I know the way there. See him, pray sir! Do see him!"

"My poor boy, this is disappointment enough for one day," said the doctor. "Quite enough for both of us. If we go to the book-stall keeper's we shall certainly find that he is dead, or has set his house on fire, or run away. No; home again straight!" And, in obedience to the doctor's first impulse, home they went.

This bitter disappointment caused Oliver much sorrow and grief even in the midst of his happiness; for he had pleased himself many times during his illness with thinking of all that Mr. Brownlow and Mrs. Bedwin would say to him, and what delight it would be to tell them how many long days and nights he had passed in reflecting upon what they had done for him, and bewailing their cruel separation. The hope of eventually clearing himself with them, too, and explaining how he had been forced away, had buoyed him up and sustained him under many of his recent trials; and now the idea that they should have gone so far, and carried with them the belief that he was an impostor and robber,—a belief which might remain uncontradicted to his dying day,—was almost more than he could bear.

The circumstance occasioned no alteration, however, in the behaviour of his benefactors. After another fortnight, when the fine warm weather had fairly begun, and every tree and flower was putting forth its young leaves and rich blossoms, they made preparations for quitting the house at Chertsey for some months. Sending the plate which had so excited the Jew's cupidity to the banker's, and leaving Giles and another servant in care of the house, they departed for a cottage some distance in the country, and took Oliver with them.

Who can describe the pleasure and delight, the peace of mind and soft tranquillity, which the sickly boy felt in the balmy air, and among the green hills and rich woods of an inland village! Who can tell how scenes of peace and quietude sink into the minds of pain-worn dwellers in close and noisy places, and carry their own freshness deep into their jaded hearts! Men who have lived in crowded pent-up streets, through whole lives of toil, and never wished for change; men to whom custom has indeed been second nature, and who have come almost to love each brick and stone that formed the narrow boundaries of their daily walks—even they with the hand of death upon them, have been known to yearn at last for one short glimpse of Nature's face, and carried far from the scenes of their old pains and pleasures, have seemed to pass at once into a new state of being, and crawling forth from day to day to some green sunny spot, have had such memories awakened up within them by the mere sight of sky, and hill, and plain, and glistening water, that a foretaste of Heaven itself has soothed their quick decline, and they have sunk into their tombs as peacefully as the sun, whose setting they watched from their lonely chamber window but a few hours before, faded from their dim and feeble sight! The memories which peaceful country scenes call up, are not of this world, or of its thoughts or hopes. Their gentle influence may teach us to weave fresh garlands for the graves of those we loved, may purify our thoughts, and bear down before it old enmity and hatred; but, beneath all this there lingers in the least reflective mind a vague and half-formed consciousness of having held such feelings long before in some remote and distant time, which calls up solemn thoughts of distant times to come, and bends down pride and worldliness beneath it.

It was a lovely spot to which they repaired, and Oliver, whose days had been spent among squallid crowds, and in the midst of noise and brawling, seemed to enter upon a new existence there. The rose and honeysuckle clung to the cottage walls, the ivy crept round the trunks of the trees, and the garden-flowers perfumed the air with delicious odours. Hard by, was a little churchyard: not crowded with tall, unsightly grave-stones, but full of humble mounds covered with fresh

turf and moss, beneath which the old people of the village lay at rest. Oliver often wandered here and thinking of the wretched grave in which his mother lay, would sometimes sit him down and sob unseen; but, as he raised his eyes to the deep sky overhead, he would cease to think of her as lying in the ground, and weep for her sadly, but without pain.

It was a happy time. The days were peaceful and serene, and the nights brought with them no fear or care, no languishing in a wretched prison, or associating with wretched men: nothing but pleasant and happy thoughts. Every morning he went to a white-headed old gentleman, who lived near the little church, who taught him to read better and to write, and spoke so kindly, and took such pains, that Oliver could never try enough to please him. Then he would walk with Mrs. Maylie and Rose, and hear them talk of books or perhaps sit near them in some shady place, and listen whilst the young lady read, which he could have done till it grew too dark to see the letters. Then he had his own lessons for the next day to prepare, and at this he would work hard in a little room which looked into the garden, till evening came slowly on, when the ladies would walk out again, and he with them: listening with such pleasure to all they said, and so happy if they wanted a flower that he could climb to reach, or had forgotten anything he could run to fetch, that he could never be quick enough about it. When it became quite dark, and they returned home the young lady would sit down to the piano, and play some melancholy air, or sing in a low and gentle voice some old song which it pleased her aunt to hear. There would be no candles at such times as these, and Oliver would sit by one of the windows, listening to the sweet music, while tears of tranquil joy stole down his face.

And, when Sunday came, how differently the day was spent from any manner in which he had ever spent it yet! and how happily, too, like all the other days in that most happy time! There was the little church in the morning, with the green leaves fluttering at the windows, the birds singing without, and the sweet-smelling air stealing in at the low porch, and filling the homely building with its fragrance. The poor people were so neat and clean, and knelt so reverently in prayer, that it seemed a pleasure, not a tedious duty, their assembling there together; and, though the singing might be rude, it was real, and sounded more musical (to Oliver's ears at least) than any he had ever heard in church before. Then there were the walks as usual, and many calls at the clean houses of the labouring men; and at night Oliver read a chapter or two from the Bible, which he had been studying all the week, and in the performance of which duty he felt more proud and pleased than if he had been the clergyman himself.

In the morning Oliver would be a-foot by six o'clock, roaming the fields and surveying the hedges far and wide, for nosegays of wild flowers, with which he would return laden home, and which it took great care and consideration to arrange to the best advantage for the embellishment of the breakfast table. There was fresh groundsel, too, for Miss Maylie's birds, with which Oliver,—who had been studying the subject under the able tuition of the village clerk,—would decorate the cages in the most approved taste. When the birds were made all spruce and smart for the day, there was usually some little commission of charity to execute in the village, or failing that, there was always something to do in the garden, or about the plants to which Oliver—who had studied this science also under the same master, who was a gardener by trade, applied himself with hearty good-will till Miss Rose made her appearance, when there were a thousand commendations to be bestowed upon all he had done, for which one of those light-hearted beautiful smiles was an ample recompense.

So three months glided away; three months which, in the life of the most blessed and favoured of mortals, would have been unmixed happiness; but which, in Oliver's troubled and clouded dawn, were fecility indeed. With the purest and most amiable generosity on one side, and the truest, and warmest, and most soul-felt gratitude on the other, it is no wonder that, by the end of that short time, Oliver Twist had become completely domesticated with the old lady and her niece, and that the fervent attachment of his young and sensitive heart was repaid by their pride in, and attachment to himself.

JACK AMONG THE MUMMIES.

From Nights at Sea, in Bentley's Miscellany.

(WITH AN ENGRAVING.)

'To my thinking, she's a treasure-craft laden with mummies.'

'Did you ever fall athwart any o' them there hanimals, Bob?' inquired Joe Nighthead.

'What hanimals do you mean, Joe?' returned Martingal. 'For my part, I've seen a little somut of everything.'

'I means the mummies,' replied Joe, as he squatted down in amidships just before the foremast, in preparation for a yarn, and was soon surrounded by the rest;—'I means the mummies, my boyo.'

'No; can't say as I have,' answered Bob; 'though I've heard somut about 'em, too:—what rig are they?'

'Why, for the matter o' that,' said Joe, laughing, 'they're broom-stick-rig as soon as they makes a brush of it; but I'm blow'd if I hadn't onest as pretty a spree

with a whole fleet of mummies as ever any man could fall aboard of in this world, or t'other either.'

'What was it, Joe?' asked the boatswain's mate eagerly. 'Pay it out handsomely, messmate; but don't pitch us any of Bob's devil's consarns;—let's have it all truth and honesty.'

'I'd scorn to deceive *you*, Jack, or anybody else o' my shipmates wot's seamen,' responded Joe reproachfully. 'It's all as true as the skipper's a lord, and looks, alongside o' Johnny Cropoh there, like a man alongside of a— But, there,—it arn't honourable to make delusions; and so, shipmates, here goes for a yarn. I was coxswain in the pinnace of the ould Ajax, the Honourable Captain Cochrane, at that 'ere time when Sir Richard Bickerton took command of the fleet, and a flotilla was employed in co-operating with the troops again' Alexandria. Well, shipmates, I was always fond of a bit of gab; and so, the night we lay at a grapplin', waiting for daylight to begin the attack, my officer gets to talking about the place, and what a grand consarn it was in former days for gould and jewels, and sich like; and thinks I to myself, mayhap the Lords of the Admiralty will take all that 'ere into account in regard o' the prize-money: and then he overhauls a good deal about the hobbylicks and Clipsypaddyree's Needle, and what not, that I'm blow'd if it didn't quite bamfoozle my larning. Well, we'd four or five days' hard work in the fighting way, and then there was a truce, and my officer run the pinnace aboard of a French prize laden with wine and brandy; so we starts the water out of one of the breakers and fills it with the real stuff, and I man-handled a pair of sodgers' canteens chock-full; and the prize master, Muster Handsail, an old shipmate of mine, gives me a two-gallon keg to my own cheek, and I stows 'em all snug and safe abaft in the box, and kivers 'em up with my jacket to keep 'em warm. Well, it was just getting dusk in the evening when the skipper claps us alongside, and orders the leftenant to land me well up the lake, so as I might carry a letter from him across to a shore party as manned one of the heavy batteries away inland, at the back of the town.

'Now, in course, shipmates, I warn't by no manner o' means piping my eye to get a cruise on *terror firmer*, seeing as mayhap I might chance to pick up some 'o' the wee things aboot the decks' as likely wud get me a bottle o' rum in England,—for my thoughts kept running on the gould and jewels the leftenant spun the yarn about, and I'd taken a pretty good whack of brandy aboard the prize, though I warn't not in the least tosticated, but ounly a little helevated, just enough to make me walk steady and comfortable. So we run the boat's nose on to the beach, and I catches up my jacket and my canteens, leaving the keg to the marcy of Providence, and strongly dubersome in my

mind that I had bid it an eternal farewell. Howsom-ever, I shines away with my two canteens filled chock ablock; and 'Bear a hand, Joe!' says the leftenant, 'though I'm blessed if I know what course you're to take, seeing as it's getting as dark as a black fellow's phisog.'—'Never fear, yer honour,' says I; 'ounly let me catch sight o' Clipsypaddyree's Needle for a landmark, and I'm darned if I won't find myself somewhere, anyhow;' and away I starts, shipmates, hand over hand, happy go lucky—all's one to Joe! But it got darker and darker, and the wind came down in sudden gusts, like a marmaid a-sighing; so, to clear my eyes, and keep all square, I was in course compelled to take a nip every now and then out of the canteen, till at last it got so dark, and the breeze freshened into a stiff gale, that the more I took to lighten my way and enable me to steer a straight course, I'm blessed, shipmates, if I didn't grow more dizzy; and as for my headway, why, I believes I headed to every point in the compass:—it was the dark night and the cowl'd breeze as did it, messmates.'

'No doubt in the world on it, Joe,' assented Jack Sheavehole; 'for if anything could have kept you in good sailing trim, it was the brandy, and the more especially in token o' your drinking it neat;—them dark nights do play the very devil with a fellow's reckoning ashore, in regard of the course and distance, and makes him as apt to steer wild, like a hog in a squall.'

'You're right, Jack,' continued Nighthead; 'and anybody as hears you, may know you speaks from experience o' the thing. Howsom-ever, there I was,—not a sparkler abroad in the heavens, not a beacon to log my bearings by; and, as I said afore, there I was in a sort of no-man's-land, backing and filling to drop clear of shoals, sometimes just at touch-and-go, and then brought-up all standing, like a haystack a-privateering. At last the weather got into a down-right passion, with thunder, lightning, and hail; and 'I'm blessed, Joe,' says I to myself, 'if snug moorings under some kiver or other, if it's ounly a strip o' buntin', wouldn't be wastly superior to this here!' But there was no roadstead nor place of shelter, and the way got more rougher and rougher, in regard o' the wrecks of ould walls and ould buildings, till I'm blessed if I didn't think I was getting into the latitude and longitude of the dominions of the 'long-shore Davy Jones.'

'My eyes, Joe!' exclaimed Martingal, replenishing his quid from an ample 'bacca' box, 'but you was hard up, my boy!'

'Indeed and I was, Bob,' responded the other; 'and I'm blowed if every thing as I seed about me didn't begin to dance jigs and hornpipes to the whistling of the wind, that I thought all manner of bedevilment had come over me, and so I tries to dance too, to keep

'em company. But it wouldn't do, shipmates, and I capsizes in a sudden squall, and down I went, head-foremost.'

'It's precious bad work that, Joe,' said the old boat-swain's mate, shaking his head. 'A fellow in an open sea may do somut to claw to wind'ard; but when you're dead upon a lee-shore, it's time to look for your bag. But what did you do, Joe?'

'Why, what could I do, shipmate, but to take another nip at the canteen,' responded Joe; 'it was all I had in life to hould on by, with a heavy gale strong enough to blow the devil's horns off, and the breakers all round me: my eyes! but it was a reg'lar sneezer. 'Howsomever,' thinks I, 'it won't do, Joe, to be hove down here for a full due—you must at it again, ould chap; and so I tries to make sail again, and heaves ahead a few fathoms, when down I comes again into a deep hole, and, before you could say Jack Robison, I'm blow'd if I warn't right slap in the middle of a large underground wault, where there was a company o' genelmen stuck up in niches, and peeping over mummy-cases, with great candles in their hands; and in other respects looking for all the world like the forty thieves as I once seed at the play, peeping out of their oil-jars; and there was a scuffling and scrimmaging at t'other eend o' the wault: and, 'Yo hoy!' says I, 'what cheer—what cheer, my hearties!' but not nobody never spoke, and the genelmen in the niches seemed to my thinking to be all groggy, and I'm blessed if ever I seed sich a set o' baboon-visaged fellows in all my days. 'Better luck to us, genelmen,' says I, filling my tot and taking a dram; but not a man on 'em answered. 'Pretty grave messmates I've got,' says I; 'but mayhap you don't hail as messmates, seeing as you arn't yet had a taste o' the stuff. Come, my hearties, I'll pipe to grog, and then I'll sarve it out all ship-shape to any on you as likes.' So I gives a chirp, and 'Grog ahoy!' sings I. Well, shipmates, I'm blessed if one on 'em didn't come down from the far eend o' the wault, and claps me alongside as I was sitting on the ground, and he takes hould o' the tot, knocks his head at me, as much as to say, 'All in good fellowship,' and down went the stuff through a pair o' leather lips in the twinkling of a handspik. 'All right, my hearty,' says I, filling the tot again: 'is there any more on you to chime in?'—'Sailor,' says he, in a voice that seemed to come from a fathom and a half down underneath him, for I'm blowed, messmates, if his lips ever moved;—'sailor, you must get out o' this,' says he.—'Lord love your heart,' says I, 'the thing's onpossible; you wouldn't have the conscience to make an honest tar cut and run in sich a rough night as this here.'—'We arn't never got no consciences,' says he; 'we're all dead.'—'Dead!' says I laughing, though, messmates, I own I was a bit flusticated; 'dead!' says I; 'that's gammon you're pitching, and I think it's

hardly civil on you to try and bamboxter me arter that fashion. Why, didn't I see you myself just now when you spliced the main brace!—dead men don't drink brandy.'—'We're privileged,' sings out a little cock-eyed fellow up in one o' the niches; 'we're the ould ancient kings of Egypt and I'm Fairer.'—'If there warn't many more fairer nor you,' says I, 'you'd be a cursed ugly set, saving your majesty's presence,' for I thought it best to be civil, Jack, seeing as I had got jammed in with such outlandish company, and not knowing what other privileges they might have had sarved out to 'em besides swallowing brandy. 'Will your majesty like just to take a lime-burner's twist, by way of warming your stumack a bit, and fumigating your hould?' says I, as I poured out the stuff.—'Give it to King Herod, as is moored alongside of you,' says he, 'and keep your thumb out of the measure; for, shipmates, I'd shoved in my thumb pretty deep, by way of lengthening out the grog, and getting a better allowance of plush. How the ould chap came to observe it, I don't know, unless it was another of their privileges to be up to everything. 'Keep your thumb out!' says he.—'All right, your honour,' says I, handing the little ould fellow the tot; and he nipped it up, and knocked off the stuff in a moment. And 'Pray,' says I, 'may I make bould to ax your honour how long you've been dead?'—'About two thousand years,' says he: and, 'My eyes!' thinks I, 'but you're d—d small for your age.' 'But, sailor,' says he, 'what brought you here?'—'My legs, your honour,' says I, 'brought me as far as the hatchway; but I'm blowed if I didn't come down by the run into this here consarn.'—'You mustn't stop here, sailor,' says he, '—that's King Herod,—you can have no business with us, seeing as we're all mummies.'—'All what?' says I, 'all dummies?' for I didn't catch very clearly what he said; 'all dummies?' says I. 'Well, I'm bless'd if I didn't think so!'—'No, no! mummies,' says he again, rather cantankerously; 'not dummies, for we can all talk.'—'Mayhap so, your majesty,' says I, arter taking another bite of the cherry, and handing him a third full tot, taking precious good care to keep my thumb out this time: 'but what am I to rouse out for? It ud take more tackles than one to stir Joe Nighthead from this. I'm in the ground-tier,' says I, 'and amongst all your privileges, though you clap luff upon luff, one live British tar, at a purchase, is worth a thousand dead kings, any day.'—'Haugh!' says he, as he smacked his leather lips, and the noise was just like a breeze making a short board through a hole in a pair of bellows; 'Haugh!' says he, as soon as he'd bolted the licker, 'it doesn't rest with us, my man: as mummies, we're privileged against all kinds of spirits.'—'Except brandy,' says I.—'I means evil spirits,' says he: 'but if the devil should come his rounds, and find you here upon his own cruising-ground, he'd pick you up and make a prize of you to a sartinty.'

—'D—the devil!' says I, as bould as a lion, for I warn't a-going to let the ould fellow think I was afeard of Davy Jones, though I was hard and fast ashore; and 'D—the devil,' says I, 'axing your majesty's pardon; the wagabone has got no call to me, seeing as I'm an honest man; and an honest man's son as defies him.' Well, shipmates, I had my head turned round a little, and something fetches me a crack in the ear, that made all sneer again, and 'Yo hoy! your majesty,' says I; 'just keep your fingers to yourself, if you please.'—'I never touched you,' says he; 'but there's one close to you as I can see, though you can't.'—'Gammon!' says I; 'as if your dead-eyes were better than my top-lights.'—But, shipmates, at that moment somut whispers to me,—for may I be rammed and jammed into a penny cannon if I seed anything; but somut whispers to me, Joe Nighthead, I'm here over your shoulder.'—'That's my name all reg'lar enough, whatever ship's books you got it from,' says I: 'But who the blazes are you that's not nothing more than a voice and no-body?'—'You knows well enough who I am,' says the whisper again; 'and I tell you what it is, Joe, I've got a job for you to do.'—'Show me your phisog first,' 'or I'm blow'd if I've anything whasomever to say to you. If you are the underground Davy Jones, it's all according to natur, mayhap; but I never signs articles unless I knows the owners.'—'But you *do* know me, Joe,' says the voice, that warn't more nor half a voice neither, in regard of its being more like the sigh of a periwinkle, or the groan of an oyster.—'Not a bit of it,' says I; for though I sukspected, shipmates, who the beggar was, yet I warn't going to let him log it down again me without having hoclar proof, so 'Not a bit of it,' says I; 'but if you wants me to do anything in all honour and wartue,'—you see, Jack, I didn't forget wartue, well knowing that when the devil baits his hook he claps a 'skylark' on to the end of it; so, 'all in honour and wartue,' says I, 'and Joe's your man.'—'Do you know who's alongside of you?' says the voice.—'Why, not disectly,' says I: 'he calls himself King Herod; but it's as likely he may be Billy Pitt, for anything I knows to the contrary.'—'It is King Herod,' says the whisper again; 'the fellow who killed all the Innocents.'—'What innocents!' axes I, seeing as I didn't foregather upon his meaning.—'The innocent babbies,' says the voice; 'he killed them all, and now he's got a cruising commission to keep me out o' my just rights, and I daren't attack him down below here.'—'The ould cannibal!' says I: 'what! murder babbies?—then I'm blowed if he gets a drop more out of my canteen.'—'Who's that you're meaning on?' says King Herod; 'who isn't to get another taste?'—'Not nobody as consarns you, your honour,' answers I, for I didn't like to open my broadside upon him, in regard of not knowing but he might have a privilege to man-handle me again.—'I think you meant me,' says he; 'but if you didn't,

prove the truth on it by handing me over a full gill.' Well, shipmates, that was bringing the thing to the pint, and it put me into a sort of quandary; but 'All in course, your honour,' says I; 'but I'm saying, your majesty, you arn't never got sich a thing as a bite o' pigtail about you—have you? seeing as I lost my chaw and my 'bacca-box in the gale—hove overboard to lighten ship.'—'Yes, I can, my man—some real Wirginny,' says the king.

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the sergeant of marines; 'go it, Joe;—you'll rival Tom Pepper presently. Why, Virginia is only a late discovery; such a place wasn't known in the days of Herod, nor tobacco either.'

'To my thinking it's wery hodd, Muster Jolly, that you should shove your oar in where it arn't wanted,' muttered Joe. 'Why!—couldn't they have a Wirginny in Egypt? and as for the 'bacca, I'm blowed if I don't vouch for the truth on it, for out his majesty lugs a box as big round in dameter as the top of a scuttle-butt, and, knocking off the lid, 'There's some of the best as ever was manyfacter'd,' says he. 'I loves a chaw myself, and there's nothing whasomever as 'ull beat the best pound pig-tail.'—'Sartinly not, in course, your honour, says I; 'but I'm blest if it doesn't double upon my calculations o' things to think how your majesty, who ought to be in *quod* in t'other world, should take your *quid* in this.'—'We're privileged, my man, says he; 'we're privileged and allowed to take anything, in reason,' and he fixed his glazed eyes with a 'ticing look at the canteen. 'You know,' says he, 'that it's an ould saying aboard, 'the purser makes dead men chaw tobacco.' Well, shipmates, that was a clencher in the way of hargyfication that brought me up all standing; so I hands King Herod the tot again, and I rouses out a long scope of pig-tail out o' the box, and takes another nip at the brandy.—'You won't do it, then, Joe,' says the whisper t'other side of me.—'What is it!' axes I.—'The best pound pigtail,' says King Herod, as if he thought I was speaking to him.—'It's ounly to borrow one of these here mummies for me for about half an hour,' says the voice.—'Which on 'em?' says I.—'This here in the box,' says King Herod. 'Why, I'm thinking your brains are getting all becalmed.' And so they was, shipmates; for, what with the voice at one ear that I couldn't see, and his majesty at the other, who often doubled himself into two or three, I'm blowed if I warn't reg'larly bamboozled in my upper works.'

'You was drunk, Joe,' said the sergeant of marines; 'it's very evident you was *non compos mentis*.'

'And, what if I hadn't a nun compass to steer by?' replied Joe angrily, 'is that any reason I should be tosticated? I tell you I warn't drunk, in regard o' the full allowance o' brandy I stowed in my hould to keep me steady and sober. Ax Jack there if it's any way likely I should be drunk.'

'It stands to reason, not,' argued Jack Sheavehole, 'or, what's the use of a fellow having the stuff sarved out at all! Short allowance only brings a mist afore the eyes and circumpollygates the head till everything looms, like Beachy in a fog. But when you've your full whack, it clears the daylight, cherishes the cockles o' your heart, and makes you more handy, 'cause you often sees two first lieutenants where there's oonly one.'

'Dat berry true, massa Jack,' said Mungo Pearl; 'me al'ays sweep de deck more clean when me tink me hab two broom in me hand.'

'In course,' continued Joe, more soothed: 'none but a Jolly would go to say anything again it, or doubt the woracity o' the thing. Well, shipmates, to heave ahead, I'm saying I was reg'larly bamblustereated when one of the genelman up in the niches squeaks out, 'King Herod, I'll just thank you for a thimble-full of the stuff.'

'Did he say 'a thimble-full?' inquired Sam Slick, the tailor. 'It couldn't be a professional thimble, then, for they never has no tops to 'em. It shows, however, the antickity of thimbles; though I thought they never had any use for them in those days.'

'And why not you lubber?' asked Bob Martingale.

'Simply because their garments were not sewed together as they are in the present day,' answered the tailor.

'Tell that to the marines, Sam,' said the boatswain's mate; 'why what was Clipspaddyree's needle for, eh? But, get on, Joe; there's no convincing such ignoram-asses.'

'Ay, ay, messmate!' uttered Joe. 'Well,' says the genelman in the niche, 'I'll thank you for a thimbleful of that 'ere stuff.'—'With all the pleasure in life, your honour,' says I as I filled up the tot, and was going to carry it to him, but—'Give it to me, I'll take it,' says King Herod; and up he gets,—my eyes! I never seed such a queer little culd chap in all my life!—and off he bolts to t'other mummy, steering precious wild, by the way; and he tips him the *likser wiley*, and then back again he comes, and brings up in his culd anchorage. 'May I make bould to ax your majesty,' says I, 'what the name o' that genelman is as you've just sarved out the stuff to?'—'He's not a genelman, not by no manner o' means,' says he, 'in regard of his being a king.'—'And King who?' axes I.—'You're werry quizative, Muster Sailor,' says he; 'but it's in the natur o' things to want to know your company. That's King Hangabull.'—'And a devilish queer name, too,' says I, 'for a fellow to turn into his hammock with. Is he of Irish distraction?'—'His mother was an Irishman,' says the king, 'and his father came out of a Cartridge.'—'And a pretty breed they'd make of it,' says I, 'somut atwixt a salt cod and a marmaid.'—'Will you steal me a mummy?' comes the whisper again; 'you'd better, Joe.'—'No

threats, if you please,' says I.—'I never threatened you,' says the king, who thought I was directing my discourse to him; 'but, sailor, I must call over all their names now to see there's none absent without leave,'—and I'm blow'd if he didn't begin with King Fairer; but there was a whole fleet of King Fairers and King Rabshakers, and King Dollyme, and ever so many more, every one answering muster, as if it had been a rope-yarn Sunday for a clean shirt and a shave, till at last I got fairly fozzled, and hove down on my beam-ends as fast asleep as a parish-clerk in sermon time.'

'A pretty yarn you're spinning there, Mister Joe,' said old Savage, who it was evident had been listening,—as he had often done both before and since he mounted his uniform coat:—'A pretty yarn you're spinning. I wonder you arn't afraid to pay out the slack o' your lies in that fashion.'

'It's all true as Gospel; Muster Savage,' responded Joe: 'I seed it, and suffered it myself, and afore I dropped asleep—'Mayhap,' thinks I, 'if I could steal a mummy for myself to give to my ould mother, it 'ud be a reg'lar fortin to her,—dead two thousand years, and yet drink brandy and chaw tobacco!' So I sleeps pretty sound, though for how many bells I'm blessed if I can tell; but I was waked up by a raking fire abaft, that warmed my starn, and I sits upright to clear my eyes of the spray, and there laid King Herod alongside of me, with one of the canteens as a pillow, and all the ould chaps had come down out o' their niches, and formed a complete circle round us, that made me fancy all sorts of conjuration and bedevilment; so I jumps up on to my feet, and lets fly my broadsides to starboard and port, now and then throwing out a long shot ahead, and occasionally discharging my starn chasers abaft till I'd floored all the mummies, and the whole place wrung with shouts of laughter, though not a living soul could I see, nor dead uns either,—seeing as they'd nothing but bodies. Well, shipmates, if the thought didn't come over me again about bolting with one on 'em, and so I catches up King Herod, and away I starts up some steps,—for the moon had got the watch on deck by that time, and showed her commodore's light to make every thing plain:—Away I starts with King Herod, who began to hollow out like fun, 'Stop—stop, sailor! stop!—where are you going to take me? I'm Corporal Stunt.'—'Corporal H—!' says I, 'you arn't going to do me in that way,—you said yourself you was King Herod.'—'It was all a trick,' says he, again, kicking and sputtering like blazes; 'I'm not King Herod, I'm oonly Corporal Stunt,' says he.—'That be d—;' says I, 'you're convicted by your own mouth. And didn't the voice tell me you was the barbarous blaggard as murdered the babbies!'—'Yes,—yes; but I did it myself,' says he.—'I know you did,' says I, fetchin' him a poke in the ribs,—for, shipmates, I made sure he warn't pri-

vileged above ground,—‘I know you did,’ says I, ‘and I’m blessed if the first lieutenant shan’t bring you to the gangway for it!’ And then he shouts out, and I hears the sound of feet astarn coming up in chase, and I carries on a taut press, till I catches sight of Clip-sypaddyree’s needle, that sarved me for a beacon, and I hears the whole fleet of mummies come ‘pad-pad’ in my wake, and hailing from their leather-lungs, ‘Stop, sailor—stop!’ but I know’d a trick worth two of that, shipmates; so I made more sail, and the little ould chap tries to shift ballast so as to bring me down by the head; but it wouldn’t do, and he kept crying out, ‘Let me down! pray let me go, I’m ounly Corporal Stunt!’—‘Corporal Stunt or Corporal Devil,’ says I, giving him another punch to keep him quiet; ‘I knows who you are, and I’m blessed if the ould woman shan’t have you packed up in a glass cage for a show! you shall have plenty o’ pigtail and brandy:’ and on I carries, every stitch set, and rattling along at a ten-knot pace, afeard o’ nothing but their sending a handful o’ monyments arter me from their bow-chasers, that might damage some of my spars. At last I makes out the battery, and bore up for the entrance, when one of the sodgers, as was sentry, hails, ‘Who goes there?’—‘No—no!’ says I, seeing as I warn’t even a petty officer.—‘That won’t do,’ says the sodger; ‘you must give the countersign.’—‘What the blazes should I know about them there things?’ axes I, ‘you may see I’m a blue-jacket.’—‘You can’t pass without the countersign,’ says he.—‘That be d—d!’ says I, ‘arn’t I got King Herod here! and arn’t there King Fairer, and King Dollyme, and King Hangabull, and a whole fleet more on ‘em in chase!’ says I.—‘Oh, Tom Morris, is that you?’ says King Herod.—‘Yes,’ says the sentry; ‘why, I say, sailor, you’ve got hould o’ the corporal!’—‘Tell that to the marines,’ says I, ‘for I knows well enough who he is, and so shall my ould mother when I gets him home! But, I’m blessed, but here they come!’ and, shipmates, I heard ‘em quite plain close aboard o’ me, so that it was all my eye to be backing and filling palavering there afore the sentry, and get captured, and with that I knocks him down with King Herod, and in I bolts with my prize right into the officer’s quarters. ‘Halloo! who the devil have we got here!’ shouts the lieutenant, starting up from his cot.—‘It’s not the devil, your honour,’ says I, ‘not by no manner o’ means; it’s Joe Nighthead, and King Herod,’ and I pitches the wagabone upright on to his lower stancheons afore the officer.—‘There, your majesty,’ says I, ‘now speak for yourself.’—‘Majesty!’ says the lieutenant, onshipping the ould fellow’s turban and overhauling his face,—‘majesty!’ why, it’s the corporal—Corporal Stunt; and pray, Muster Corporal, what cruise have you been on to-night!’—and then there was the clattering of feet in the battery, and, ‘Here they all are, your honour!’ says

I, ‘all the ould ancient kings of Egypt as are rigged out for mummies. My eyes, take care o’ the grog bottles, for them fellows are the very devil’s own at a dram! Stand by, your honour! there’s King Dollyme and all on ‘em close aboard of us! but, I’m blowed if I don’t floor some on ‘em again as I did in the vault!’ Well, messmates, in they came; but, instead of mummies in their oil jars, I’m bless’d if they warn’t rigged out like sodger officers, and they stood laughing at me ready to split their sides when they saw me squaring away my yards all clear for action.’

‘But, what was they, Joe!’ inquired the boatswain’s mate, ‘they must have shifted their rigging pretty quick.’

‘I think I can explain it all,’ said the sergeant, laughing heartily, ‘for I happened to be there at the time, though I had no idea that our friend Joe here was the man we played the trick on.’

‘Just mind how you shapes your course, Muster Sergeant!’ exclaimed Joe, angrily. ‘I’d ounly give you one piece of good advice,—don’t be falling athwart my hawse, or mayhap you may wish yourself out o’ this.’

‘Don’t be testy, Joe,’ said the sergeant, ‘on my honour I’ll tell you the truth. Shipmates, the facts are these:—I belonged to the party in the battery, and went with some of the officers to explore a burial-ground, not without hopes of picking up a prize or two, as the report was that the mummies had plates of gold on their breasts. Corporal Stunt went with us; and, when we got to the place we lighted torches and commenced examination, but, if they ever had any gold about them the French had been there before us, for we found none. Whilst we were exploring, a storm came on, and not being able to leave the vault the officers dressed Stunt up in some of the cerements that had been unrolled from the mummies by way of amusement, little expecting the fun that it was afterward to produce. When Joe came in as he has described, we all hid ourselves, and, if truth must be spoken, he was more than half sprung.’ Joe grumbled out an expletive. ‘Stunt went to him, and we had as fine a piece of pantomime—’

‘Panter what!’ uttered Joe, with vehemence, ‘there’s no such rope in the top, you lubber! and arter all you can say I werily believes it wur King Herod; but, you see, messmates, what with running so hard, and what with losing my canteens, I got dumbfounded all at once, and then they claps me in limbo for knocking down the sentry.’

‘And the officers begged you off,’ said the sergeant, ‘on account of the fun they’d enjoyed, and you was sent away on board, to keep you out of further mischief, Joe, and to prevent your going a mummy-hunting again. As for Corporal Stunt—’

‘Corporal D—n!’ exclaimed Joe in a rage, ‘it’s all gammon about your Corporal Stunt; and in regard o’



Joe Nighthead and the Mummies.





Master Bates explains a professional technicality.



the matter o' that, what have you got to say in disputation o' the voice? There I has you snug enough anyhow; there was no mistake about the voice,' and Joe chuckled with pleasure at what he deemed unanswerable evidence in his favour.

'It may be accounted for in the most sensible way imaginable,' said the sergeant; 'Corporal Stunt was what they call a ventriloquist.'

'More gammon!' says Joe; 'and, what's a ventriloquist, I should like to know; and how came the mummies to muster out of their niches when I woke?'

'We placed them there whilst you were asleep,' replied the sergeant, 'and, as for Stunt, he was as drunk and drowsy as yourself.'

'Ay,—ay, sergeant!' said Joe, affecting to laugh, 'it's all very well what you're overhauling upon, but I'm blessed if you'll ever make me log that ere down about Corporal Stunt and the ventriller consarn. I only wish I had the canteens now.'

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE COMPACT.

"Truth is stranger! stranger far than fiction!"

The night was already far advanced, and still the officers of an Austrian regiment of Hussars sat round their table in Vienna, apparently with the same uncourteous determination as the one thus expressed in an old Scotch song:—

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my troth she'll wait a wee."

And certainly, judging from the appearance of things, she was likely to wait for their departure rather longer than would have been consistent with her duties to the rest of the world.

The party consisted of nine persons, most of them being in the very prime of manhood, although there were two or three among them who could scarcely have reached that age when men are *supposed* to be able to act discreetly for themselves: all, however, seemed perfectly on an equality, and all (even if not at that moment seen to the best advantage) presented those undeviating marks of gentle birth and high breeding which are never to be mistaken, and, which, when added to the manly bearing of the accomplished soldier, constitute, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of the '*Genus Homo*.'

The room in which they were assembled was of an oblong shape, and although the furniture it contained had prematurely lost much of its original freshness and beauty, by reason of the rude treatment to which it had

been subjected, it still bore the marks of former elegance: the red damask curtains which fell in heavy folds over every window from the tarnished beak of the gilded eagle which surmounted them, *might* have been cleaner, and more neatly arranged! the rich Turkey carpet (itself a luxury in those parts), though it only covered a small space in the centre of the room, was soiled with stains which the ill-natured might have hinted to be those of wine, whilst the portrait of a great statesman, which hung over the fireplace, had become so clouded and dingy as to render the lineaments as difficult to discern, as his own dark and mysterious policy. Bottles of various shapes and sizes occupied the table where several empty ones, as though in illustration of the effects which they produce, were lying prostrate, and only prevented from rolling unheeded away from a scene in which they were now neither useful nor ornamental, by having come in contact with the decanters and claret jugs that stood in their way: there were the red wines of Burgundy and Bordeaux, together with those which are the delicious produce of the vineyards that border the Rhine; and their tapering, long-necked bottles, with corks three inches in length, formed a curious contrast with those stunted, square-shaped phials, which, being twisted round with straw, might be supposed to contain the perfumed '*Maraschino di Zara*,' or some of those hundred-and-one kinds of '*Chasse Crû*,' for the manufacture of which the French are so deservedly famous. A few small dishes of dried fruits were also scattered over the table, but at such long distances, that it appeared as though the strong light that emanated from the richly cut chandelier which hung from the ceiling was not sufficient to allow of their being noticed amid the crowd of bottles which surrounded them, and which, in fact, seemed to have entirely monopolised the attention of those who sat at the feast.

The individuals in question appeared, however, to have a very good idea of enjoying themselves, and to be not often in the habit of refusing, for mere form's sake, anything that might contribute to their creature comforts; as certainly the singularity of their dress, and the easy (because habitual) manner in which they were loling indolently in their well-stuffed chairs, intimated a greater regard for personal ease and comfort, than for the maintenance of those constrained and irksome observances, from which the Englishman, bred only in accordance with the formal laws of his own stiff society, would have deemed it sacrilege to deviate: seven out of the nine then having doffed their ornamented and tightly-fitting coats, had very wisely replaced them by loose flowing '*robes de chambre*' of richly flowered silk or brocade; whilst the other two, though they retained the uniform of the regiment, had still so far acceded to the general custom, as to wear a round velvet cap, beautifully worked with gold thread,

similar in form, if not in fancy, to those that covered the heads of their companions. They were Germans—need it then be said that each man was furnished with his pipe? indeed, the caps just mentioned were worn for no other purpose than to screen the hair from the fumes of tobacco which constantly floated through the room during their convivial meetings, and which, though not otherwise disagreeable to themselves, had proved an atmosphere as injurious to the good looks of their furniture in general, as to those of the Minister whose portrait was hanging above them.

‘And so it positively is your real opinion, Seckendorf!’ exclaimed a young man at the end of the table, and who evidently spoke in continuation of some previous conversation, ‘so it positively is your real opinion that one flask of wine from the vineyards of Medoc is worth a dozen of that which grows upon the heights of our own Hecheimer!’

‘Positively!’ replied he who was thus addressed, but without removing the amber mouthpiece of his richly-ornamented Mereschau from his lips, ‘Positively!’

‘And may it be allowed to one who is patriotic enough to differ with you in this, to ask your reasons, Herr Graf, for such an absolute preference?’ returned the other, as he twisted the point of his fondly-cherished moustache between his finger and thumb.

‘I have but one,’ replied he, ‘and it is, that *my* palate is better pleased with the flavour of the one than of the other: have I need of any better?’

‘Our friend is sententious to-night,’ rejoined one of those who have been described as retaining their uniforms, and whose long, drooping epaulets, showed that he held the rank of captain. ‘But I know why it is; the dull wines, whose flavour he commends so strongly, have not the power of inspiring those who drink them with either eloquence or wit! Their fumes may mount to the brain, but in a cloud so thick and heavy as to paralyse its actions, instead of quickening them!—to dim the natural brilliancy of its ideas, instead of adding to them!—and, in short, to rob the mind of its existing powers, instead of filling it with new ones!—they cannot warm the heart like this,’ he continued, as he poured out a bumper of Rudesheimer into the largest division of his double glass; ‘No, no; *mein lieber freund*, take to our own Rhenish if you be wise, or would be happy, and in the meanwhile I drink this to the speedy improvement of your taste.’ So saying, he emptied the contents at a draught, although his sparkling eyes and rather excited manners were proofs that, however good the prescription might be for others, he was not otherwise to try its efficacy upon himself.

‘I do believe,’ rejoined the other, laughingly, so soon as the ample volume of smoke which he had inhaled had curled in a gentle, but long-continued stream from his lips, ‘I do believe that you are partly right in what you have uttered, for of a surety you appear to be the

very incarnation of those delightful emotions which you say are *only* to be excited by the wine you so strenuously recommend both by precept and example: it does, indeed, seem in your case not to have belied the eulogy you have pronounced upon it! I will, therefore, believe for your sake that its qualities are excellent; but shall I on that account agree to your conclusion, that the exquisite wines of Bordeaux are worthless, save in the possession of similar properties to that fabled stream, whereof whosoever drinks, becomes necessarily dull and oblivious? Surely not! and as to a want or deficiency of taste, whether intellectual or sensual (for in this case it may be either) I might with equal justice accuse *you*, seeing that I should have exactly the same reasons for doing so as yourself.’

‘Bravo! bravo!’ exclaimed the other: ‘gentlemen, I call you all to witness that I was wrong in supposing that the wines of Bordeaux deadened instead of brightening the mental faculties! Why, there was a speech worthy of a doctor of laws, at once argumentative, logical, and luminous (said I voluminous by mistake). Oh! commend me to your Bordeaux for the future, whenever it becomes necessary to play the orator!’

‘I have often before had occasion to admire your powers of raillery,’ answered Seckendorf, who now, for the first time, appeared to be somewhat moved by the sarcasms of his mercurial friend; ‘and I have as often wondered why they were always most keenly exerted in proportion as the subject of them was weak and unimportant; but now,’ he paused abruptly, and then continued in a lighter tone, ‘however, I have no mind to carry on the discussion with the same animated enthusiasm as yourself; so prithee let the matter rest; and though I cannot convince you that the wines I speak of are the best, at least you will do me the credit to believe that I sincerely think so, and that they might possibly be found as powerful a stimulus to wit and satire, if *I also* felt disposed to prove their capabilities in my own person.’

‘Hark to the advocate of the sour wines of France,’ replied the impetuous and unrelenting Löwenstein: ‘but Heaven forbid that we should drive him to this last proof of their excellence, for then we should all have to yield at once, astounded by the power and daring which I plainly see are derivable from such a source, but——’

‘By the God of my fathers, but this is beyond a joke!’ exclaimed Seckendorf, starting on his feet; ‘whatever may be your opinion of the matter, Herr Graf von Löwenstein, I believe that, without the same incentive you have mentioned to urge you on to low bravado, you would never have dared to insinuate——’

‘Ah! *dared*, said you?’

‘Such was my word, Herr Graf——’

‘I am sorry for it, Seckendorf,’ he replied, after a moment’s pause; ‘I could have forgiven you the rest, as, though the retort was somewhat bitter, I had

brought it on myself; but you must answer me for *that* word.'

The rest of the party (who, never anticipating so serious a termination to so apparently unmeaning a discourse, had hitherto taken no steps to prevent it) now rose at once, and, making light of the matter, endeavoured to appease the fiery spirits of the two friends, and to restore them to their customary amity, for both of them being highly esteemed by the members of the corps, they were unwilling that they should proceed to extremities upon so foolish a misunderstanding. It was accordingly represented to them that not even the rigorous laws of their own code of honour would warrant them in pursuing this quarrel to the extent which their words implied; and so well did they act the part of mediators on this occasion, and so efficient was their friendly interference, that they at last succeeded in extracting from each a positive, though reluctant promise *that no duel should take place between them upon the matter*. With this assurance they remained satisfied, and the affair was considered at an end; but the previous hilarity of the party was completely destroyed, for the two friends, whose hasty tempers had so unfortunately clashed together, continued silent and thoughtful, whilst the others, who, with good sense and politeness, endeavoured to carry on among themselves a conversation upon one of the numerous topics of the day, soon gave it up when they found that they were unable to maintain it with any spirit in consequence of the disagreeable event which had occurred to disturb the harmony of their society. Under these circumstances, they began to make arrangements for their departure, and then, dispersing in different directions, with the usual phrase of '*schlafen sie wohl*,' they betook themselves to their several quarters.

The system of duelling is (or was) carried to a frightful extent in the cavalry regiments of the Austrian army, the officers of which have the most absurd ideas of their superiority over those who belong to the troops of the line. The propriety of their laws on this subject appears never to have been questioned by any of them, although they are so severe as to merit the name of sanguinary, for the slightest offence, however unintentional, is a sufficient warranty for demanding a hostile meeting; and as an apology is considered to be, if not exactly a sign of cowardice, at any rate to denote a want of proper martial spirit, it is, of course, but very seldom rendered. In these encounters the small sword or sabre is the weapon almost always employed, and it is therefore scarcely necessary to point out how much more fatal they must be than when a hurried pistol shot decides the matter: indeed, it may be said that if one of the combatants be not killed upon the spot, he is at least maimed or disfigured for life, for when swords are once crossed *in earnest*

there must be bloodshed before they are sheathed again. 'Tis, in truth, a dreadful and appalling custom, look upon it as we will; and albeit, the knowledge that they will be thus fearfully called upon to answer for their words, may make men more correct in their conduct towards each other, and more careful in their conversation, yet who will not confess that even these advantages are purchased at too high a price?

As consenting parties to the policy of retaining this powerful curb upon the licentiousness of society, and therefore holding, from the mere force of habit, most perverted notions upon all points of honour, it is to be supposed that the unfortunate occurrence of the evening weighed heavily upon the minds of the two individuals connected with it; and though they had been companions from their very boyhood, and, with their progress to man's estate, their intimacy had ripened into a purer friendship than that scarcely to be defined feeling that men have towards the mere companions of their pleasures, yet so strongly were they imbued with the opinions in which they had been bred, that they found it difficult, if not impossible, to pass over a small affront even from one another.

They both of them belonged to two of the highest families in Hungary, among the haughty nobles of whom the representatives of the houses of Löwenstein and Seckendorf were considered as magnates; and their high hereditary rank, added to their enormous wealth, (for the nobility of Hungary are, perhaps, as rich as any in the world,) gave them so much influence and power in their own territory, that these could scarcely have been greater in the strictly feudal times of their ancestors.

Adolph von Löwenstein was twenty-three years of age, and, though so young, was the head of his family, for his father had died about ten months before the date of this story, leaving him heir to his immense possessions: but the hereditary honours of Ulric Seckendorf (though three years older) were yet only in expectancy, for his father still lived. They had entered the same regiment at exactly the same time, and their gradual rise in it from cadets to a higher rank had been also simultaneous: their friendship seemed to increase daily; they were constantly together, in barracks, the promenade, or the theatre, so that they went by the name of the 'two friends;' and this was the footing on which they stood one to another on that evening when the foolish altercation already described took place, and which was the occasion of the most extraordinary compact ever entered into between man and man.

From circumstances which came to light long afterwards, it appears that both of them, on reaching their homes, instead of returning to sleep during the small portion of the night which yet remained, sat brooding abstractedly until the morning, and that, with the first

dawn of day, impelled by similar feelings of wounded pride, they severally left their houses with the intention of seeking each other, and of consulting on the means of wiping away that disgrace which, in spite of the opinions of their friends, they considered must attach to them, until their quarrel had been settled by the usual appeal to arms. They met in one of the neighbouring streets, and, after a few words of explanation, walked together towards the public promenade, which, being at that hour deserted, was a place where they would be enabled to converse freely, without any danger of being overheard. With what absorbing interest would he who studies human nature, in order to understand the acts of men, have listened to their discourse! Calmly and slowly did they go over in detail the incidents of the previous evening; each in his turn reminding the other of some word or circumstance that had escaped his memory; and calmly and distinctly, without the least appearance of anger, did they both express their conviction, that, consistently with their ideas of honour (!) they could not meet again *as friends* until *something* had been done in extenuation of the affront they had mutually given and received! Yet how was it to be accomplished! The usual way was closed against them, for they had severally pledged their words that no duel should take place between them, and yet they felt convinced that they must peril their lives *somehow*, one against the other, before they should be satisfied!

Will this be believed! Of a surety it may well be doubted, for it is scarcely credible; but it is nevertheless *absolutely and literally true!*

'I have it,' said Löwenstein, decidedly, after some moments' consideration; 'and though it may appear even to you a dreadful alternation, yet, as you feel your honour to be tainted, I know you too well to suppose that you will refuse to avail yourself of it, when you must feel that, under the circumstances, there is no other efficient means by which it may regain its purity. Follow me!'

They retraced their steps, taking the direction of the town, where they quickly arrived, and then turning down one of the narrow streets in the suburbs, they entered the billiard-room of a large but dirty *estaminet* situated near the middle of it. The table was already engaged, and the jaded looks of the players told that they had spent the night in their present occupation. They mounted to the first floor, which was empty, and then calling the marker, Löwenstein desired him to place a red and a white ball into any receptacle, whence they might be drawn out singly, without the possibility of distinguishing the difference between them: he accordingly placed them into one of those small bags which the lower classes in Germany use for carrying their tobacco, and drawing the string closely laid it on the

table: he was then ordered to withdraw, when Löwenstein thus addressed his companion:—

'You have seen the two balls fairly placed, and my proposition is this: let us draw lots to decide which of us shall draw the first ball, and then let it be understood between us, that he to whose lot the red one falls *shall kill himself within a year from this day—the mode of death being left entirely to the choice of him who is to suffer it!*'

Startled at the abruptness of this horrible proposal, Seckendorf remained silent for some moments—the blood left his cheeks, and a slight shudder quivered through his frame: but he recovered himself in an instant, and, considering that he was bound in honour (!) to accept even this unprecedented challenge, he at once consented to incur his share of peril in the fearful venture! The lots were accordingly drawn, and the privilege of choosing (if indeed it could be called a choice) devolved upon him. His face was deathly pale, and his lips bloodless, as he drew near the table, but his countenance was expressive of firmness and resolution, as, with a steady hand, he drew back the strings which closed the mouth of the bag. Then turning away his head he thrust in his hand, and, slowly withdrawing it, as if willing to delay the certainty of his doom—the white ball was closely clenched in his nervous grasp! whilst the other and the fatal one (whose colour was surely emblematical of the use to which it had been applied) of course remained as the lot of his companion. During these few but anxious moments Löwenstein had remained with his arms folded upon his breast, erect and motionless, though the fixity of his gaze, the compression of his lips, and his dilated nostrils, told how intense was his interest in the scene; and now that it was over, he still stood in the same position, face to face with his adversary, who, like himself, appeared to have been suddenly turned to stone! The ball which Seckendorf had continued to hold in his hand fell heavily to the ground, and aroused them from their waking trance.

'Tis well!' said Löwenstein, firmly, after a deep expiration; 'tis well! the peril was the same to both, and I will abide the issue! Seckendorf, we may be friends again, *for our wounded honour is now made whole!*'

A deep sigh, almost amounting to a groan, was the only answer he received, for Seckendorf, after wringing his proffered hand in silent anguish, with almost painful violence, dashed down the stairs into the street, whither he was soon afterwards followed by the other.

It is of course to be supposed that each of them had sworn to maintain the most inviolable secrecy upon the subject of their meeting, and therefore when they met their comrades in the evening as usual, not the smallest hint was given that could lead them to imagine that their well-meant interference had proved

so futile: thus (being entirely ignorant of the events of the morning) they one and all congratulated them upon the happy termination of a dispute which seemed to threaten serious consequences: in fact, everybody appeared to be in good spirits, with the exception of Seckendorf, who left the table at a very early hour, and who had remained so silent and abstracted that nothing but the recollection of yesterday's occurrence could have saved him from the jests of his comrades. Löwenstein, on the contrary, seemed even gayer than usual—he laughed loudly, he talked incessantly, he drank deeply—although one who watched him closely might perhaps have discovered that his gaiety was more forced than natural, and that he only resorted to these means in order to conceal the real feelings of a heart but ill at ease.

On the following morning, Löwenstein applied for a month's leave of absence, which, being granted, he set out for his own domains, where, after preparing the means for raising a large sum of ready money, he occupied himself entirely on business-affairs, and in 'setting his house in order,' all of which being concluded to his satisfaction, he returned to Vienna, about a week before his term of leave had expired, and then instantly commenced a course of life of such ceaseless debauchery and dissipation as frequently to create doubts of his sanity in the minds of those who had been previously acquainted with him. At all times rather *extravagant*, he now became *profuse* in every item of his expenditure: the most costly carriages thronged his court-yard without the remotest chance of ever being used! a hundred horses were fed and pampered in his stables! and as to his domestics, 'their name was legion!' His nights and days were spent in the unremitting pursuit of pleasure and excitement of every kind: he made himself the patron alike of poets, musicians, actors, philosophers, buffoons, and charlatans, and his house was more generally the resort of the wanton and licentious than the honourable or virtuous: but he was evidently reckless of consequences, and only seemed to live in the midst of excitement and revelry, without the smallest care for the world's opinion.

Of course many and marvellous were the reasons assigned for such extraordinary conduct; and as he became the universal talk of the town, it may well be supposed that the ears of his 'lady love,' of his betrothed, though deserted bride, were often startled by heart-rending stories of his profligacy! To her, this sudden change had something appalling in it, and many a weary hour had she passed in maddening speculations as to what could have produced it; but she suffered not alone! for though every other pang he had to struggle with, as a part of his dreadful lot might have been borne with fortitude, yet this estrangement was to him like the tearing of his 'dear heart strings!'

He, Seckendorf, the companion of his youth; the friend of his boyhood, and it may be said the innocent cause of all, how fared he in the estimation of himself? He had lived for some time in constant fear and wretchedness; for *the day* had not been fixed, and when he laid him down at night he was never certain that the tale of horror might not be sounded in his ears on waking! but latterly he had dared to hope! for as the prescribed period drew near its close, and still found Löwenstein absorbed in the reckless pursuit of pleasure, he had supposed it *possible* that he might neglect to fulfil their dreadful compact! and then (although he could never speak of him again) his blood would not be called for at his hands. Alas, he utterly misconceived the meaning of those very acts which, like the symptoms of a disease, should have taught him the real nature of the cruel malady which preyed upon the mind of its wretched victim; it was evident that he bore so keenly in mind the horrid fate which awaited him, that he could not think upon it with fortitude, and therefore resorted to every kind of excitement, in order to drive it from his thoughts until the period had come when it could no longer be postponed. It was but too evident that he did not intend to break the devilish compact he had made; as the very manner in which he threw away the means of life told how plainly he felt that he should never want them. Can anything be conceived more terrible than this! not only to know the very hour at which we are to die, and therefore to crawl through life with the cold hand of death upon our shoulder! but to feel also that the manner of it must shut us out for ever from the mercy of offended Heaven! Oh, horrible!

Exactly twelve months from the evening of that day which was the epoch of the commencement of this narration, there was a *grand bal masqué* at the house of the — Ambassador to the imperial court of Vienna. In the motley crowd there were characters of all kinds, from the buffoon to the night-templar, and many who mingled in the gay crowd were, on that evening, to their infinite dismay, reminded of their most secret peccadilloes, by those who being better disguised than themselves, had it in their power to pursue their malicious pastime without the chance of discovery. Löwenstein was present in the dress of a Spanish grandee, which was well calculated to exhibit his symmetrical figure to advantage; his short gold-embroidered velvet cloak hung carelessly over his left shoulder, leaving his richly-worked satin vest exposed to view, whilst the plume of ostrich feathers which nodded from his jewelled hat drooped so low upon his face as to conceal its features nearly as well as some of the masks which, for the sake of coquetry or affectation, was merely held by the hand, instead of being duly fastened over the face. He had been extremely gay during

the early hours of the evening dancing almost incessantly, and leading on the waltzers with such unwearied spirit, as to appear entirely proof against fatigue; but as the night advanced he had retired with his partner from the blaze of the brilliantly-lighted saloon, and was observed to enter the conservatory with her whence the fragrant exotics gave a delightful freshness to the air.

The lady in question was young and beautiful, and though it was evident from her mien and bearing that she belonged to a far higher order, she was dressed in the costume of a peasant of the canton of Zurich; nothing could be more simple than this attire, for, save that her head-dress of black lace, which resembled the outstretched wings of a gigantic butterfly, was secured by means of a small diamond brooch, which might be likened to the body of the insect, she wore no ornaments of any kind; as the bracelet of dark hair which encircled her left arm (and which so strongly resembled the colour of his who stood by her side, as to lead any one to imagine they might be the same) although clasped with gold, could scarcely be called so. Those who watched them on this evening, (and the prying gaze of many were upon them,) say that during their brief interview the lady's looks were sad, and that many a tear after trembling for a moment in her dark-blue eyes fell heavily upon her pallid cheek; while he though he spoke with all the forced calmness of despair, was evidently dreadfully agitated!

The strokes upon the silver bell of the enamelled dial at their side were heard to chime the three-quarters; he started as if the pangs of an adder had suddenly pierced his flesh, and these concluding words of their discourse reached the ears of the standers-by—'Amilie, I cannot! I dare not! I have already staid too long, for I have an engagement to fulfil *before midnight*, or my honour is lost—Farewell!' He passed hurriedly through the crowd which thronged the saloon, taking no notice of the numerous innuendos of his masked associates, and springing down the marble staircase, he entered his carriage, which whirled him away with great rapidity from the festive scene.

It wanted still a few minutes to midnight when the neighbourhood of ——— was aroused by the report of a pistol-shot! It came from the bed-room of Löwenstein; his servants entered with fear and trembling, and there upon his couch, with the fatal instrument by his side, lay the lifeless corpse of their master, his rich apparel still unremoved spattered with brains and blood!—He had lived to the last moment allowed him by the terms of the dreadful agreement to which he had pledged himself, and then he thus fearfully fulfilled it.

The tale is ended! and for the melancholy satisfaction of those who may be unwilling to believe that such a thing could ever come to pass, it may be mentioned

that there are several now living who can vouch for its perfect truth.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A LONG WHILE AGO.

STILL hangeth down the old accustom'd willow,
Hiding the silver underneath each leaf,
So droops the long hair from some maiden pillow,
When midnight heareth the else silent grief;
There floats the water-lily, like a sovereign
Whose lovely empire is a fairy world,
The purple dragon-fly above it hovering,
As when its fragile ivory uncurl'd

A long while ago.

I hear the bees in sleepy music winging
From the wild thyme when they have past the noon—
There is the blackbird in the hawthorn singing,
Stirring the white spray with the same sweet tune;
Fragrant the tansy breathing from the meadow,
As the west wind bends down the long green grass,
Now dark, now golden, as the fleeting shadow
Of the light clouds pass as they went to pass

A long while ago.

There are the roses which we used to gather
To bind a young fair brow no longer fair—
Ah! thou art mocking us, thou summer weather,
To be so sunny with the loved one!—Where?
'Tis not her voice—'tis not her step—that lingers
In lone familiar sweetness on the wind;
The bee, the bird are now the only singers—
Where is the music once with theirs combined

A long while ago.

As the lorn flowers that in her pale hands perish'd
Is she who only hath a memory here.
She was so much a part of us, so cherished—
So young, that even love forgot to fear.
Now in her image paramount, it reigneth
With a sad strength that time may not subdue;
And memory a mournful triumph gaineth,
As the slow looks we cast around renew

A long while ago.

Thou lovely garden! where the summer covers
The tree with green leaves, and the ground with flowers;
Darkly the past around thy beauty hovers—
The past—the grave of our once happy hours.
It is too sad to gaze upon the seeming
Of nature's changeless loveliness, and feel
That with the sunshine, round the heart is dreaming
Darkly o'er wounds inflicted, not to heal,

A long while ago.

Ah! visit not the scenes where youth and childhood
Pass'd years that deepened as those years went by;
Shadows will darken in the careless wildwood—
There will be tears upon the tranquil sky.
Memories, like phantoms, haunt me while I wander
Beneath the drooping boughs of each old tree;
I grow too sad as mournfully I ponder
Things that are not—and yet that used to be—

A long while ago.

Worn out—the heart seems like a ruin'd alter—
Where are the friends, and where the faith of yore?
My eyes grow dim with tears—my footsteps falter—
Thinking of those whom I can love no more.
We change, and others change—while recollection
Would fain renew what it can but recall.
Dark are life's dreams, and weary its affection,
And cold its hopes—and yet I felt them all

A long while ago.

L. E. L.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

TO UNA, WITH A SHELL.

Ah! were it true, at once I thought,
That to this empty shell
Some spirit of the ocean brought
Its chimings as they fell.
So that within the enchanted cell,
For ever thou might'st hear
The tales the wandering billows tell,
Come murmuring to thine ear;—
Still, when the waves at eventide
Are wailing sad and slow,
The sorrow-pleading deep beside,
I would be whispering low;
For I would dream that wailing so
Its fairy chambers through,
Blent with their voice, thine ear might know
Those lonely whispers too.

COUL GOPPAGH.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

THE DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.

BY MRS. ADDY.

My father, thou hast not the tale denied—
They say that, ere noon to-morrow,
Thou wilt bring back a radiant and smiling bride
To our lonely house of sorrow.
I should wish thee joy of thy coming bliss,
But tears are my words suppressing;
I think on my mother's dying kiss,
And my mother's parting blessing.

Yet to-morrow I hope to hide my care,
I will still my bosom's beating,
And strive to give to thy chosen fair
A kind and courteous greeting.
She will heed me not, in the joyous pride
Of her pomp, and friends, and beauty:
Ah! little need has a new-made bride
Of a daughter's quiet duty.

Thou gavest her costly gems, they say,
When thy heart first fondly sought her:
Dear father, one nuptial gift, I pray,
Bestow on thy weeping daughter.
My eye, even now, on the treasure falls,
I covet and ask no other,
It has hung for years on our ancient walls—
'Tis the portrait of my mother!

To-morrow, when all is in festal guise,
And the guests our rooms are filling,
The calm meek gaze of those hazel eyes
Might thy soul with grief be thrilling,
And a gloom on thy marriage banquet cast,
Sad thoughts of their owner giving,
For a fleeting twelvemonth scarce has past,
Since she mingled with the living.

If thy bride should weary or offend,
That portrait might awaken feelings
Of the love of thy fond departed friend,
And its sweet and kind revealings;
Of her mind's commanding force, unchecked
By feeble or selfish weakness,
Of her speech, where dazzling intellect
Was softened by christian meekness.

Then, father, grant that at once to-night,
Ere the bridal crowd's intrusion,
I remove this portrait from thy sight
To my chamber's still seclusion:

It will nerve me to-morrow's dawn to bear,
It will beam on me protection,
When I ask of Heaven, in my faltering prayer,
To hallow thy new connection.

Thou wilt waken, father, in pride and glee,
To renew the ties once broken,
But nought upon earth remains to me
Save this sad and silent token.
The husband's tears may be few and brief,
He may woo and win another,
But the daughter clings in unchanging grief
To the image of her mother!

From Tail's Magazine.

THE BLACKSMITH'S HAME.*

Oh, bonny and sweet is my ain wife at hame;
Whatever befa's, she's ever the same;
And hard do I hammer the red bar o' airn
At the thoughts o' my winsome wee wife and my bairn.

Oh, fu' licht is my heart, and just loupin' wi' glee,
As, darker and darker, the smiddy I see;
And, brichter and brichter, at every new heat,
The airn on the anvil sæ stoutly I beat.

When "six o'clock, six o'clock," the bells have loudly sang,
Flung down is the hammer, wi' quick, ringing bang;
My shirt sleeves unbuckled, and, no to take lang,
My coat I tear down, and put on as I gang.

Fu' soon I'm at hame: no to file her clean face,
I wash myself clean, and put on ither claes;
Then I yield to the love my heart that makes warm,
So I kiss Mary's lips, and the bairn on her arm.

How pleasant is a' at my ain humble hame!
My wife's glossy hair is bound trig by its kaim;
Her gown, though but coarse, is as neat as is seen;
Clean soopit the floor, and the hearth-stane is clean.

The jams on the inside are white as can be,
They are black on the outside, and sparking to see;
The parritch are tomed, at the ingle sæ bricht,
Neither het, nor owre cauld, but just unco richt.

The night flichters by, ere we think it begun,
In daffin', and laughin', and kissin' our son;
But whiles Mary sews, while some good book I read;
In summer, to walk in the fields we proceed.

Oh, bonnie and sweet is my ain wife at hame!
Whatever may happen, she's ever the same.
Ye drinkers o' whisky, nae langer ye'd tyne
Your hard-gotten gains, were your fireside like mine.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE FORTUNES OF SIR ROBERT ARDAGH;

Being an extract from the papers of the late father Purcell.

The earth hath bubbles as the water hath—
And these are of them.

IN the south of Ireland, and on the borders of the county of Limerick, there lies a district of two or three miles in length, which is rendered interesting by the fact that it is one of the very few spots throughout this country, in which some fragments of aboriginal wood have found a refuge. It has little or none of the lordly character of the American forests; for the

* By a stout Glasgow smiter upon the anvil.

axe has felled its oldest and its grandest trees; but in the close wood which survives, live all the wild and pleasing peculiarities of nature—its complete irregularity—its vistas, in whose perspective the quiet cattle are peacefully browsing—its refreshing glades, where the grey rocks arise from amid the nodding fern—the silvery shafts of the old birch trees—the knotted trunks of the hoary oak—the grotesque but graceful branches, which never shed their honours under the tyrant pruning hook—the soft green sward—the chequered light and shade—the wild luxuriant weeds—its lichen and its moss—all, all are beautiful alike in the green freshness of spring, or in the sadness and sear of autumn—their beauty is of that kind which makes the heart full with joy—appealing to the affections with a power which belongs to nature only. This wood runs up, from below the base, to the ridge of a long line of irregular hills, having perhaps in primitive times, formed but the skirting of some mighty forest which occupied the level below.

But now, alas, whither have we drifted!—whither has the tide of civilization borne us?—it has passed over a land unprepared for it—it has left nakedness behind it—we have lost our forests, but our marauders remain—we have destroyed all that is picturesque, while we have retained everything that is revolting in barbarism. Through the midst of this woodland, there runs a deep gully or glen; where the stillness of the scene is broken in upon by the brawling of a mountain stream, which, however, in the winter season, swells into a rapid and formidable torrent.

There is one point at which the glen becomes extremely deep and narrow, the sides descend to the depth of some hundred feet, and are so steep as to be nearly perpendicular. The wild trees which have taken root in the crannies and chasms of the rock, have so intersected and entangled, that one can with difficulty catch a glimpse of the stream, which wheels, flashes, and foams below, as if exulting in the surrounding silence and solitude.

This spot was not unwisely chosen, as a point of no ordinary strength, for the erection of a massive square tower or keep, one side of which rises as if in continuation of the precipitous cliff on which it is based. Originally, the only mode of ingress was by a narrow portal, in the very wall which overtopped the precipice; opening upon a ledge of rock which afforded a precarious pathway, cautiously intersected, however, by a deep trench cut with great labour in the living rock; so that, in its original state, and before the introduction of artillery into the art of war, this tower might have been pronounced, and that not presumptuously, almost impregnable.

The progress of improvement, and the increasing security of the times had, however, tempted its successive proprietors, if not to adorn, at least to enlarge

their premises, and at about the middle of the last century, when the castle was last inhabited, the original square tower formed but a small part of the edifice.

The castle, and a wide tract of the surrounding country had from time immemorial, belonged to a family, which, for distinctness, we shall call by the name of Ardagh; and, owing to the associations which, in Ireland, almost always attach to scenes which have long witnessed alike, the exercise of stern feudal authority, and of that savage hospitality which distinguished the good old times, this building has become the subject and the scene of many wild and extraordinary traditions. One of them I have been enabled, by a personal acquaintance with an eye-witness of the events, to trace to its origin; and yet it is hard to say, whether the events which I am about to record, appear more strange or improbable, as seen through the distorting medium of tradition, or in the appalling dimness of uncertainty, which surrounds the reality.

Tradition says that, sometime in the last century, Sir Robert Ardagh, a young man, and the last heir of that family, went abroad and served in foreign armies, and that having acquired considerable honour and emolument, he settled at Castle Ardagh, the building we have just now attempted to describe. He was what the country people call a *dark* man; that is, he was considered morose, reserved, and ill-tempered; and as it was supposed from the utter solitude of his life, was upon no terms of cordiality with the other members of his family.

The only occasion upon which he broke through the solitary monotony of his life, was during the continuance of the racing season, and immediately subsequent to it; at which time he was to be seen among the busiest upon the course, betting deeply and unhesitatingly, and invariably with success. Sir Robert was, however, too well-known as a man of honour, and of too high a family to be suspected of any unfair dealing. He was, moreover, a soldier, and a man of an intrepid as well as of a haughty character, and no one cared to hazard a surmise, the consequences of which would be felt most probably by its originator only. Gossip, however, was not silent—it was remarked that Sir Robert never appeared at the race ground, which was the only place of public resort which he frequented, except in company with a certain strange looking person, who was never seen elsewhere, or under other circumstances. It was remarked, too, that this man, whose relation to Sir Robert was never distinctly ascertained, was the only person to whom he seemed to speak unnecessarily; it was observed, that while, with the country gentry he exchanged no further communication than what was unavoidable in arranging his sporting transactions, with this person he would converse earnestly and frequently. Tradition asserts, that to enhance the curiosity which this

unaccountable and exclusive preference excited, the stranger possessed some striking and unpleasant peculiarities of person and of garb—she does not say, however, what these were—but they, in conjunction with Sir Robert's secluded habits, and extraordinary run of luck—a success which was supposed to result from the suggestions and immediate advice of the unknown—were sufficient to warrant report in pronouncing that there was something *queer* in the wind, and in surmising that Sir Robert was playing a fearful and a hazardous game, and that in short, his strange companion was little better than the devil himself.

Years, however, rolled quietly away, and nothing novel occurred in the arrangements of Castle Ardagh, excepting that Sir Robert parted with his odd companion, but as nobody could tell whence he came, so nobody could say whither he had gone. Sir Robert's habits, however, underwent no consequent change; he continued regularly to frequent the race meetings, without mixing at all in the convivialities of the gentry, and immediately afterwards to relapse into the secluded monotony of his ordinary life.

It was said that he had accumulated vast sums of money—and, as his bets were always successful, and always large, such must have been the case. He did not suffer the acquisition of wealth, however, to influence his hospitality or his housekeeping—he neither purchased land, nor extended his establishment; and his mode of enjoying his money must have been altogether that of the miser—consisting, merely, in the pleasure of touching and telling his gold, and in the consciousness of wealth. Sir Robert's temper, so far from improving, became more than ever gloomy and morose. He sometimes carried the indulgence of his evil dispositions to such a height, that it bordered upon insanity. During these paroxysms, he would neither eat, drink, nor sleep. On such occasions he insisted on perfect privacy, even from the intrusion of his most trusted servants;—his voice was frequently heard, sometimes in earnest supplication, sometimes raised as if in loud and angry altercation, with some unknown visitant—sometimes he would, for hours together, walk to and fro, throughout the long oak wainscotted apartment, which he generally occupied, with wild gesticulations and agitated pace, in the manner of one who has been roused to a state of unnatural excitement, by some sudden and appalling intimation.

These paroxysms of apparent lunacy were so frightful, that during their continuance, even his oldest and most faithful domestics dared not approach him; consequently, his hours of agony were never intruded upon, and the mysterious causes of his sufferings appeared likely to remain hidden for ever. On one occasion, a fit of this kind continued for an unusual time—the ordinary term of their duration, about two days,

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had been long past—and the old servant, who generally waited upon Sir Robert, after these visitations, having in vain listened for the well-known tinkle of his master's hand-bell, began to feel extremely anxious; he feared that his master might have died from sheer exhaustion, or perhaps put an end to his own existence, during his miserable depression. These fears at length became so strong, that having in vain urged some of his brother-servants to accompany him, he determined to go up alone, and himself see whether any accident had befallen Sir Robert. He traversed the several passages which conducted from the new to the more ancient parts of the mansion; and having arrived in the old hall of the castle, the utter silence of the hour, for it was very late in the night, the idea of the nature of the enterprise in which he was engaging himself, a sensation of remoteness from anything like human companionship, but more than all the vivid but undefined anticipation of something horrible, came upon him with such oppressive weight, that he hesitated as to whither he should proceed. Real uneasiness, however, respecting the fate of his master, for whom he felt that kind of attachment, which the force of habitual intercourse, not unfrequently engenders respecting objects not in themselves amiable—and also a latent unwillingness to expose his weakness to the ridicule of his fellow-servants, combined to overcome his reluctance; and he had just placed his foot upon the first step of the staircase, which conducted to his master's chamber, when his attention was arrested by a low but distinct knocking at the hall-door. Not, perhaps, very sorry at finding thus an excuse even for deferring his intended expedition, he placed the candle upon a stone block which lay in the hall, and approached the door, uncertain whether his ears had not deceived him. This doubt was justified by the circumstance, that the hall entrance had been for nearly fifty years disused as a mode of ingress to the castle. The situation of this gate also, which we have endeavoured to describe, opening upon a narrow ledge of rock which overhangs a perilous cliff, rendered it at all times, but particularly at night, a dangerous entrance; this shelving platform of rock, which formed the only avenue to the door, was divided, as I have already stated, by a broad chasm, the planks across which had long disappeared by decay or otherwise, so that it seemed at least highly improbable that any man could have found his way across the passage in safety to the door—more particularly, on a night like that, of singular darkness. The old man, therefore, listened attentively, to ascertain whether the first application should be followed by another; he had not long to wait; the same low but singularly distinct knocking was repeated; so low that it seemed as if the applicant had employed no harder or heavier instrument than his hand, and yet despite the immense thickness of the door, so very distinct,

that he could not mistake the sound. It was repeated a third time, without any increase of loudness; and the old man obeying an impulse for which to his dying hour, he could never account, proceeded to remove, one by one, the three great oaken bars which secured the door. Time and damp had effectually corroded the iron chambers of the lock, so that it afforded little resistance. With some effort, as he believed, assisted from without, the old servant succeeded in opening the door; and a low, square-built figure, apparently that of a man wrapped in a large black cloak, entered the hall. The servant could not see much of this visitant with any distinctness; his dress appeared foreign, the skirt of his ample cloak was thrown over one shoulder; he wore a large felt hat, with a very heavy leaf, from under which escaped what appeared to be a mass of long sooty-black hair;—his feet was cased in heavy riding-boots. Such were the few particulars which the servant had time and light to observe. The stranger desired him to let his master know instantly that a friend had come, by appointment, to settle some business with him. The servant hesitated, but a slight motion on the part of his visiter, as if to possess himself of the candle, determined him; so taking it in his hand, he ascended the castle stairs, leaving his guest in the hall.

On reaching the apartment which opened upon the oak-chamber, he was surprised to observe the door of that room partly open, and the room itself lit up. He paused, but there was no sound—he looked in, and saw Sir Robert—his head, and the upper part of his body, reclining on a table, upon which burned a lamp; his arms were stretched forward on either side, and perfectly motionless; it appeared that having been sitting at the table, he had thus sunk forward, either dead or in a swoon. There was no sound of breathing; all was silent, except the sharp ticking of a watch, which lay beside the lamp. The servant coughed twice or thrice, but with no effect—his fears now almost amounted to certainty; and he was approaching the table on which his master partly lay—to satisfy himself of his death—when Sir Robert slowly raised his head, and throwing himself back in his chair, fixed his eyes in a ghastly and uncertain gaze upon his attendant. At length he said slowly and painfully, as if he dreaded the answer—

‘In God’s name, what are you?’

‘Sir,’ said the servant, ‘a strange gentleman wants to see you below.’

At this intimation, Sir Robert, starting on his legs, and tossing his arms wildly upwards, uttered a shriek of such appalling and despairing terror, that it was almost too fearful for human endurance; and long after the sound had ceased, it seemed to the terrified imagination of the old servant, to roll through the deserted

passages in bursts of unnatural laughter. After a few moments, Sir Robert said—

‘Can’t you send him away! Why does he come so soon? Oh God! oh God! let him leave me for an hour—a little time. I can’t see him now—try to get him away. You see I can’t go down now—I have not strength. Oh God! oh God! let him come back in an hour—it is not long to wait. He cannot lose anything by it—nothing, nothing, nothing. Tell him that—say anything to him.’

The servant went down. In his own words, he did not feel the stairs under him, till he got to the hall. The figure stood exactly as he had left it. He delivered his master’s message as coherently as he could. The stranger replied in a careless tone—

‘If Sir Robert will not come down to me, I must go up to him.’

The man returned, and to his surprise he found his master much more composed in manner. He listened to the message; and though the cold perspiration stood in drops upon his forehead, faster than he could wipe it away, his manner had lost the dreadful agitation which had marked it before. He rose feebly, and casting a last look of agony behind him, passed from the room to the lobby, where he signed to his attendant not to follow him. The man moved as far as the head of the staircase, from whence he had a tolerably distinct view of the hall, which was imperfectly lighted by the candle he had left there.

He saw his master reel, rather than walk down the stairs, clinging all the way to the bannisters. He walked on as if about to sink every moment from weakness. The figure advanced as if to meet him, and in passing struck down the light. The servant could see no more; but there was a sound of struggling, renewed at intervals with silent but fearful energy. It was evident, however, that the parties were approaching the door, for he heard the solid oak sound twice or thrice, as the feet of the combatants, in shuffling hither and thither over the floor, struck upon it. After a slight pause he heard the door thrown open, with such violence that the leaf struck the sidewall of the hall, and it was so dark without that this was made known in no other way than by the sound. The struggle was renewed with an agony and intenseness of energy, that betrayed itself in deep-drawn gasps. One desperate effort, which terminated in the breaking of some part of the door, producing a sound as if the door-post was wrenched from its position, was followed by another wrestle, evidently upon the narrow ledge which ran outside the door, overtopping the precipice. This seemed as fruitless as the rest, for it was followed by a crashing sound as if some heavy body had fallen over, and was rushing down the precipice, through the light boughs that crossed near the top. All then became still as the

grave, except the moan of the night wind that sighed up the wooded glen.

The old servant had not nerve to return through the hall, and to him that night seemed all but endless; but morning at length came, and with it the disclosure of the events of the night. Near the door upon the ground, lay Sir Robert's sword-belt, which had given way in the scuffle. A huge splinter from the massive door-post had been wrenched off, by an almost superhuman effort—one which nothing but the gripe of a despairing man could have severed—and on the rock outside were left the marks of the slipping and sliding of feet.

At the foot of the precipice, not immediately under the castle, but dragged some way up the glen, were found the remains of Sir Robert, with hardly a vestige of a limb or feature left distinguishable. The right hand, however was uninjured, and in its fingers was clutched, with the fixedness of death, a long lock of coarse sooty hair—the only direct circumstantial evidence of the presence of a second person. So says tradition.

This story, as I have mentioned, was current among the dealers in such lore; but the original facts are so dissimilar in all but the name of the principal person mentioned, Sir Robert Ardagh, and the fact that his death was accompanied with circumstances of extraordinary mystery, that the two narratives are totally irreconcilable, (even allowing the utmost for the exaggerating influence of tradition,) except by supposing report to have combined and blended together the fabulous histories of several distinct heroes of the family of Ardagh. However this may be, I shall lay before the reader a recital of the events from which the foregoing tradition arose. With respect to these there can be no mistake; they are authenticated as fully as anything can be by human testimony; and I state them principally upon the evidence of a lady who herself bore a prominent part in the strange events which she related, and which I now record as being among the few well-attested tales of the marvellous, which it has been my fate to hear. I shall, as far as I am able, arrange in one combined narrative, the evidence of several distinct persons, who were eye-witnesses of what they related, and with the truth of whose testimony I am solemnly and deeply impressed.

Sir Robert Ardagh was the heir and representative of the family whose name he bore; but owing to the prodigality of his father, the estates descended to him in a very impaired condition. Urged by the restless spirit of youth, or more probably by a feeling of pride, which could not submit to witness, in the paternal mansion, what he considered a humiliating alteration in the style and hospitality which up to that time had distinguished his family, Sir Robert left Ireland and

went abroad. How he occupied himself, or what countries he visited during his absence, was never known, nor did he afterwards make any allusion, or encourage any inquiries touching his foreign sojourn. He left Ireland in the year 1742, being then just of age, and was not heard of until the year 1760—about eighteen years afterwards—at which time he returned. His personal appearance was as might have been expected, very greatly altered, more altered, indeed, than the time of his absence might have warranted one in supposing likely. But to counterbalance the unfavourable change which time had wrought in his form and features, he had acquired all the advantage of polish of manner, and refinement of taste, which foreign travel is supposed to bestow. But what was truly surprising was, that it soon became evident that Sir Robert was very wealthy—wealthy to an extraordinary and unaccountable degree; and this fact was made manifest, not only by his expensive style of living, but by his proceeding to disencumber his property, and to purchase extensive estates in addition. Moreover, there could be nothing deceptive in these appearances, for he paid ready money for every thing, from the most important purchase to the most trifling.

Sir Robert was a remarkably agreeable man, and possessing the combined advantages of birth and property, he was, as a matter of course, gladly received into the highest society which the metropolis then commanded. It was thus that he became acquainted with the two beautiful Miss F——ds, then among the brightest ornaments of the highest circles of Dublin fashion. Their family was in more than one direction allied to nobility; and Lady D——, their elder sister by many years, and some time married to a once well-known nobleman, was now their protectress. These considerations, besides the fact that the young ladies were what is usually termed heiresses, though not to a very great amount, secured to them a high position in the best society which Ireland then produced. The two young ladies differed strongly, alike in appearance and in character. The elder of the two, Emily, was generally considered the handsomer—for her beauty was of that impressive kind which never failed to strike even at the first glance, possessing all the advantages of a fine person, and of a commanding carriage. The beauty of her features strikingly assorted in character with that of her figure and deportment. Her hair was raven black and richly luxuriant, beautifully contrasting with the even, perfect whiteness of her forehead—her finely pencilled brows were black as the ringlets that clustered near them—and her eyes, full, lustrous, and animated, possessed all the power and brilliancy of the black, with more than their softness and variety of expression. She was not, however, merely the tragedy queen. When she smiled, and that was not

unfrequently, the dimpling of cheek and chin, the laughing display of the small and beautiful teeth—but more than all, the roguish archness of her deep, bright eye, shewed that nature had not neglected in her the lighter and the softer characteristics of woman.

Her younger sister Mary was, as I believe not unfrequently occurs in the case of sisters, quite in the opposite style of beauty. She was light-haired, had more colour, had nearly equal grace, with much more liveliness of manner. Her eyes were of that dark grey which poets so much admire—full of expression and vivacity. She was altogether a very beautiful and animated girl—though as unlike her sister as the presence of those two qualities would permit her to be. Their dissimilarity did not stop here—it was deeper than mere appearance—the character of their minds differed almost as strikingly as did their complexion. The fair-haired beauty had a large proportion of that softness and pliability of temper which physiognomists assign as the characteristics of such complexions. She was much more the creature of impulse than of feeling, and consequently more the victim of extrinsic circumstances than was her sister. Emily, on the contrary, possessed considerable firmness and decision. She was less excitable, but when excited, her feelings were more intense and enduring. She wanted much of the gaiety, but with it the volatility of her younger sister. Her opinions were adopted, and her friendships formed more reflectively, and her affections seemed to move, as it were, more slowly, but more determinedly. This firmness of character did not amount to anything masculine, and did not all impair the feminine grace of her manners.

Sir Robert Ardagh was for a long time apparently equally attentive to the two sisters, and many were the conjectures and the surmises as to which would be the lady of his choice, at length, however, these doubts were determined; he proposed for and was accepted by the dark beauty, Emily T——d.

The bridal was celebrated in a manner becoming the wealth and connections of the parties; and Sir Robert and Lady Ardagh left Dublin to pass the honeymoon at the family mansion, Castle Ardagh, which had lately been fitted up in a style bordering upon magnificent. Whether in compliance with the wishes of his lady, or owing to some whim of his own, his habits were henceforward strikingly altered, and from having moved among the gayest if not the most profligate of the votaries of fashion, he suddenly settled down into a quiet, domestic, country gentleman, and seldom, if ever, visited the capital, and then his sojourns were brief as the nature of his business would permit.

Lady Ardagh, however, did not suffer from this change further than in being secluded from general society; for Sir Robert's wealth, and the hospitality

which he had established in the family mansion, commanded that of such of his lady's friends and relatives as had leisure or inclination to visit the castle; and as the style of living was very handsome, and its internal resources of amusement considerable, few invitations from Sir Robert or his lady were neglected.

Many years passed quietly away, during which Sir Robert's and Lady Ardagh's hopes of issue were several times disappointed. In the lapse of all this time there occurred but one event worth recording. Sir Robert had brought with him from abroad a valet, who sometimes professed himself to be a Frenchman; at others an Italian; and at others again a German. He spoke all these languages with equal fluency, and seemed to take a kind of pleasure in puzzling the sagacity and balking the curiosity of such of the visitors at the castle as at any time happened to enter into conversation with him, or who, struck by his singularities, became inquisitive respecting his country and origin. Sir Robert called him by the French name, *Jacques*; and among the lower orders he was familiarly known by the title of 'Jack the Devil,' an appellation which originated in a supposed malignity of disposition, and a real reluctance to mix in the society of those who were believed to be his equals. This morose reserve, coupled with the mystery which enveloped all about him, rendered him an object of suspicion and inquiry to his fellow-servants, amongst whom it was whispered that this man in secret governed the actions of Sir Robert with a despotic dictation, and that as if to indemnify himself for his public and apparent servitude and self-denial, he in private exacted a degree of respectful homage from his so-called master, totally inconsistent with the relation generally supposed to exist between them.

This man's personal appearance was, to say the least of it, extremely odd; he was low in stature; and this defect was enhanced by a distortion of the spine, so considerable as almost to amount to a hunch; his features, too, had all that sharpness and sickliness of hue which generally accompany deformity; he wore his hair, which was black as soot, in heavy neglected ringlets about his shoulders, and always without powder—a peculiarity in those days. There was something unpleasant, too, in the circumstance that he never raised his eyes so as to meet those of another; this fact was often cited as a proof of his being *SOMETHING NOT QUITE RIGHT*, and said to result not from the timidity which is supposed in most cases to induce this habit, but from a consciousness that his eye possessed a power, which, if exhibited, would betray a supernatural origin. Once, and once only, had he violated this sinister observance; it was on the occasion of Sir Robert's hopes having been most bitterly disappointed; his lady, after a severe and dangerous confinement, gave birth to a dead child. Immediately after the in-

telligence had been made known, a servant, having upon some business, passed outside the gate of the castle yard, was met by Jacque, who, contrary to his wont, accosted him, observing, 'so, after all the pother, the son and heir is still-born.' This remark was accompanied by a chuckling laugh, only, the only approach to merriment which he was ever known to exhibit. The servant, who was really disappointed, having hoped for holy-day times, feasting and debauchery with impunity during the rejoicings which would have accompanied a christening, turned tartly upon the little valet, telling him that he should let Sir Robert know how he had received the tidings which should have filled any faithful servant with sorrow; and having once broken the ice, he was proceeding with increasing fluency, when his harangue was cut short and his temerity punished, by the little man's raising his head and treating him to a scowl so fearful, half demoniac, half insane, that it haunted his imagination in nightmares and nervous tremors for months after.

To this man Lady Ardagh had, at first sight, conceived an antipathy amounting to horror, a mixture of loathing and dread so very powerful that she had made it a particular and urgent request to Sir Robert that he would dismiss him, offering herself, from that property which Sir Robert had, by the marriage settlements, left at her own disposal, to provide handsomely for him, provided only she might be relieved from the continual anxiety and discomfort which the fear of encountering him induced.

Sir Robert, however, would not hear of it; the request seemed at first to agitate and distress him; but when still urged in defiance of his peremptory refusal, he burst into a violent fit of fury; he spoke darkly of great sacrifices which he had made, and threatened that if the request were at any time renewed he would leave both her and the country for ever. This was, however, a solitary instance of violence; his general conduct towards Lady Ardagh, though at no time bordering upon the uxorious, was certainly kind and respectful, and he was more than repaid in the fervent attachment which she bore him in return.

Some short time after this strange interview between Sir Robert and Lady Ardagh; one night after the family had retired to bed, and when everything had been quiet for some time, the bell of Sir Robert's dressing-room rang suddenly and violently; the ringing was repeated again and again at still shorter intervals, and with increasing violence, as if the person who pulled the bell was agitated by the presence of some terrifying and imminent danger. A servant named Donovan was the first to answer it; he threw on his clothes, and hurried to the room with haste proportioned to the urgency of the call.

Sir Robert had selected for his private room an

apartment, remote from the bed-chambers of the castle, most of which lay in the more modern parts of the mansion, and secured at its entrance by a double door; as the servant opened the first of these, Sir Robert's bell again sounded with a longer and louder peal; the inner door resisted his efforts to open it; but after a few violent struggles, not having been perfectly secured or owing to the inadequacy of the bolt itself, it gave way, and the servant rushed into the apartment, advancing several paces before he could recover himself. As he entered, he heard Sir Robert's voice exclaiming loudly 'wait without, do not come in yet;' but the prohibition came too late. Near a low truckle-bed, upon which Sir Robert sometimes slept, for he was a whimsical man, in a large arm chair, safe, or rather lounged, the form of the valet, Jacque; his arms folded, and his heels stretched forward on the floor so as fully to exhibit his misshapen legs, his head thrown back, and his eyes fixed upon his master with a look of indescribable defiance and derision, while, as if to add to the strange insolence of his attitude and expression, he had placed upon his head the black cloth cap which it was his habit to wear.

Sir Robert was standing before him at the distance of several yards in a posture expressive of despair, terror, and what might be called an agony of humility. He waved his hand twice or thrice, as if to dismiss the servant, who, however, remained fixed on the spot where he had first stood; and then, as if forgetting every thing but the agony within him, he pressed his clenched hands on his cold damp brow, and dashed away the heavy drops that gathered chill and thickly there. Jacque broke the silence.

'Donovan,' said he, 'shake up that drone and drunkard, Carlton; tell him that his master directs that the travelling carriage shall be at the door within half an hour.'

The servant paused as if in doubt as to what he should do; but his scruples were resolved by Sir Robert's saying hurriedly, 'Go, go, do whatever he directs; his commands are mine, tell Carlton the same.'

The servant hurried to obey, and in about half an hour the carriage was at the door, and Jacque having directed the coachman to drive to B—n, a small town at about the distance of twelve miles, the nearest point, however, at which post horses could be obtained, stepped into the vehicle, which accordingly quitted the castle immediately.

Although it was a fine moonlight night, the carriage made its way but slowly, and after the lapse of two hours, the travellers had arrived at a point about eight miles from the castle, at which the road strikes through a desolate and heathy flat, sloping up, distantly at either side into bleak undulatory hills, in whose monotonous sweep the imagination beholds the heaving of

some dark sluggish sea, arrested in its first commotion by some preternatural power; it is a gloomy and divested spot; there is neither tree nor habitation near it; its monotony is unbroken, except by here and there the grey front of a rock peering above the heath, and the effect is rendered yet more dreary and spectral by the exaggerated and misty shadows which the moon casts along the sloping sides of the hills. When they had gained about the centre of this tract, Carlton, the coachman, was surprised to see a figure standing, at some distance in advance, immediately beside the road, and still more so when, on coming up, he observed that it was no other than the person whom he believed to be at that moment quietly seated in the carriage; the coachman drew up, and nodding to him, the little valet exclaimed, 'Carlton, I have got the start of you, the roads are heavy, so I shall even take care of myself the rest of the way; do you make your way back as best you can; and I shall follow my own nose;' so saying he chucked a purse into the lap of the coachman, and turning off at a right angle with the road he began to move rapidly away in the direction of the dark ridge, that lowered in the distance. The servant watched him until he was lost in the shadowy haze of night; and neither he nor any of the inmates of the castle saw Jacque again. His disappearance, as might have been expected, did not cause any regret among the servants and dependants at the castle; and Lady Ardagh did not attempt to conceal her delight; but with Sir Robert matters were different; for, two or three days subsequent to this event, he confined himself to his room; and when he did return to his ordinary occupations, it was with a gloomy indifference which showed that he did so more from habit than from any interest he felt in them; he appeared from that moment unaccountably and strikingly changed, and thenceforward walked through life as a thing from which he could derive neither profit nor pleasure. His temper, however, so far from growing wayward or morose, became, though gloomy, very, almost unnaturally, placid and cold; but his spirits totally failed, and he became silent and abstracted.

These sombre habits of mind, as might have been anticipated, very materially affected the gay house-keeping of the castle; and the dark and melancholy spirit of its master, seemed to have communicated itself to the very domestics, almost to the very walls of the mansion. Several years rolled on in this way, and the sounds of mirth and wassail had long been strangers to the castle, when Sir Robert requested his lady, to her great astonishment, to invite some twenty or thirty of their friends to spend the Christmas, which was fast approaching, at the castle. Lady Ardagh gladly complied, and her sister Mary, who still continued unmarried, and Lady D—— were of course included in the invitations. Lady Ardagh had requested her sisters

to set forward as early as possible, in order that she might enjoy a little of their society before the arrival of the other guests; and in compliance with this request they left Dublin almost immediately upon receiving the invitation, a little more than a week before the arrival of the festival which was to be the period at which the whole party were to muster.

For expedition's sake it was arranged that they should post, while Lady D——'s groom was to follow with her horses; she taking with herself her own maid and one male servant. They left the city when the day was considerably spent, and consequently made but three stages in the first day; upon the second, at about eight in the evening, they had reached the town of K——k, distant about fifteen miles from Castle Ardagh. Here owing to Miss F——d's great fatigue, she having been for a considerable time in a very delicate state of health, it was determined to put up for the night. They, accordingly, took possession of the best sitting room which the inn commanded, and Lady D—— remained in it to direct and urge the preparations for some refreshment, which the fatigues of the day had rendered necessary, while her younger sister retired to her bed-chamber to rest there for a little time, as the parlour commanded no such luxury as a sofa.

Miss F——d was, as I have already stated, at this time, in very delicate health; and upon this occasion the exhaustion of fatigue, and the dreary badness of the weather, combined to depress her spirits. Lady D—— had not been left long to herself, when the door communicating with the passage was abruptly opened, and her sister Mary entered in a state of great agitation; she sat down pale and trembling upon one of the chairs, and it was not until a copious flood of tears had relieved her, that she became sufficiently calm to relate the cause of her excitement and distress. It was simply this. Almost immediately upon lying down upon the bed she sank into a feverish and unrefreshing slumber; images of all grotesque shapes and startling colours flitted before her sleeping fancy with all the rapidity and variety of the changes in a kaleidoscope. At length, as she described it, a mist seemed to interpose itself between her sight and the ever-shifting scenery which sported before her imagination, and out of this cloudy shadow, gradually emerged a figure whose back seemed turned towards the sleeper; it was that of a lady, who, in perfect silence, was expressing as far as pantomimic gesture could, by wringing her hands, and throwing her head from side to side, in the manner of one who is exhausted by the over-indulgence, by the very sickness and impatience of grief, the extremity of misery. For a long time she sought in vain to catch a glimpse of the face of the apparition, who thus seemed to stir and live before her. But at length the figure seemed to move with an air of authority, as if about to give directions to some inferior, and in doing so, it

turned its head so as to display, with a ghastly distinctness, the features of Lady Ardagh, pale as death, with her dark hair all dishevelled, and her eyes dim and sunken with weeping. The revulsion of feeling which Miss F——d experienced at this disclosure—for up to that point she had contemplated the appearance rather with a sense of curiosity and of interest, than of any thing deeper—was so horrible, that the shock awoke her perfectly. She sat up in the bed, and looked fearfully around the room, which was imperfectly lighted by a single candle burning dimly, as if she almost expected to see the reality of her dreadful vision lurking in some corner of the chamber. Her fears were, however, verified, though not in the way she expected; yet in a manner sufficiently horrible—for she had hardly time to breathe and to collect her thoughts, when she heard, or thought she heard, the voice of her sister, Lady Ardagh, sometimes sobbing violently, and sometimes almost shrieking as if in terror, and calling upon her and Lady D——, with the most imploring earnestness of despair, for God's sake to lose no time in coming to her. All this was so horribly distinct, that it seemed as if the mourner was standing within a few yards of the spot where Miss F——d lay. She sprang from the bed, and leaving the candle in the room behind her, she made her way in the dark through the passage, the voice still following her, until as she arrived at the door of the sitting-room it seemed to die away in low sobbing.

As soon as Miss F——d was tolerably recovered, she declared her determination to proceed directly, and without further loss of time to Castle Ardagh. It was not without much difficulty that Lady D—— at length prevailed upon her to consent to remain where they then were, until morning should arrive, when it was to be expected that the young lady would be much refreshed by at least remaining quiet for the night, even though sleep were out of the question. Lady D—— was convinced, from the nervous and feverish symptoms which her sister exhibited, that she had already done too much, and was more than ever satisfied of the necessity of prosecuting the journey no further upon that day. After some time she persuaded her sister to return to her room, where she remained with her until she had gone to bed, and appeared comparatively composed. Lady D—— then returned to the parlour, and not finding herself sleepy, she remained sitting by the fire. Her solitude was a second time broken in upon, by the entrance of her sister, who now appeared, if possible, more agitated than before. She said that Lady D—— had not long left the room, when she was roused by a repetition of the same wailing and lamentations, accompanied by the wildest and most agonized supplications that no time should be lost in coming to Castle Ardagh, and all in her sister's voice, and uttered at the same proximity as before. This time the voice

had followed her to the very door of the sitting room, and until she closed it, seemed to pour forth its cries and sobs at the very threshold.

Miss F——d now most positively declared that nothing should prevent her proceeding instantly to the castle, adding that if Lady D—— would not accompany her, she would go on by herself. Superstitious feelings are at all times more or less contagious, and the last century afforded a soil much more congenial to their growth than the present. Lady D—— was so far affected by her sister's terrors, that she became, at least, uneasy; and seeing that her sister was immovably determined upon setting forward immediately, she consented to accompany her forthwith. After a slight delay, fresh horses were procured, and the two ladies and their attendants renewed their journey, with strong injunctions to the driver to quicken their rate of travelling as much as possible, and promises of reward in case of his doing so.

Roads were then in a much worse condition throughout the south, even than they now are; and the fifteen miles which modern posting would have passed in little more than an hour and a half, were not completed even with every possible exertion in twice the time. Miss F——d had been nervously restless during the journey. Her head had been out at the carriage window every minute; and as they approached the entrance to the castle demesne, which lay about a mile from the building, her anxiety began to communicate itself to her sister. The postilion had just dismounted, and was endeavouring to open the gate—at that time a necessary trouble; for in the middle of the last century, porter's lodges were not common in the south of Ireland, and locks and keys almost unknown. He had just succeeded in rolling back the heavy oaken gate, so as to admit the vehicle, when a mounted servant rode rapidly down the avenue, and drawing up at the carriage, asked of the postilion who the party were; and on hearing, he rode round to the carriage window, and handed in a note which Lady D—— received. By the assistance of one of the coach-lamps they succeeded in deciphering it. It was scrawled in great agitation, and ran thus—

'My Dear Sister—my dear Sisters both,—In God's name lose no time, I am frightened and miserable; I cannot explain all till you come. I am too much terrified to write coherently; but understand me—hasten—do not waste a minute. I am afraid you will come too late.

E. A.'

The servant could tell nothing more than that the castle was in great confusion, and that Lady Ardagh had been crying bitterly all the night. Sir Robert was perfectly well. Altogether at a loss as to the cause of Lady Ardagh's great distress, they urged their way up the steep and broken avenue which winded through the crowding trees, whose wild and grotesque branches,

now stript and naked by the blasts of winter, stretched drearily across the road. As the carriage drew up in the area before the door, the anxiety of the ladies almost amounted to sickness; and scarcely waiting for the assistance of their attendant, they sprang to the ground, and in an instant stood at the castle door. From within were distinctly audible the sounds of lamentation and weeping, and the suppressed hum of voices as if of those endeavouring to soothe the mourner. The door was speedily opened, and when the ladies entered, the first object which met their view was their sister, Lady Ardagh, sitting on a form in the hall, weeping and wringing her hands in deep agony. Beside her stood two old, withered crones, who were each endeavouring in their own way to administer consolation, without even knowing or caring what the subject of her grief might be.

Immediately on Lady Ardagh's seeing her sisters, she started up, fell on their necks, and kissed them again and again without speaking, and then taking them each by a hand, still weeping bitterly, she led them into a small room adjoining the hall, in which burned a light, and having closed the door, she sat down between them. After thanking them for the haste they had made, she proceeded to tell them, in words incoherent from agitation, that Sir Robert had in private, and in the most solemn manner, told her that he should die upon that night, and that he had occupied himself during the evening in giving minute directions respecting the arrangements of his funeral. Lady D—— here suggested the possibility of his labouring under the hallucinations of a fever; but to this Lady Ardagh quickly replied,

'Oh! no, no! would to God I could think it. Oh! no, no! wait till you have seen him. There is a frightful calmness about all he says and does; and his directions are all so clear, and his mind so perfectly collected, it is impossible, quite impossible;' and she wept yet more bitterly.

At that moment Sir Robert's voice was heard in issuing some directions, as he came down stairs; and Lady Ardagh exclaimed, hurriedly—

'Go now and see him yourself; he is in the hall.'

Lady D—— accordingly went out into the hall, where Sir Robert met her; and saluting her with kind politeness, he said, after a pause—

'You are come upon a melancholy mission—the house is in great confusion, and some of its inmates in considerable grief.' He took her hand, and looking fixedly in her face, continued—'I shall not live to see to-morrow's sun shine.'

'You are ill, sir, I have no doubt,' replied she; 'but I am very certain we shall see you much better to-morrow, and still better the day following.'

'I am *not* ill, sister,' replied he. 'Feel my temples, they are cool; lay your finger to my pulse, its throb

is slow and temperate. I never was more perfectly in health, and yet do I know that ere three hours be past, I shall be no more.'

'Sir, sir,' said she, a good deal startled, but wishing to conceal the impression which the calm solemnity of his manner had, in her own despite, made upon her, 'Sir, you should not jest; you should not even speak lightly upon such subjects. You trifle with what is sacred—you are sporting with the best affections of your wife—'

'Stay, my good lady,' said he; 'if when this clock shall strike the hour of three, I shall be anything but a helpless clod, then upbraid me. Pray return now to your sister. Lady Ardagh is, indeed, much to be pitied; but what is past cannot now be helped. I have now a few papers to arrange, and some to destroy. I shall see you and Lady Ardagh before my death; try to compose her—her sufferings distress me much; but what is past cannot now be mended.'

Thus saying he went up stairs, and Lady D—— returned to the room where her sisters were sitting.

'Well,' exclaimed Lady Ardagh, as she re-entered, 'is it not so!—do you still doubt!—do you think there is any hope!'

Lady D—— was silent.

'Oh! none, none, none,' continued she; 'I see, I see you are convinced,' and she wrung her hands in bitter agony.

'My dear sister,' said Lady D——, 'there is, no doubt, something strange in all that has appeared in this matter; but still I cannot but hope that there may be something deceptive in all the apparent calmness of Sir Robert. I still must believe that some latent fever has affected his mind, as that owing to the state of nervous depression into which he has been sinking, some trivial occurrence has been converted, in his disordered imagination, into an augury foreboding his immediate dissolution.'

In such suggestions, unsatisfactory even to those who originated them, and doubly so to her whom they were intended to comfort, more than two hours passed; and Lady D—— was beginning to hope that the fated term might elapse without the occurrence of any tragical event, when Sir Robert entered the room. On coming in, he placed his finger with a warning gesture upon his lips, as if to enjoin silence; and then having successfully pressed the hands of his two sisters-in-law, he stooped over the almost lifeless form of his lady, and twice pressed her cold, pale forehead with his lips, and then passed motionlessly out of the room.

Lady D—— followed to the door, saw him take a candle in the hall, and walk deliberately up the stairs. Stimulated by a feeling of horrible curiosity, she continued to follow him at a distance. She saw him enter his own private room, and heard him close and lock the door after him. Continuing to follow him as

far as she could, she placed herself at the door of the chamber, as noiselessly as possible; where after a little time, she was joined by her two sisters, Lady Ardagh and Miss F——d. In breathless silence they listened to what should pass within. They distinctly heard Sir Robert pacing up and down the room for some time; and then, after a pause, a sound as if some one had thrown himself heavily upon the bed. At this moment Lady D——, forgetting that the door had been secured within, turned the handle for the purpose of entering; some one from the inside, close to the door, said, 'Hush! hush!' The same lady now much alarmed, knocked violently at the door—there was no answer. She knocked again more violently, with no further success. Lady Ardagh, now uttering a piercing shriek, sank in a swoon upon the floor. Three or four servants, alarmed by the noise, now hurried up stairs, and Lady Ardagh was carried apparently lifeless to her own chamber. They then, after having knocked long and loudly in vain, applied themselves to forcing an entrance into Sir Robert's room. After resisting some violent efforts, the door at length gave way, and all entered the room nearly together. There was a single candle burning upon a table at the far end of the apartment; and stretched upon the bed lay Sir Robert Ardagh. He was a corpse—the eyes were open—no convulsion had passed over the features, or distorted the limbs—it seemed as if the soul had sped from the body without a struggle to remain there. On touching the body it was found to be cold as clay—all lingering of the vital heat had left it. They closed the ghastly eyes of the corpse, and leaving it to the care of those who seem to consider it a privilege of their age and sex to gloat over the revolting spectacle of death in all its stages, they returned to Lady Ardagh, now a widow. The party assembled at the castle, but the atmosphere was tainted with death. Grief there was not much, but awe and panic were expressed in every face. The guests talked in whispers, and the servants walked on tip-toe, as if afraid of the very noise of their own footsteps.

The funeral was conducted almost with splendour. The body having been conveyed, in compliance with Sir Robert's last directions, to Dublin, was there laid within the ancient walls of Saint Audoen's Church—where I have read the epitaph, telling the age and titles of the departed dust. Neither painted escutcheon, nor marble slab, have served to rescue from oblivion the story of the dead, whose very name will ere long moulder from their tracery—

"Et sunt sua fata sepulchris.*"

The events which I have recorded are not imaginary.

* This prophecy has since been realised; for the aisle in which Sir Robert's remains were laid, has been suffered to fall completely to decay; and the tomb which marked his grave, and other monuments more curious, form now one indistinguishable mass of rubbish.

VOL. XXXIII.—JULY, 1838.

They are **FACTS**; and there lives one whose authority none would venture to question, who could vindicate the accuracy of every statement which I have set down, and that too, with all the circumstantiality of an eye witness.*

From the Friend of India, December, 1837.

DR. MARSHMAN.

With feelings of the deepest regret, we have to announce the decease of the Rev. Dr. Marshman, after a long missionary career of thirty-eight years. He had been gradually sinking during the year, under the weight of age and infirmities, and expired at Serampore, on the 5th December, at the advanced age of sixty-nine years, seven months, and fifteen days.

The Rev. Dr. Marshman was born of humble parentage, in the village of Westbury Leigh, in Wiltshire, on the 20th April, 1768, where the cottage in which he first drew breath may yet be seen. Of his family little is known, except that they traced their descent from an officer in the Army of Cromwell; one of that band who, at the Restoration, relinquished, for conscience-sake, all views of worldly aggrandizement, and retired into the country, to support themselves by their own industry.

His father, a man of strong mind, undaunted intrepidity, and inflexible integrity, passed the early part of his life at sea, and was engaged in the *Hind* sloop of war, commanded by Capt. Bond, at the capture of Quebec—the action in which the gallant Wolff fell; but shortly after, he returned to England, determining to settle among the humble and honest manufacturers of his native country, and taking up his residence in Westbury Leigh, he married, and turned his attention to the weaving trade. Hence he was subsequently unable to afford his son any education, beyond what his native village supplied, except in his own Christian principles; and he lived to see the principles he had instilled ripen into the most enlarged and active benevolence. Dr. Marshman, from a very early age, exhibited so extraordinary a thirst for knowledge, as to convince his family and friends that he was destined for something higher than the loom. At the age of eight, he first began a course of desultory reading, snatching every moment from labour and play to devote to his books. He has assured the writer of this memorial, that between the age of ten and eighteen, he had devoured the contents of more than five hundred volumes. Thus, at an early period, he was enabled

* This paper, from a memorandum, I find to have been written in 1803. The lady to whom allusion is made, I believe to be Miss Mary F——d. She never married, and survived both her sisters, living to a very advanced age.

to lay in a vast store of knowledge, which, improved by subsequent study, made his conversation so rich and instructive. After reading all the volumes which so humble a village could furnish, he extended his researches to a greater distance, and often travelled a dozen of miles out and home to borrow a book. Having no one to direct his pursuits, he read promiscuously whatever fell in his way, with the utmost avidity. But, it was to biography, and more particularly to history, that the bent of his mind was directed. So much so, indeed, that when his parents, on the death of an elder brother, endeavoured to direct his thoughts to the joys of Heaven, he declared that he felt no disinclination to contemplate them, provided there was room to believe that the reading of history would not be incompatible with the pursuits of that blessed region. Among the early incidents of his life, it was long remembered in his native village, that a neighbouring clergyman, passing with a friend through Westbury, while he was playing at marbles, put his reading and memory to the test, by a long series of questions upon the more ancient history of England, and declared his astonishment at the correct replies which he received to every inquiry. At the age of twelve, the clergyman of his own parish meeting him one day with a book in his pocket, too large for it to conceal, asked him several questions, and among the rest, the names of the kings of Israel from the beginning to the Babylonish captivity, and being struck with the accuracy of his replies, desired him to call at his house in future for any book he might wish to read.

On his reaching the house, the clergyman begged he would tell him whom he thought the best preacher, the dissenting minister of the town or himself. With the certainty on the one hand that the first named excelled, and the fear on the other of losing the promised treat, he hesitated for a moment; but determining not to purchase even *this* at the expense of truth, he begged to be allowed to refer him to the answer of Melville, who, when asked by Queen Elizabeth whether she or his royal mistress of Scotland excelled in beauty, replied, that each was handsomest in her own kingdom; and desired him to accept that as his answer. At the age of fifteen, his father sent him up to London, to Mr. Cator, the bookseller, in the Strand, in the hope that some path would open for his obtaining a livelihood in a sphere more congenial with his tastes than a weaver's cottage. Here he was employed on errands; but at every interval of leisure, availed himself of the new facilities he enjoyed for reading. When sent out with parcels, he too frequently spent half his time in perusing the books with which he was charged, instead of taking them to their destination. His master declared that he could make nothing of him, and that he would never succeed as a bookseller. His

life in the shop was not of the most agreeable description; and it was embittered by the prospect of being condemned to a life of such unintellectual drudgery. On one occasion, having been sent to the Duke of Grafton with three folio volumes of Clarendon's History, and several other books, he was overcome with fatigue and despondency at the tasks to which he was subjected, and walking into Westminster Hall, laid down his load and began to weep. But the bitterness of his feelings soon passed off; the associations of the place with which his reading had made him familiar, crowded into his mind, and appeared to fill him with new energy; and he determined, as he has often told us, in however humble a situation he might be placed, to continue storing his mind with knowledge, till the fitting opportunity should come round for his emancipation. He returned to the country between the age of sixteen and seventeen, and resumed his manual occupations, still continuing to indulge his irrepressible thirst for reading. He now turned his attention to divinity and made himself familiar with the works of all the most celebrated divines, without distinction of sect; and those who have enjoyed the advantage of conversing with him on religious topics, cannot have failed to appreciate the industry which had given him so vast a store of knowledge. To these pursuits he added the study of Latin. The strength of mind displayed in these intellectual pursuits by one who was obliged to look for his daily bread to the labour of his own hands, will appear, on reflection, to form, perhaps, the most remarkable trait in his character. At the age of twenty-three, he married the granddaughter of the Rev. Mr. Clarke, the Baptist minister at Froome; and this change in his circumstances rendered him doubly anxious for a different sphere of life.

At length, the long-expected opportunity turned up. The post of master in a school supported by the Church in Broadmead, in the city of Bristol, became vacant: his friends urged him to apply for it. He came up to Bristol, underwent an examination before the committee of management, and was unanimously accepted. The salary was small—£40 a year; but it brought him into a new circle, where his energies and talent might have play. He removed to that city at the age of twenty-five, and obtained permission to devote the time not occupied in this school to one of his own. This seminary was soon crowded with pupils; it rose rapidly in public estimation, and placed him at once in circumstances of independence. Among his scholars was the late lamented and amiable Mr. Rich, the Resident at Bagdad, whose work on Babylon has given him so just a celebrity. But the chief advantage of his position at Bristol, was the introduction it afforded him to Dr. Ryland, the president of the Baptist Academy. He entered as a student in that seminary, and devoted every moment which he could spare from his avoca-

tions to study under so able a master. He applied diligently to the Greek and Hebrew languages; and subsequently added to them Arabic and Syriac, in which his attainments, though not profound, were greatly above mediocrity. In this congenial course of improvement he passed six of the happiest years of his life. By the advice of Dr. Ryland, he prepared himself for the ministry, for which his great theological reading had well fitted him, and there was every prospect of his becoming an ornament to the denomination, in his native land, with which he was associated. But a nobler field of exertion was now opened before him; for which, in the economy of Providence, this previous training appears evidently to have been intended to prepare him.

Dr. Carey who had been employed for six years in India in the new and untried field of missionary labours, while his future colleague was completing his studies at Bristol, had requested the Baptist Missionary Society, of which Dr. Ryland was one of the founders, to send more labourers into the vineyard. Dr. Ryland proposed the subject to his pupil, and found that it was not altogether new to his mind, as the perusal of the periodical accounts of the mission had begun to kindle in his mind an anxiety for India. He was accepted by the society, then in its infancy, as a missionary, and embarked with Mr. Grant, one of his own pupils, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Brunsdon, on the *Criterion*, an American vessel. They arrived in the river in October, and intending to proceed to Mudnabatty to join Dr. Carey, were advised to take up their abode temporarily at Serampore, where they landed on the 13th October, 1799. It was about this time that the fear of an invasion of India by the French predominated in the councils of India; several French emissaries, in the guise of priests, having been detected about the country. In announcing the arrival of Dr. Marshman and his associates, the printer of one of the Calcutta papers, who had never heard of the existence of a Baptist denomination, set forth that four Papist missionaries had arrived in a foreign ship, and proceeded up to a foreign settlement. The paragraph could not fail to catch Lord Wellesley's eye. The captain was instantly summoned to the police, and informed that his ship would be refused a port-clearance, unless he engaged to take back the Papist missionaries. He explained the mistake, and in one respect removed the fears of Government; but there was so strong a disposition manifested to obstruct missionary operations, upon a plea of their dangerous tendency, that the missionaries found they could not reside with any confidence in the British territories, and that it was wise to accept of the countenance and protection which was so generally offered them by the Danish authorities. Dr. Carey felt the full force of their ar-

guments, and soon after came down to join them: and thus commenced the Serampore mission.

Three congenial minds were thus brought together by the appointment of Providence, and they lost no time in laying a broad basis for their future operations. They threw their whole souls into the noble enterprise, which demanded all their courage and zeal, since, from the British Government they had nothing but the sternest opposition to expect, the moment the extension and the success of their labours should bring them into public notice. The resources of the Society were totally inadequate to the support of all the missionary families now in the field. Indeed, Dr. Marshman and his associates had come out with the distinct understanding that they were to receive support only till they could support themselves. They immediately began to open independent sources of income. Dr. Carey obtained the post of professor in the College of Fort William, then recently established. Dr. and Mrs. Marshman opened a boarding-school, and Mr. Ward established a printing office, and laboured with his own hands in setting the types of the first edition of the Bengalee New Testament, which Dr. Carey had brought with him. Dr. Carey's motto, "Expect great things; attempt great things," became the watchword of the three. They determined, by a noble sacrifice of individual interests and comforts, to live as one family, and to throw their united income into one joint stock, to be devoted to the common cause. Merging all minor differences of opinion in a sacred anxiety for the promotion of the great enterprise which absorbed their minds, they made a combined movement for the diffusion of truth and knowledge in India. To the hostility of Government, and to every discouragement which arose from the nature of the undertaking, they opposed a spirit of Christian meekness and calm perseverance. They stood in the front of the battle of Indian missions; and during the arduous struggle, which terminated with the charter of 1813, in granting missionaries free access to India, they never for a moment deserted their post, or despaired of success. When, at a subsequent period, Lord Hastings, who honoured them with his kind support, had occasion to revert in conversation to the severe conflict they had passed through, he assured them that, in his opinion, the freedom of resort to India, which missionaries then enjoyed, was owing, under God, to the prudence, the zeal, and the wisdom, which they had manifested, when the whole weight of Government in England and India was directed to the extinction of the missionary enterprise.

It would be impossible, within the limits to which we must confine ourselves, to enumerate the plans which they formed for the mission, for translations of the sacred Scriptures, and for education; or the ob-

stacles which tried the strength of their principles. Neither is it possible to individualize Dr. Marshman's efforts in every case, for, so complete was the unity of their designs, that it seemed as if three great souls had been united in one, so as to have but one object, and to be imbued with one impulse. But with this unity of design, there was necessarily a division of labour; and we may briefly state, therefore, the particular objects which engaged Dr. Marshman's time and attention. In 1806, he applied himself diligently to the study of the Chinese language, and was enabled to publish a translation of the entire Scriptures, and a grammar in that tongue. The Loll Bazar Chapel, erected at a time when the means of religious instruction in Calcutta were small, and when religious feeling was at so low an ebb, that even Martyn could not command on an evening a congregation of more than twenty, was mainly indebted for its existence to Dr. Marshman's personal efforts. When the erection of it was suspended for lack of funds, he went about from house to house, raising subscriptions for it; and for his pains, was exhibited in masquerade, at an entertainment given to Lord Minto, as a 'pious missionary, begging subscriptions.*' To him the Benevolent Institution in Calcutta was indebted for its birth and subsequent vigour. The idea of it struck out when Dr. Leyden, Dr. Marshman, and Dr. Hare were dining together; and the prospectus, drawn up by Dr. Marshman, was carefully revised by Dr. Leyden. He continued to act as secretary to the institution to the last moment in which his health permitted him to act. He was also associated with Dr. Carey in the translation of the *Ramayun* into English, of which three volumes were published. To the plan of native schools, he gave up much time and labour; and the valuable "Hints," which he published in the form of a pamphlet, just at the time when the first efforts were made for education in India, twenty-one years ago, was deemed worthy of being incorporated with one of the leading publications in England.

In 1826 he revisited England, after an absence of twenty-seven years, and travelled through the United Kingdom, endeavouring, by his public addresses, and in private conversation, to urge on the cause of missions; and there are many now in India to whom this notice will recall, with a melancholy pleasure, the warmth and animation which he was the means of communicating to their minds on that subject. He visited Denmark, and was graciously received by his Majesty Frederick the Sixth, to whose steady and un-

interrupted protection the mission may be said to have been indebted for its existence when assailed by the British Government. His Majesty was pleased to grant a Charter of Incorporation to Serampore College, upon Dr. Marshman's petition. He returned to Serampore in May 1829, and joined Dr. Carey and his associates in superintending the mission under the new form of an independent association, which it had acquired. In June 1834, he was deprived of this venerable friend and colleague, with whom he had been permitted to act for thirty-five years. He bore the separation with more firmness than was expected; but the dissolution, cemented by the noblest of all undertakings, and sanctified by time, made a deep and visible impression on his mind. All the veneration and affection of his younger associates could not fill up the void created by the loss of Dr. Carey. He appeared among us as the solitary relic of a past age of great men. The activity of his mind, however, though with occasional interruptions, continued till the mind itself appeared to be worn out. The calamity which befel his daughter, Mrs. Havelock, at Landour, in October last year, produced a severe shock to his feelings, which, added to increasing infirmities, brought him gradually lower and lower. About six weeks before his death he was taken out on the river by the advice of Dr. Nicholson and Dr. Voigt, but his constitution was exhausted. Yet when the excitement of this short excursion, which was extended to Fort Gloster, had given him a small return of strength, both bodily and mental, the energy of former days seemed again to come over him, and he passed several days in arranging plans of usefulness, the accomplishment of which would have required years. At length, on Tuesday, the 5th of December, he gently sunk to rest, without pain or sorrow, in the lively enjoyment of that hope which is full of immortality.

His form was tall and athletic. His constitution appeared to be constructed of iron. He exposed himself to all the severities of an Indian climate, with perfect impunity. He enjoyed, till within the last year of his life, such uninterrupted health, as falls to the lot of few in India. During thirty-seven years, he had not taken medicine to the value of ten rupees. The strength of his body seemed to be admirably adapted, with the structure of his mind, to fit him for the long career of usefulness he was permitted to run. He was peculiarly remarkable for ceaseless industry. He usually rose at four, and despatched half the business of the day before breakfast. When extraordinary exertions appeared necessary, he seemed to have a perfect command over sleep, and has been known for days together, to take less than half his usual quantity of rest. His memory was great, beyond that of most men. He recalled facts, with all their minute associations, with the utmost facility. This faculty he enjoyed to

* His friend, Dr. Leyden, was present at the masqued ball, and as it was said that the subscription list was very full, Dr. M. endeavoured to discover his representative, that he might ask for the funds; but Leyden would never disclose the name, which led Dr. Marshman to tell him, that there was more humour than honesty in the transaction.

the last day of his existence. During the last month of his life, when unable even to turn on his couch without assistance, he dictated to his daughter, Mrs. Voigt, his recollections of the early establishment of the mission at Serampore, with a clearness and minuteness perfectly astonishing. The vast stores of knowledge which he had laid up in early life, and to which he was making constant addition, rendered his personal intercourse in society a great enjoyment. His manners and deportment, particularly towards his inferiors, were remarkable for amenity and humility. To his family he was devoted almost to a fault, so that his enemies found in this subject a fertile field for crimination—with what generosity of feeling let every parent judge. During a union of more than forty-six years, he was the most devoted of husbands, and as the father of a family of twelve children, of whom only six lived to an age to appreciate his worth, and only five survived to deplore his loss, he was the most affectionate of parents.

The leading trait of his character, more especially in the earlier part of his career, was energy and firmness: this, combined with a spirit of strong perseverance, enabled him to assist in carrying out into effect those large views which he and his colleagues delighted to indulge in. His piety was deep and genuine. His religious sentiments were without bigotry. But the most distinguishing feature in his life was his ardent zeal for the cause of missions. This zeal never for a moment suffered any abatement, but seemed to gather strength from every new difficulty. The precious cause, as he latterly denominated it, occupied his dying thoughts, as it had occupied his living exertions; and the last question which he asked of those around him was, 'Can you think of any thing I can yet do for it?' This zeal was united with a degree of pecuniary disinterestedness which has seldom been surpassed. He considered it his greatest privilege, that God had enabled him to lay on the altar of his cause so large a contribution from his own labours. With the means of amassing an ample fortune, he did not leave behind him, of all his own earnings in India for thirty-eight years, more than the amount of a single year's income of his seminary in its palmy days.

We owe some apology for the length to which this notice has been extended; but the subject scarcely admitted of our saying less. To some, even this lengthened memorial of the last survivor of the three men, who were, under God, the means of giving a spiritual and intellectual impulse to India, which will be felt during the present century, will not be displeasing; while others may possibly find some excuse for the length to which filial veneration has extended a tribute of affection, for one to whom the writer is indebted for whatever can be deemed valuable in life.

From Tail's Magazine.

IRISH REAPERS.

BY THE O'HARÁ FAMILY.

In a careful and luminous speech on the question of the Irish Poor-Law, a leading Cabinet Minister lately pronounced a high eulogium upon the peasant Irish who go over to England to cut the harvest. He praised their industry in getting, and their prudence in not spending, in a strange country, the products of the labour which they quitted their own to seek an opportunity of honestly exercising. And the statesman necessarily added to this, or superinduced around it, an admission of much good conduct on the part of the poor people during their sojourn in England;—and with obvious reason; for how, indeed, could the other merits he had enumerated have been accounted for, without supposing an attendant, a guardian sense of moral propriety, and a knowledge of social duties and actions? Humble we—the thrice-Irish O'Haras—were delighted to read those statements, not simply because they panegyricized Irish people like ourselves, but also because they did us the honour of going hand in hand with our own observations of the class of persons in question, during many years' residence in the noble Lord's country. In Kent, in Sussex, and in other agricultural English counties, we have indeed seen the Irish labourer, come over to reap his neighbour's crop, earn and anticipate this excellent character now given him upon such high authority. In small towns, in very small villages, and in farm-houses, we have heard him admired and respected for his conduct and his prudence, to say nothing of his almost unrivalled prowess in *task-work* in the fields. It would be easy for us to mention the names of Sussex farmers in particular, who spoke nearly in terms of attachment of their Irish visitants. We remember one who told us that the same man, *with his family*, had been coming to his father and him, during harvest-time, every year for twenty years previously. But how with his family? First, the poor fellow appeared, leading a sickly mother in his train, and supporting her out of the fruits of his labour; and this went on for many years—till, while absent in Ireland one severe winter the mother died. Next year, he presented himself anew with a young wife; next year, with the same accompaniment, and the adjunct of a toddling infant; the next, with the wife still, and that urchin, now able to trudge sturdily along, and a second, as if to keep up his elder brother's former place, mounted upon the father's shoulders. In due course of time, the wife stopped at home, to take care of her now flourishing establishment in her own "green isle"—(made so by her husband's consistent industry in England)—but still and still the original emigrant returned, leading by the hand, or bearing in his arms or on his back, one or other of his children;

and the very day upon which the worthy Sussex farmer spoke to us, he took us out into one of his fields, and shewed us the individual in question, employed in cutting down wheat, while a little Irish imp, not more than two years old—and Irishly clad, too—was half crawling round him, like a kind of tame frog, (if such a thing could be,) through the stubbles; father and son making very good company with each other, and eloquently discussing various subjects in their native tongue.

But how could Paddy save so much of his English earnings, and so many village "taps" near him? Whisky, to be sure, his usual beverage, he could not get; but gin was a pretty good substitute—and what paid for his consumption of that? Did he not reel or caper about, drunk, as often as ever? No—he did not tinkle at all. Not even as much as his English brother. Strange enough!—and how to be accounted for? Very easily. He was now well occupied, and well rewarded, and kindly treated; and success gave him self-respect, and the kind treatment confidence in the future; he was away, too, from the contagion of bad example supplied in his own country by the ill-rewarded, ill-treated, if not totally neglected, and, therefore, reckless peasant; and so he became, not only a sober man, but a prudent, a well-conducted, and a consistent one. Ye that run, read!

Nor is it alone for mere industry and good conduct that the Irish agricultural labourer in England and Scotland merits our approbation. He is also to be applauded for much endurance and good-temper under annoyances of a peculiar nature. While the more respectable of the two sister countries, almost invariably, are kind, just indeed, to the poor stranger, the same is scarcely to be expected of the humbler classes of English and Scotch, who naturally regard him as an intruder in their harvest-field, and sometimes treat him accordingly. Topics lie abundantly at hand through which to vent their unamiable, though, perhaps, natural feeling; and Pat has to encounter sneers and gibes upon his drawl, his brogue, his idioms, his very dress, air, and manners, as well as upon his country and his religion. But he meets and bears all this patiently. We do not mean to speak of such atrocious Irish colonies as those of St. Giles or Chelsea. In places like these, the emigrant Irish are a hundred times worse-conducted than they can be found at home, because they still congregate together—indeed, are forced to do so—cut off from good example, or mixing only with such specimens of English or Scotch as deprave them down to the blackguardism of all large cities and towns. No, in one of the London-Irish principalities, Pat, we are free to admit, is always prepared to kick up a row upon any or no provocation. But we do speak of the poor Irish labourer alone, or clanning but with a few of his countrymen, in the agricultural dis-

tricts of England; and in such positions, we repeat that his command of temper, nay, his not unchristian meekness under unmerited taunt and insult, deserve a generous sympathy and commendation.

Cowardly foes, unfortunately, are to be found, now and then, in every community; and worse than the sarcasm of the tongue is occasionally inflicted, by his jealous neighbours, on the wandering and unbefriended Irishman. Blows, entailing severe bodily harm, are thus, though seldom, his lot. And we have seen him, too, almost without his knowing it, suffering under such rough treatment, and witnessed how he met the injury; and it was with patience, philosophy, and religion, still. We have heard him, indeed, make allowances for the irritated sense of rivalry of brother John, and pray to God to forgive him. Yes! explain it to yourselves as you may, all good and gentle readers, of every sect, who differ from him, your poor-fellow subject Pat has, in his heart of hearts, a feeling of religion, which, in many varieties of to you perhaps unimaginable privation, woe, and wrong, is—must be—his sole refuge against despair and all its frightful consequences.

Upon a former occasion, we illustrated some assertions, something like this one, by reference to the public columns of a newspaper; and, in the present instance, we shall do the same thing—scarcely, as in the case alluded to, altering in any way the printed report to serve our purposes. The incident is intimately connected with all we have been gossiping on the subject of Irish reapers. Unhappily, too, it records the perpetration, upon one of them, of an act of excessive cruelty, by a few individuals of—we shall not say whether England or Scotland. It is not in the view, Heaven knows, of holding up to national obloquy the whole people of the country in question that we would recur to the unfortunate circumstance; and a little innocent mystifying may therefore be permitted on this one point. Doubtless, however, we are not the only persons upon whom, of all the newspaper-reading public, the matter made an impression, now some ten years ago; and, presuming such to be the case, we may expect that references will be made by some of our readers to the real scene of action as we go along.

It would be superfluous to observe here, that want of good demand, or, even with that, want of good reward for labour at home, is the cause of the emigration to other harvest-grounds, of the Irish peasant. And, generally speaking, he crosses over to England or to Scotland, not in consequence of any sudden failure in worldly prospects in his own country, but simply to better a lot which, in common with millions, he has been accustomed to from his cradle—ay, and to which the father who rocked him in that cradle had also been accustomed. Sometimes, however, a change for the worse in circumstances does send a new claimant across

the Channel in harvest-time; and it is with such a case we are at present concerned. And, as the change alluded to arose from occurrences which, in the present state of the world, can take place only in Ireland, we are necessitously warned, as it were, to commence our anecdotes of Davy Ryan on his own soil.

Few of the proprietors of a quarter of an acre of ground in Ireland endeavour to keep even the smallest patch before their cabin door for ornamental purposes; and yet Davy Ryan contrived to do so. Not, indeed, that he exhibited anything like a flower-garden; yet his neighbours thought that he approached very near to its pretensions in rearing, within the area of a few square yards round his threshold, cabbages, parsnips, carrots, turnips, and radishes, with a few roots of parsley, tongue-grass, and thyme; nay, even "the flowers themselves"—in the shape of bachelor's-buttons, blue-bells, &c.—audaciously peered up among the borders of his more usefully-employed beds. And he had actually fenced in all this from the intrusion of pigs, dogs, cows, and horses; to say nothing of men, women, and children, who might be inclined to pay his pleasure-ground an unceremonious visit, either from his potato ridges, which commenced immediately outside its boundary, in front of his cabin, or else over the very low wall which half defined the highroad to one side of it.

In fact, country and locality considered, Davy was well to do in the world. Along with cultivating the whole important extent of his own grounds, and doing a day's work for a farmer whenever he could get it, he, with the assistance of his simple, pains-taking wife, reared domestic fowls of all kinds, which she, or her eldest child, a girl of sixteen, sold in the next market town. He had, moreover, a plantation of osiers, in the headland of his quarter of an acre of potatoes, which he industriously—and skilfully, the neighbours said—manufactured into coarse but serviceable hand-baskets, also vendible on market day. And thus everything went on prosperously and happily with him.

Some points of Davy's character it is here convenient to notice. In precision of conduct and orderly habits, and, above all, in seriousness of disposition, he differed from the majority of his equals in life around him. But, perhaps, these virtues ran into their own extremes. For the every-day enjoyment of an existence which is not doomed to be always sombre, and certainly to the apprehensions of his neighbours in general, Davy did not smile or laugh enough. And then his constant exhortations to keep everything tidy and in its place, in doors and out of doors, sometimes proved a bore to his otherwise affectionate and admiring family; his younger children in particular—two boys of six and of four years—thinking him quite too exact.

He was a religious man, from feeling and upon

principle; and a strict observer of all the duties and discipline enjoined by his church: and his family imitated and followed his good example. No cursing or swearing, or profane language of any kind was heard in his house; and drunkenness was a stranger to it. Nor, though a strict adherent to his own creed, did he shew any uncharitable feelings to those who differed from him. The blacksmith of his village was a stern Protestant, and yet he and Davy were constant visitors at each other's houses; it must be added, constant disputants too. And here comes in something of our poor hero, which may, we fear, make him seem a little absurd. Davy was a great theological arguer. Having partially acquired, in early youth, the art of reading, he became acquainted, all on one side of the question, with the history of the reformation, ("as they call it," he used to add.) A very mutilated and greasy copy of a curious book, "Warde's Cantos," also found its way into his hands, and he made great use of it. Perhaps few of our readers have seen the rare production in question. 'Tis written in Hudibrastic rhyme, and is evidently a copy of Butler's style, in all respects; its wit and sarcasm are not, however, so neat and playful. For instance—it introduces, if we recollect aright, the ghosts of Queen Elizabeth and her worthy father, Henry VIII., holding learned and not polite colloquy, on the Reformation, in no less a place than the infernal regions. Such as it was, however, and also considering how small a portion of the whole work ever came under his notice, Davy Ryan worked wonders with his quotations of verse from "Warde's Cantos." The blacksmith could stand against anything but these; but, under their cutting acerbity, he lost his temper, and with it his argument.

But, though Davy would "argue religion" against all comers, we must again request him to be considered as, in the heart—ay, and in all outward observance, too—Christian-like towards even his pitted antagonists. No personally-offensive language of his own ever disgraced the diction of his syllogisms. He entered upon the good work of disputation in a solemn feeling of right, and a serious sense of duty; and his monotonous voice would go on, as he sat weaving his baskets from morning till night, if he had any one to listen to him, repeating over and over the same dogmatical things, with a manner the most unimpassioned, and a gravity of face that betokened an inward, self-satisfied conviction, which it was out of the power of living man, or of human wit, to shake for one moment.

With these excellent general materials for a disposition towards politics, it may be inferred that Davy Ryan did not remain quite indifferent to the great public questions of his own day. In fact he was a sturdy O'Connellite, and had formed a village club, the members of which, by subscribing a halfpenny per fort-

night each, produced a sum sufficient to bring down by the coach, to their "town," every Sunday morning, Michael Staunton's *Weekly Register*. And the newspaper used to be directed to "David Ryan, Esq., Ballymarneock;" and Davy used to read it aloud to all his subscribers—they ceding to him the right of keeping and filing the journal, when its contents had been fairly exhausted, in consideration of his trouble in bawling it out for them "from bignin to indin;" and also for having formed the society by which its blessings were distributed among them all.

Now, it was the time when the celebrated and we believe we may add, to-be-ever-memorable question of "passive resistance" to tithes became the great public one in Ireland. The *Register* teemed with it each Sunday, either in the shape of speeches and resolutions in the immortal rooms of "The Association;" or of comments from the editor; or of accounts of the successful working of the tremendous system, throughout the country. Added to this, Davy had actually been eye-witness to a futile attempt to sell, under a distress warrant of the parson of his parish, a great muster of sheep and horned cattle; and he saw that, among thousands of men on foot and on horseback, all keeping their hands crossed over their breasts, they did not command a single bidder; so that the sheriff was obliged to send them home again to their owners; only requiring bail for their good behaviour, and re-appearance at some undefined future period. And the whole of this made Davy Ryan, joined with what we know of his general character, and mental habits, a determined, unflinching, and magnanimous non-tithepayer. No! not a single inch of his whole ground of a quarter of an acre, potato field, and vegetable and flower garden, and all, would he pay one "rap" to the luxurious and "big minister." Patriotism, conscience, historical knowledge, and a sense of polemical adroitness, all combined to make Davy resolute upon this point.

So, no tithes did he pay—having owed a considerable arrear, by the way, some time before forming his resolution. And years rolled on, and still he was a defaulter, and allowed to continue so with impunity. Perhaps the debated and distracted state of the question at issue—perhaps the indifference, if not contempt, with which the non-payment of the very little he could pay might have been regarded—or, perhaps, both causes together, may have operated to keep Davy in what may be called a blissful state of self-triumph and exultation.

But this did not last. It has been said that the side-fence of Davy's garden, such as it was, bounded the highroad to his village. In it, by a door of rudely-framed rustic paling, was an entrance to that garden. On a plat, or rather (it was so small) a tuft of grass, opposite this door, he used to love to sit, manufacturing

his osiers into baskets on a summer's evening, and prosing away as we have before hinted, upon his usual topics, to all and every one who would attend to him. We select a particular summer's evening upon which he was so engaged. His auditors were—his meek and matter-of-fact wife, sitting opposite to him on a "boss," gravely knitting a stocking for him, and often looking up from her almost self-assured work, (we would, indeed, nearly endow it with the power of getting on of itself, so little attention did she seem to pay to it, or else such a negligent mastery had she over it,) in order to applaud and honour his discourse;—next, almost at his feet, reclined his eldest child, Peggy, handing to him his peeled osiers, as he worked on, and also, regarding him with a look that emphatically, though silently, said, "There is no born man like you, father;"—and his third listener, seated upon a capsized old basket, a few feet from Davy, was a little spare figure of a man, who, with ferret eyes, watched his mouth, as if to note and take advantage of the moment, when it could possibly have done speaking; and the nose and chin of the face of this little figure almost met, and that face itself, albeit recently washed, (as its owner said,) exhibited but a kind of light, bluish-black tint; and he bent forward his body, leaning his elbows on his widely opened-knees; and between his raw-boned hands he clutched a pot of beer, which he had brought up from the village for his own particular, and, indeed necessary comforting during his accustomed evening visit to Davy; and, in a word, this third personage was Davy's old friendly foe in controversy—the little polemical blacksmith; yes, a little man, although a blacksmith.

James Blunt, the name of the cunning artificer in question, had actually grown fond of his benighted Popish neighbour, by dint, it would seem, of incessant hostility to him, or else out of respect to Davy's unconquerable toughness in holding out in a bad cause. He felt towards him

"The stern joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

Or he loved him as brave soldiers love a little fortress, which, beyond possible calculation, baffles, month after month, all their sapping and mining, trench-work and bombarding. The daily interest, too, which his attacks upon Davy created, became habitually a chief portion of his enjoyment of existence; he longed for the evening hour of assault, as he did for the gratification of the draughts of ale that were to accompany it; and, if the truth were known, felt an inward discomfort at the thought of the future day, when (for come it must sooner or later) Davy was to be vanquished and silent.

A very long-winded parenthesis in Davy's present harangue, was interrupted by a figure, darkening the checkered sun-light which danced in upon the party

through the rude trellice-work of the little door that opened from the public road-side. Peggy Ryan was the first to recognise the new comer; though this she did, not by speaking a word, but by blushing so as to more than rival the scarlet of his jacket. Small and isolated as was her native village, a detachment from a regiment, headquartered in a rather remote city, was to be found in it; and a corporal of this detachment, a lad of not more than nineteen or twenty, had, "somehow or other," become a not unwelcome visitor at Davy Ryan's house. Irishman he was not, Catholic he was not, and yet Davy and his wife, as well as his daughter, received him in a friendly way. His well known good conduct in his regiment, his good humour, his frankness, his scholarship, and his *seemingly* respectful attention to Davy's religious lectures, to say nothing of his good looks, won for him this joint cordiality. It was ascertainable, too, that he was the son of a respectable farmer in his own country, had enlisted in a pettish fit of disobedience to his father, was allowed by his family to follow his self-chosen course long enough to repent of it, and to grow submissive towards them; and that he now entertained well-founded hopes of lawfully escaping, by their assistance, from the duties of a soldier, and once more engaging in his usual occupations at home. And, in a word, it was this young corporal, Wat Saunders by name, who came to pay an evening visit to our friends the Ryans.

He was admitted by one of the group—we need not say which; he assumed a seat by the side of that person; and there was a moment's pause in Davy's exhortation—taking watchful advantage of which, James Blunt snatched a hasty sip of his ale, and poking out his sharp chin, said tartly to the master of the premises—"Well, an' maybe you're done now?"

"Maybe I am, an' maybe I amnt," answered Davy, stooping to Peggy for a peeled osier, (which, however, was handed to him by Wat Saunders)—"at any rate, we will wait to hear what *you* can thry to say for a start, on the head o' the matther, Jimmy Blunt."

"Much obleeged for the compliment, Davy, and more an' more, because it isn't very often you pay id to a body, you know. Bud now for to ax you jist a civil question or two—Can you find nothin against poor Cromwell, Harry the Eighth's prime minisher, (after he turned off that consaited, blind-eyed, big turkey-cock of a Pope's cardinal,) only that he was the son of an honest blacksmith?"

"Deed an' I can, Jimmy, an' a grate dale more; by rason I find no fault at all wid him, on that score—far frum me be id to do so—a blacksmith's thrade is a good, honest thrade for any man's father to have; an' if Cromwell rose higher than his father was, by takin up wid another thrade, more praise be to him!—only, I'd like to hear tell that his new thrade was as honest as

his ould one;—but it wasn't—his new thrade was the thrade iv a born rogue, an' thief o' the world—robbin the fine ould abbeys an' churches o' their gould an' their silver chalices an' crucifixes, and runnin 'em into coined money, to buy new wives an' new pleasures, an' diversions iv all sorts, for his unloocky masther and himself."

"Musha, an' duv you tell us so, Davy?" sneered James Blunt, good-humouredly; "and what's that you were for sayin' about the great Cranmore?"

"What I'll say agin, Jimmy, an' what I'll uphold: I said, an' I say, that afore the time that he was sure Harry the Eighth 'ud give minishthers and bishops lave to have wives, he had shipped over seys to him from Amsterdam, a lump of a woman, that he called a wife, (the Lord forgive him!) in an impty starch-barrel, or a thing o' the kind, an' lived wid her in Lunnon town, unknownst."

A loud burst of polite laughter from the door by the road-side, commented upon Davy's historical anecdote. All eyes were turned in that direction, and saw standing, on the threshold of the door—which had been unwittingly left open by Peggy, after admitting the boy-fish corporal—the very tall and yet very corpulent figure of the Protestant rector of their parish, side by side with the low and slight one of a considerable land proprietor of the district.

The clergyman had been dining with his neighbour; both had set out for a walk, after dinner—that is, some time after it. Passing by Davy's garden, the group inside attracted their notice—and they had stopped at his door soon after Wat Saunders' entrance, and heard, unperceived, the whole of the conversation we have reported.

And at first it would seem that Davy's bold philippics provoked only the good-humoured indulgence, if not the contemptuous forbearance, which, from gentlemen of their rank and education, they might naturally have insured. The clergyman advanced a few steps into the little garden, still smiling heartily; a generous after-dinner colour on his ample cheeks; his fine black eyes glittering cordially through his gold-mounted spectacles; his hands thrust into his small-clothes pockets; his professional jack boots creaking harmoniously to his easy stride; and the broad and half-peaked brim of his still more professional hat, attached to its proper crown with silken cords and loops, in a mysterious kind of way. He was one of those reverend victims to non-payment of tithes, who, a short time before, had submitted to the legislature very touching pictures of their privations and sufferings under the new popular system; and yet, upon this evening, at least, few outward symptoms of misery or stint appeared in his colossal figure or well-rounded features: neither were his habiliments much the worse of the wear—nay, strange to say, he had gone to dine

at his friend's house, that day, in a handsome carriage, drawn by two horses worth thirty guineas each, leaving at home two other pleasure-vehicles, with all appurtenances, for the use of his reduced family; and it may sound still more strange to add, that, even during the whole fearful persecution, so vividly described in his letter to the Secretary in London, neither he nor they had ever wanted such slight indications of comfort. How other clergymen, of less active or tenacious habits, or of more yielding, if not more amiable feelings, (and we are bound and anxious to say that many such were and are to be found in Ireland,) might have fared under the law of "passive resistance" to tithes, is a question in itself; we are only certain that the important personages with whom we have now to do, seemed to have endured or lost very little by the arrangement.

As he advanced on our humble party, all, except the young corporal, arose, in surprise and some confusion, to salute and do him honour. Peggy and her mother were the most flurried and "struck-of-a-heap" of the circle; James Blunt bowed low, and with an expression of infelt and heart-yielded awe; Davy Ryan's salute was also very lowly, yet there was a certain something in it which told spiritual independence, at least, of the dignified visitant. Wat Saunders, after one glance, took no notice whatever of the great man, but still reclining on the patch of grass, went on peeling osiers for Davy—or rather for that individual's daughter.

Without making the least return to the humble greetings of our friends, the "big mininster," as Davy had called him, addressed "the man o' the house," speaking very fast, while he partially resumed his former laugh. "What, what, my good fellow!—in a starch-barrel you say!—got the lady smuggled over in a starch-barrel! Are you quite sure it was a starch-barrel?" And he, and his little slim friend at his back, again laughed outright.

Davy answered very gravely, slowly, and cautiously.

"When I spoke to my honest neighbour James Blunt, here, please your Riverence, of the nature o' the vessel that ould Cranmore got the poor misfort'nate creature iv a woman put into, on board ship, I said "a starch-barrel, or a thing o' the kind," (Davy pronounced the above Italic words with emphasis;) "maning thereby to make James undherstand that I wouldn't give my word entirely, but that it might be some other kind iv a barrel—or even a chest, maybe, or a thrunk, or a box itself—or whatever it is that they pack up their cheeses in, whin they sind them over from thim counthries: so that your Honour's Riverence can take your pick-an'-choose an' please yourself among all sorts o' consalements to hide her in from the world's gibe an' schandle; only, come to him she did, in sich a manner as I made mintion of."

"But, my good man, why need he have hid his wife in anything?" resumed the clergyman, still almost good-humouredly, "why not let her go about the ship, like any other passenger!—or why should a man's honest wife be a gibe or a scandal, as you say?"

"I tould James Blunt that, too, your Riverence. She wasn't his honest wife, at that time; (no, nor at any time; for she never could be, durin' ash, oak, or ellum, for the plain rason, that ould Cranmore was in priest's ordhers at the first goin' off, and couldn't take any woman to wife, till the day of his death;) an' he coopered her up in a kind iv a way we're talkin' of, because Harry VIII.'s mind wasn't sart'n as to lettin' the turn-coat clargy of his Riformation (as he called id) live wid poor desaiwed women, undher the name iv wives, an' he was afraid o' vexin' his masher on unsafe grounds; an' he couldn't wait to make sure, he was in sich a hurry at ould Nick's promptin' (the Lord presarve us!) to break his vows, an' taste some o' the rewards of his threason to the ould, pure religion; an' as to the gibe an' the schandle, afore the world's face?"—

"Come, come," interrupted the dignitary, his good sense not now continuing to support his jocoseness, and the little cause for his change of temper might perhaps have been traced to a humorous smile at that moment appearing on young Wat Saunders' mouth—"come, come, my good fellow!—enough of your nonsense; you are a silly, romancing fellow, not knowing what you say—though, indeed, you may do some harm among fools as ignorant as yourself. Blunt, is this a fit place for you?"

The poor blacksmith nervously hastened to assure the questioner that he came to convince Davy of his absurdities, not to be convinced by them; an assertion which, in his own way, Davy fully and anxiously bore out.

"So—and this young hero, here—you, sir," magnificently confronting young Corporal Saunders, "can you find no better occupation for your time than to sit listening to the ravings of a foolish old Popish bigot!"

Wat Saunders, reddening a little, looked up quietly at the clergyman, and answered that, as he was not his officer, he need answer him no such question.

"Oho! so very independent, young corporal? Well, and perhaps your officer may repeat to you that very question. And so good evening! And good evening to you, too, Master Davy Ryan!—Is not that your name?" And the speaker was striding with much tall dignity towards the door of the little garden.

"Please your Riverence," cried Davy, in a loud but not impassioned voice, "we ax your pardon, but would just be beggin' of you to stop one moment longer wid us."

"And for what purpose?" demanded the rector, turning round and again confronting him, with a smile—an assumed one, however.

"I'll tell your Riverence. Your Riverence called me very hard names just now; and, moreover—and what I think worse of, into the bargain—tould me plump, afore my little family here, and afore my ould neighbour, James Blunt, and afore Watty Corporal Saunders, and afore my head landlord, at your back, that I didn't well know what I was talkin' about. Now, I'd be much beholden to your Riverence if you'd make that sayin' good, or else wait to hear what I can say to take id out of your mouth for another time. I b'lieve id's talking about the rason why Cranmore put the for'n woman in the starch-barrel, or in the cheese-barrel, or in the thrunk, or the chest, or in the box, we were. Well, I gave you one raisin, and I can give you another. The tithes of the new church was not settled at that same time, and ould Cranmore did'nt know in what way they'd be likely to be settled, and whether or no the share he'd get out of the plunther of the ould church id make him be able to keep up anything like a wife at all; for, as everybody in the wide world knows, as well as your Riverence, the pure aancient religion, afther bein stript of its lawful dues, the half of which id gave away in mate, and dhrink, and clothin', and firin' to the poor"—

His listener once more laughed loud, interrupting Davy's earnest harangue; but his laugh, though loud, was not as kindly as, at his entrance into the garden, it had been. "So, so—you *are* a learned Theban on these points, I see! You *do* know all about tithes as well as other matters; and this comes, of course, of your paying them so punctually, and with such goodwill."

"Indeed, and it does not," answered Davy, holding himself up into a tower of strength, as it were, against a foreseen coming storm; and Wat Saunders now tittered gleishly, and Davy's reverend opponent frowned. "Indeed, an' it does not. I pay no tithes, an' I never paid tithes, an' I never will pay a rap o' tithes. The knowledge I have o' what I'm talkin about cum to me by other mains than that, plaise your Honour's Riverence."

His legal pastor, his pastor *malgre lui*, looked sharply through his glittering spectacles at Davy Ryan, and then at his small friend, the great land proprietor, who returned the meaning of the glance; and, finally, he hurried to the high road, his features wearing, however, a good-humoured expression at parting; and his farewell words uttered in a condescendingly cheerful tone.

"Perhaps you can find law, or history, or whatever it is, for not paying your rent, as well as for not paying your tithes?" observed the gentleman who lingered behind.

"No, your Honour," replied Davy; "Rendher unto Ceysar the things that are Ceysar's, is what I am bid

to do, and I thrive to do id. I owe bud the runnin' gale for my whole quarther iv an acre, barrin' the thrifle due for the little cabin last Michaelmas."

"Whom do you hold under, from me?"

Davy gave the man's name, and his head landlord drily bid him good-by, and followed his reverend friend.

About a year after this evening, let us walk along the village road to take another peep at Davy on his grass tuft in his garden—for the day is fine enough to give promise of his being at his timeless work of twisting osiers and historical facts together. But, arrived at the outside of his little trelliced door, you need not look in to bid him good morrow. He is sitting, almost opposite to that door, his back against the fence at the other side of the road, supporting, with the assistance of his daughter Peggy, his wife, who lies insensible in his arms. His two little boys are crying loudly at his side, and James Blunt, his eyes running tears, stands over his old polemical foe. The wife is almost insensible, though working in pain and convulsions, the warnings of a premature *accouchement*. Peelers and soldiers are stationed at the entrance to his once comfortable little home; and some of the former, led and assisted by bailiffs, are passing in and out of the yard and the house, conveying Davy's household furniture, such as it is, or rather was—not excepting the bed, which would now be a solace to his wife—into a cart, which is in the middle of the road. His "slip iv a pig," too, is squeaking chstreperously in the cart; and the very last things which the agents of the law hurry out with, are a file of *The Weekly Register*, and Davy's few ragged and soiled leaves of "Warde's Cantos." 'Tis all over with the poor polemic. For the last year, landlord and tithe-proctor have been at him together, and his whole earthly property will not now cover his law-costs. He is a houseless pauper on the roadside; his wife dying, his children helpless; and, though one good Samaritan, poor James Blunt, stands at his side, little comfort can he pour into the sufferer's heart.

"You must bring her home to my poor place, Davy," said the blacksmith.

"Thank'ee, James, for the lave—an' the Lord's will be done!" answered Davy.

They did so; but had soon to remove her from that humble roof, too, to another home—her last. The poor woman's dead baby was buried with her.

"An' now, Jimmy," said the widower to his still attentive friend, after the humble burial was over—(they stood in the churchyard; Davy had just knelt up from the new grave; his daughter Peggy and her little brothers were crying over it)—"and now, Jimmy, God be wid you and prosper you!—I'm for the road, an' its time for me." He was securing a sickle at his back. "An' maybe I'd see you agin, afore the fall o' the lafe,

to give you thanks for all your friendship to me an' mine—thanks, an' more than thanks, please God. Come, Peggy; come, a-lanna; come, childher."

"Why, where are you goin', man alive?" asked Blunt, in surprise and interest.

"I'm goin' the nearest road to the sey betuxt me an' England an' Scotland, James Blunt; an' then, wid God's help, I'll crass the sey, an' be in another counthry. It's the harvest time, very nigh hand, an' I don't forget the field-work; an', though I'm no longer a young boy, I'm sthrong an' healthy yet; an' the English an' Scotch farmers give good hire, they tell me; an' I'll work hard to please 'em, any how; an', when they pay me, I'll come back an' pay you, a-vich."

"Pay the divvle!" cried James, gruffly and crossly. "Don't be botherin' me. An' what'll you do wid the childer!"

"Take 'em wid me, Jim. Peggy is well able for the road; an', when the *weenucks* gets tired, I'll carry 'em on my back, by turns."

"Why, you haven't a *laffina*, startin'!" still remonstrated Blunt.

"I have God," replied Davy, in a low, solemn voice, taking off his hat, and looking upward.

The smith was silent, only he vainly rummaged his pockets for a help for Davy, which they did not afford.

"Come, Peggy, *a-vourneen*, I bid you agin—'tis time. Too much grief for the dead is sinful against the Lord's will. Come, my honey; or, wait a start agin."

He returned to the grave, still bareheaded, knelt, took Peggy's hand in his, passed his left arm round the necks of his younger children, and all prayed aloud, though in broken voices, "for the repose of the soul" of the poor wife and mother. James Blunt, looking on askance, sympathized with them, although, from his childhood, he had been taught to regard such an observance as superstitious.

Davy arose, surrounded by his family, and took a final leave of his friend.

"I'll only ax you to do one more kind turn for me, Jim, while I'm away," he whispered, as he wrung Blunt's hand. "Keep the poor grave marked, an' clear of weeds, if you can; for I don't give up the hope of hyin' a little headstone for it another time: will you, Jim?"

"I'll do what you say," promised the blacksmith.

And Davy and his orphans turned their backs on the village.

We next get a glimpse of the wandering group, creeping along the highroad, under the shade of a fence, in a strange country. The sun is scorching; the dust of the road blinding. Davy's shoes, and those of his daughter, are broken; the little boys are bare-footed and in rags; and, indeed, their father and sister are not

much better clad. All look way-worn, dejected, hungry, and thirsty. The awe of strangeness in a land of bustle, riches, and order, is also upon them. They feel that they are very inferior, as well as very friendless, among the well-dressed, energetic people around them. Doubt, distrust, if not fear, are in their troubled eyes. They scarce ask a question of any one they meet; or, if they do, 'tis in a misgiving of not being understood or heeded, or else of being jeered at or insulted. In fact, carrying his youngest boy on his shoulders, and leading the other limping little fellow by the hand, while Peggy moves a step in advance, it seems to be poor Davy's policy to steal along the road, unnoticed altogether for the present. He is not yet far from the coast where he landed from Ireland, and the scene of his proposed industry is some days' journey distant.

A stage-coach, fully freighted, appeared on the road behind. Before it came up, half a dozen men and lads, spying the Irishman from a neighbouring field, jumped over the road-fence, and began to hoot and pelt him with hard clods. He bowed his head to his breast, to save his face—lowered the boy on his back, to shield him also—put the other child with Peggy behind him, and continued his way without a word. The stage-coach rattled up, as a clod, to which the poor fellow silently winced, struck him hard on the shoulder. A cry of discouragement against his tormentors arose from the passengers, inside and outside; and, at the same instant, Johnny Coachee wound a long, well-aimed lash round the neck and shoulders of their ringleader, and Davy was allowed to hobble on, without further present molestation. Perhaps young coachee used his whip at the pure impulse of indignant humanity; perhaps in the hope of an additional half-crown among his Irish outsiders; at all events, he performed a useful action in behalf of a fellow-creature. The jealous field-labourers consulted together, as if they would follow Davy when the stage should pass out of view; but it drew up almost immediately, at a little inn, to change horses; and then many of the passengers got down, surrounded Davy and his companions, spoke kindly with him, English, Scotch, and Irish as they were, showered pence into his pocket, and convoyed him, while the horses were being put to, out of all danger from his assailants.

This was not Davy's first trial since he came from his own country, though it was, as yet, the most cruelly hostile one he had encountered. He was doomed, alas! to find it outdone in cruelty as he travelled onward. From some acquaintances of his old Irish neighbourhood, before he left home, Davy had learned the residence and name of a farmer who, in the country he now passed through, had a character for great good-heartedness and fair-dealing among his Hibernian harvest-cutters. To the abode of this individual—all

thought of occupation on the way east aside—Davy pursued his pilgrimage. It would seem that he dreaded to demand work at any farm of which the owner was unknown to his countrymen, or, at least, to the few of them, of emigrating habits, on the list of Davy's friends. So northward he walked.

The summer's evening was falling as he and his children entered a beautiful little village, only a few miles from his point of destination, where as he said to himself and them, they could all have a good night's rest, and start fresh for the house of the kind farmer by daybreak next morning. But how to secure the good night's rest was a question. Davy had met no chance charity since the day the stage-coach passengers assisted him, and he was, upon this evening, penniless. Still more wayworn and ragged, too, than when we glanced at them last—short time ago as that is—the poor Irish group cut a sorry figure as they emerged from the shaded, cool, delightful green lane which opened immediately into the village in question. They well knew they must not beg, at peril of the cage and many other terrors: what were they to do then for food and a place to lay their heads?

"O father, father dear!" sobbed Peggy, in a low, fearful voice, "the childer 'ill never go through the night, widout victuals, an' widout a roof! Their little feet is sore blistered an' crippled, an' they are half dead already wid the fatigue, an' the sleep, an' the hunger! O Wat Saunders!" continued Peggy, to herself, "an' is this the ind iv all your promises to me! A year come an' gone since you left Ireland, out o' the sojers, to come home here to your own country—your own rich, beautiful country—and never a word sent afther poor Peggy Ryan, to comfort her heart in her sore affliction! Father, father, what'll become of us, this night!"

"We'll sleep sound, Peggy, *a-rourneen*," answered Davy—"sound an' happy, afther kneelin' down and saying our prayers, this night: that's all that will happen to us. Hould up, a-lanna! Don't cry, my pets; sure, we're nigh hand to comfort an' plinty, an' everything that's good. To-morrow mornin' we'll be at the work, please God! An' here, Peggy—here's a few preaties left in the wallet yet, ever since we quitted poor Ireland; an' here's the sauce-pan to boil 'em in, too; an' some good Christen 'ill give you lave to put 'em down on their cabin-fire, for the love o' God! An', don't you see that cow-shed across the village, an' the man in it! We'll go over to him, and ask him for the night's lodgin there, an' I'll be bail he won't refuse us; an' then you can go and beg of a neebor to let you boil our supper on her fire, an' so we'll be as happy as kings on their thrones. Come over to the shed, Peggy, *a-charra*, an' lift Paddy in your arms. Just this start, an', never fear, I'll take care o' Micky."

They approached the shed slowly and humbly. The

man they had seen in it had pity on them, and told them they might stay in it for the night; adding that he had power to give them permission, as he was employed by the farmer to whom it belonged. He then left them. Davy, making the children sit down in a corner, engaged himself in collecting into a heap, for a bed, the cleaner portions of the cow-litter it contained—the animals being, at present, absent—and sent Peggy, as had been arranged, out into the village, to try and get her sauce-pan of potatoes boiled on a neighbour's fire. She returned to him in a short time, crying bitterly, the vessel of potatoes undressed in her hand. The people of one or two cottages into which she had entered, had behaved harshly to her, refusing the use of their fires, and calling her and her father hard names, and reproaching them for wandering over from Ireland, to deprive honest people of their honest earnings in their own country. The last woman she saw said worse than this; she threatened, in fact, to go after her husband to the tap, and get him and his friends to cuff the beggarly strangers out of their village; and Peggy seemed much afraid of evil towards her father, in consequence. Still poor Davy found words of patience and submission to his lot. He said nothing hard, in return, of his churlish neighbours; on the contrary, he reminded Peggy that it was natural they should act as they had done; and that strangers strolling over to Ireland to share harvest work with its people, might, perhaps, encounter similar treatment. For the want of the few boiled potatoes for supper, he preached resignation and patience, until the morning: one night's fast, in addition to all they had suffered, was not much, he said; and the good breakfast at the good farmer's house, would be the more welcome; and then, hiding the tears in his own eyes, at the cries of his boys, he took the little fellows in his arms, one after the other, kissed them, laid them on the litter, spread his own tattered coat over them, knelt with Peggy at their side, repeated the usual night-prayers for all, with a broken voice added another prayer for their mother's soul, and then, causing Peggy to lie down at their side, stretched himself across his children's feet.

"An' we'll soon be fast asleep, my little pets," said Davy, "an' forget everything; and, though we don't lie in a bed o' down, wid grand curtains, an' afther a grand supper, our consciences are clear, 'an we owe no living creature a grudge, an' the good God o' heaven an' earth is watchin over us; an', b'lieve the words out o' my lips, many a great man in the world, ay, an' many a king, will sleep worse than we'll sleep this holy and blessed night."

Awful and mysterious are the ways of Providence!—in dispensation of earthly good and ill to the suffering poor, particularly awful and mysterious; and, were it not for blind, adoring faith, very hard to be

bowed down unto by human reason, and by the human heart of man! The blessed sleep which poor Davy had anticipated as a balm for all his present sorrows, had scarce fallen upon his mind, when he was roused out of it to be plunged into the final sleep of death. Peggy's fears proved but too well-founded. The wretches at the tap, excited into momentary fury, came indeed upon the friendless stranger, dragged him from his children's feet, and, with bludgeons as well as with their fists, beat him so cruelly that he died under their blows. In vain he remonstrated—asked them to forgive and pity him—him and his orphans—and promised not to offend by seeking for work;—amid the shrieks of those orphans, and while his last audible words were, "God forgive you!"—they killed him.

They were immediately arrested; indeed, almost on the spot and in the act. A farmer and his son, riding by to their home, some few miles off, heard the noise of the outrage, hastened to the shed, and, with assistance, secured the man-slayers for justice. Romantic things will happen in spite of us. The farmer turned out to be Wat Saunders' father, and the farmer's son Wat Saunders himself.

The trial of the guilty men came on at the next assize town. It called forth great interest and sympathy. Poor Peggy Ryan, supported by Wat Saunders' mother—under whose comfortable, and humane, and right friendly roof she had been, with her little brothers, domesticated since the murder—gave her evidence in a manner that commanded universal respect, as well as sorrow for her father and for herself. Young, pretty, an orphan—and under such circumstances—she told her weeping tale so pathetically, so mildly, and so unhatingly towards the prisoners at the bar, that all admired, praised, loved her. The simple recital of her father's adventures, since landing from Ireland to the moment of his death, his conduct, manner, and words, all through riveted the attention, and moved the very tears of a crowded court. His words while stretching himself across his little one's feet—which we have reported—produced a powerful effect on every hearer; the very culprits on their trial wept as Peggy repeated the words; and the judge dwelt on them, in his charge, with respectful earnestness. "They are a lesson to us all," he said.

The prisoners were found guilty of manslaughter, of the most grievous class.

Peggy is now Mrs. Wat Saunders.

From Tait's Magazine.

HYMN TO SPRING.

Thou bringer of new life,
Welcome thou hither!
Though with thee comes the strife
Of changeful weather.

Oh, young and coldly fair,
Come, with thy storm-blown hair,
Down-casting snow pearls fair,
For earth to gather.

Approachest thou in shower?
Mist bath enroll'd thee;
Till, changed by viewless power,
Bright we behold thee.
Whilst chilling gales do fly,
Thou wanderest meekly, by
Green holme and mountain high,
Till shades enfold thee.

By dusky woodland side,
Silent thou rovest;
Where lonely runlets glide
Unheard thou movest;
Wide strewing buds and flowers,
By fields, and dells, and bowers,
Mid winds and sunny showers,
Bounteous thou provest.

Though ever changeful, still
Ever bestowing;
The earth receives her fill
Of thy good sowing;
And, lo! a spangled sheen
Of herbs and flowers between,
Blent with the pasture green,
All beauteous growing.

Now comes the driven hail,
Rattling and bounding;
A shower doth next prevail,
Thunder astounding;
Until the glorious sun
Looks through the storm-cloud dun;
And, as the light doth run,
Glad tones are sounding.

The throstle tunes his throat,
On top-bough sitting;
The ouzle's wizard note,
By dingle flitting.
The loved one, too, is there—
Above his snow-plashed lair,
He sings, in sun-bright air,
Carol befitting.

Come, ev'ry tone of joy!
Add to the pleasure!—
Sweet Robin's melody
Joins in the measure;
And echoes wake and sing,
And fairy-bells do ring,
Where silver bubbles fling
Their sparkling treasure.

The hazel bloom is hung
Where beams are shining;
The honey-bine hath clung,
Garlands entwining
For one who wanders lone
Unto that bower unknown,
And finds a world his own,
Pure joys combining.

Then, bringer of new life,
Welcome thou hither!
And welcome, too, the strife,
Of changeful weather!
Oh, ever young and fair,
Cast from thy storm-blown hair,
Bright drops and snow pearls fair,
For earth to gather.

BARDOLM.

From Tail's Magazine.

TO AN IDIOT.

Poor, witless youth! come hither. Let me trace
 What lines distinctive part thee from thy race:
 Their voice thou hast—their features—upright form—
 And heart that throbs with instinct not less warm.
 But, ah!—the feelings of that heart are blind,
 And stray unguided by far-seeing Mind;
 Where proud imperial Reason's throne should be,
 Thou hast but dull and gloomy vacancy.
 What varied fancies crowd to me, when'er
 I mark—as toward me turns thine empty stare—
 The quiet of the unreflecting eye!
 No thought to mirror, or be lighted by,
 It finds within; and meaningless it roves,
 Ne'er kindling, though it rest e'en where it loves!
 And that strange hollow laugh I never hear,
 Without replying by a sudden tear.
 Alas! on Earth, there is no light for thee—
 Sightless, thou trav'lest to Eternity!
 No stamp of thought is seen upon thy brow—
 Th' unwritten page of Nature's book art thou!

Yet, can the sagest say thou art not one
 That Heaven's most favouring look is turn'd upon?
 Unknowing and uncaring, 'mid the strife
 Of those who feel the duties born of Life—
 Unharm'd and harming none—the care and crime
 Through which for ever is the march of Time,
 Disturb thee not. The hours fly o'er thee fast,
 With noiseless wings. The future, as the past,
 Is but a blank—the present is a joy,
 Ne'er mingled with that bitterest alloy,
 The misery of mind. Rememb'ring naught
 To cause thee pain, and wake desponding thought—
 E'en safe from Him, the Demon, Foe of Man,
 Untempted wilt thou live thy little span.
 Thou dost not think upon the sunny hour
 Of childhood; nor lament that ev'ry flow'r
 Which bloom'd about thee then, is faded now!—
 Thou dost not weep the blighted hope!—the vow
 Abandon'd soon as register'd!—the dream
 Of joy, that, like the bubbles on the stream
 By which, in boyhood's merry time, you roved,
 Hath vanish'd!—the bright things that first you loved,
 All changed—departed, wither'd, or grown cold!—
 Thine heart thou feel'st not prematurely old!—
 The hallow'd home you dwelt in when a child,
 Where on your early sports your mother smil'd—
 The happy circle, broken up!—the days
 Thou hast not trodden Vice's tempting ways—
 Of these thou thinkst not; nor wilt ever know
 That Recollection is a fount of woe!

Yet those we deem the glorious of our race,
 May not hereafter find a resting-place
 As tranquil as the home prepar'd above
 For thee, unconscious child of Heaven's love!

Oh, pausing in our passions' wild career,
 Should we not gaze on thee, and, with a tear,
 Not of compassion, but of envy, own
 That, rather than possess an Empire's throne,
 Thy fate we'd choose: To pass the time below
 Sinless and sorrowless, and hence to go,
 Without one heart-rent retrospective sigh,
 To share the ever-during bliss on high!

What dost thou, Idiot, here on earth? Thou art
 Not one of us. Why dost thou not depart?
 Why wert thou sent at all!—to mope alone!
 Outcast! to find companionship in none!
 Vainly we ponder on that mystery—
 All that we learn is, not to pity thee!

Kilkenny, 1838.

ZICCI.—A TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VIII.*

It was a small cabinet;—the walls were covered with pictures, one of which was worth more than the whole lineage of the owner of the palace:—is not Art a wonderful thing!—a Venetian noble might be a fribble, or an assassin—a scoundrel, or a dolt; worthless, or worse than worthless; yet he might have sate to Titian, and his portrait may be inestimable!—a few inches of painted canvass a thousand times more valuable than a man with his veins and muscles, brain, will, heart, and intellect.

In this cabinet sate a man of about three and forty, —dark-eyed, sallow, with short, prominent features, a massive conformation of jaw, and thick sensual, but resolute lips;—this man was the Prince di ——. His form, middle-sized, but rather inclined to corpulence, was clothed in a loose dressing-robe of rich brocade: on a table before him lay his sword and hat, a mask, dice and dice-box, a portfolio, and an inkstand of silver curiously carved.

'Well, Mascari,' said the prince, looking up towards his parasite, who stood by the embrasure of the deep-set barricaded window, 'well, you cannot even guess who this insolent meddler was. A pretty person you to act the part of a Prince's Ruffiano.'

'Am I to be blamed for dulness in not being able to conjecture who had the courage to thwart the projects of the Prince di ——. As well blame me for not accounting for miracles.'

'I will tell thee who it was, most sapient Mascari.'

'Who, your Excellency?'

'Zicci.'

'Ah! he has the daring of the devil. But why does your Excellency feel so assured: does he court the actress?'

'I know not: but there is a tone in that foreigner's voice that I never can mistake—so clear, and yet so hollow: when I hear it I almost fancy there is such a thing as conscience. However, we must rid ourselves of an impertinent. Mascari, Signor Zicci hath not yet honoured our poor house with his presence. He is a distinguished stranger—we must give a banquet in his honour.'

'Ah!—and the cypress wine! The cypress is a proper emblem of the grave.'

'But this anon. I am superstitious: there are strange stories of his power and foresight:—remember the Sicilian quackery! But meanwhile the Pisani —.'

'Your Excellency is infatuated. The actress has bewitched you.'

* The intervening Chapters have not yet come to hand. When they arrive we shall copy them into the Museum.

'Mascari,' said the Prince, with a haughty smile, 'through these veins rolls the blood of the old Visconti—of those who boasted that no woman ever escaped their lust, and no man their resentment. The crown of my fathers has shrunk into a gewgaw and a toy;—their ambition and their spirit are undecayed. My honour is now enlisted in this pursuit—Isabel must be mine.'

'Another ambushade?' said Mascari, inquiringly.

'Nay, why not enter the house itself; the situation is lonely—and the door is not made of iron.'

Before Mascari could reply, the gentleman of the chamber announced the Signior Zicci.

The Prince involuntarily laid his hand on the sword placed on the table—then with a smile at his own impulse, rose; and met the foreigner at the threshold, with all the profuse and respectful courtesy of Italian simulation.

'This is an honour highly prized,' said the Prince: 'I have long desired the friendship of one so distinguished—'

'And I have come to give you that friendship,' replied Zicci, in a sweet but chilling voice. 'To no man yet in Naples have I extended this hand—permit it, Prince, to grasp your own.'

The Neapolitan bowed over the hand he pressed; but as he touched it, a shiver came over him, and his heart stood still. Zicci bent on him his dark, smiling eyes, and then seated himself with a familiar air.

'Thus it is signed and sealed—I mean our friendship, noble Prince. And now I will tell you the object of my visit. I find, your Excellency, that, unconsciously perhaps, we are rivals. Can we not accommodate our pretensions? A girl of no moment—an actress;—bah! it is not worth a quarrel. Shall we throw for her? He who casts the lowest shall resign his claim!'

Mascari opened his small eyes to their wildest extent; the Prince, no less surprised, but far too well world-read even to shew what he felt, laughed aloud.

'And were you, then, the cavalier who spoiled my night's chase and robbed me of my white doe? By Bacchus, it was prettily done.'

'You must forgive me, my Prince; I knew not who it was, or my respect would have silenced my gallantry.'

'All stratagems fair in love, as in war. Of course you profited by my defeat, and did not content yourself with leaving the little actress at her threshold?'

'She is Diana herself for me,' answered Zicci, lightly; 'whoever wins the wreath will not find a flower faded.'

'And now you would cast for her—well: but they tell me you are ever a sure player.'

'Let Signior Mascari cast for us.'

'Be it so. Mascari, the dice.'

Surprised and perplexed, the parasite took up the three dice, deposited them gravely in the box, and rattled them noisily, while Zicci threw himself back carelessly in his chair, and said, 'I give the first chance to your Excellency.'

Mascari interchanged a glance with his patron, and threw; the numbers were sixteen.

'It is a high throw,' said Zicci, calmly; 'nevertheless, Signior Mascari, I do not despond.'

Mascari gathered up the dice, shook the box, and rolled the contents once more on the table; the number was the highest that can be thrown—eighteen.

The Prince darted a glance of fire at his minion, who stood with gaping mouth, staring at the dice, and shaking his head in puzzled wonder.

'I have won you see,' said Zicci: may we be friends still.'

'Signior,' said the Prince, obviously struggling with anger and confusion, the victory is already yours. But, pardon me, you have spoken lightly of this young girl—will anything tempt you to yield your claim?'

'Ah, do not think so ill of my gallantry.'

'Enough!' said the Prince, forcing a smile; 'I yield. Let me prove that I do not yield ungraciously: will you honour me with your presence at a little feast I propose to give on the Royal birth-day?'

'It is indeed a happiness to hear one command of yours I can obey.'

Zicci then turned the conversation, talked lightly and gaily; and soon afterwards departed.

'Villain,' then exclaimed the Prince, grasping Mascari by the collar, 'you betrayed me.'

'I assure your Excellency that the dice were properly arranged: he should have thrown twelve; but he is the Devil, and that's the end of it.'

'There is no time to be lost,' said the Prince, quitting his hold of his parasite, who quietly resettled his cravat.

'My blood is up—I will win this girl if I die for it. Who laughed? Mascari didst thou laugh?'

'I, your Excellency—I laugh?'

'It sounded behind me,' said the Prince, gazing round.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the day on which Zicci had told Glyndon that he should ask for his decision in respect to Isabel—the third day since their last meeting;—the Englishman could not come to a resolution. Ambition hitherto the leading passion of his soul, could not yet be silenced by love; and that love, such as it was, unreturned, beset by suspicions and doubts which vanished in the presence of Isabel, and returned when her bright face shone on his eyes no more, for—*les absens ont toujours tort!* Perhaps had he been quite alone,

his feelings of honour, of compassion, of virtue, might have triumphed; and he would have resolved either to fly from Isabel, or to offer the love that has no shame. But Merton, cold, cautious, experienced, wary, (such a nature has ever power over the imaginative and impassioned,) was at hand to ridicule the impression produced by Zicci, and the notion of delicacy and honour towards an Italian actress. It is true that Merton, who was no profligate, advised him to quit all pursuit of Isabel; but then the advice was precisely of that character which, if it deadens love, stimulates passion. By representing Isabel as one who sought to play a part with him, he excused to Glyndon his own selfishness—he enlisted the Englishman's vanity and pride on the side of his pursuit. Why should he not beat an adventuress at her own weapons?

Glyndon not only felt indisposed on that day to meet Zicci, but he felt also a strong desire to defeat the mysterious prophecy that the meeting should take place. Into this wish Merton readily entered. The young men agreed to be absent from Naples that day. Early in the morning they mounted their horses, and took the road to Baie. Glyndon left word at his hotel, that if Signior Zicci sought him, it was in the neighbourhood of that once celebrated watering-place of the ancients that he should be found.

They passed by Isabel's house, but Glyndon resisted the temptation of pausing there; and after threading the grotto of Pausillippo, they wound by a circuitous route back into the suburbs of the city, and took the opposite road which conducts to Portici and Pompeii. It was late at noon when they arrived at the former of these places. Here they halted to dine; for Merton had heard much of the excellence of the macaroni at Portici, and Merton was a *bon vivant*.

They put up at an inn of very humble pretensions, and dined under an awning. Merton was more than usually gay; he pressed the Lacryma upon his friend, and conversed gaily.

'Well, my dear friend, we have foiled Signior Zicci in one of his predictions at least. You will have no faith in him hereafter.'

'The Ides are come, not gone.'

'Tush! if he is a soothsayer, you are not Cæsar. It is your vanity that makes you credulous: thank Heaven, I do not think myself of such importance, that the operations of nature should be changed in order to frighten me.'

'But why should the operations of nature be changed: there may be a deeper philosophy than we dream of—a philosophy that discovers the secrets of nature, but does not alter, by penetrating, its courses.'

'Ah! you suppose Zicci to be a prophet—a reader of the future; perhaps an associate of Genii and Spirits!'

'I know not what to conjecture; but I see no reason

why he should seek, even if an impostor, to impose on me. An impostor must have some motive for deluding us—either ambition or avarice. I am neither rich nor powerful; Zicci spends more in a week than I do in a year. Nay, a Neapolitan banker told me, that the sums invested by Zicci in his hands, were enough to purchase half the lands of the whole Neapolitan Noblesse.'

'Grant this to be true; do you suppose that the love to dazzle and mystify is not as strong with some natures as that of gold and power with others? Zicci has a moral ostentation, and the same character that makes him rival kings in expenditure makes him not disdain to be wondered at even by an humble Englishman.'

Here the landlord, a little fat oily fellow, came up with a fresh bottle of Lacryma. He hoped their Excellencies were pleased. He was most touched—touched to the heart that they liked the macaroni. Were their Excellencies going to Vesuvius; there was a slight eruption; they could not see it where they were, but it was pretty, and would be prettier still after sunset.

'A capital idea,' cried Merton. 'What say you, Glyndon?'

'I have not yet seen an irruption; I should like it much.'

'But is there no danger?' said the prudent Merton.

'Oh, not at all; the mountain is very civil at present. It only plays a little, just to amuse their Excellencies the English.'

'Well, order the horses, and bring the bill; we will go before it is dark. Clarence, my friend—*Nunc est bibendum*; but take care of the *pede libero*, which won't do for walking on lava!'

The bottle was finished, the bill paid, the gentlemen mounted, the landlord bowed, and they bent their way, in the cool of the delightful evening, towards *Resina*.

The wine animated Glyndon, whose unequal spirits were, at times, high and brilliant as those of a school-boy released; and the laughter of the northern tourists sounded oft and merrily along the melancholy domains of buried cities.

Hesperus had lighted his lamp amidst the rosy skies as they arrived at *Resina*. Here they quitted their horses, and took mules and a guide. As the sky grew darker and more dark, the Mountain Fire burned with an intense lustre. In various streaks and streamlets, the fountain of flame rolled down the dark summit, then undiminished by the irruption of 1822, and the Englishmen began to feel increase upon them, as they ascended, that sensation of solemnity and awe, which makes the very atmosphere that surrounds the giant of the Plains of the Antique Hades.

It was night, when, leaving the mules, they as-

cended on foot, accompanied by their guide, and a peasant who bore a rude torch. The guide was a conversable, garrulous fellow, like most of his country and his calling; and Merton, whose chief characteristics were a sociable temper and a hardy common sense, loved to amuse or to instruct himself on every incidental occasion.

'Ah! Excellency,' said the guide, 'your countrymen have a strong passion for the volcano. Long life to them; they bring us plenty of money. If our fortunes depended on the Neapolitans, we should starve.'

'True, they have no curiosity,' said Merton. 'Do you remember, Glyndon, the contempt with which that old Count said to us, "You will go to Vesuvius, I suppose; I have never been: why should I go! you have cold, you have hunger, you have fatigue, you have danger, and all for nothing but to see fire which looks just as well in a brazier as a mountain." Ha! ha! the old fellow was right.'

'But, Excellency,' said the guide, 'that is not all: some Cavaliers think to ascend the mountain without our help. I am sure they deserve to tumble into the crater.'

'They must be bold fellows to go alone; you don't often find such.'

'Sometimes among the French, Signior. But the other night—I never was so frightened: I had been with an English party; and a lady had left a pocket-book on the mountain, where she had been sketching. She offered me a handsome sum to return for it, and bring it to her at Naples. So I went in the evening—I found it sure enough, and was about to return, when I saw a figure that seemed to emerge from the crater itself. The air there was so pestiferous, that I could not have conceived a human creature could breathe it, and live. I was so astounded that I stood still as a stone, till the figure came over the hot ashes, and stood before me face to face. Santa Maria, what a head!'

'What, hideous!'

'No! so beautiful, but so terrible. It had nothing human in its aspect.'

'And what said the salamander?'

'Nothing! It did not even seem to perceive me, though I was near as I am to you; but its eyes seemed prying into the air. It passed by me quickly, and, walking across a stream of burning lava, soon vanished on the other side of the mountain. I was curious and foolhardy, and resolved to see if I could bear the atmosphere which this visiter had left: but, though I did not advance within thirty yards of the spot at which he had first appeared, I was driven back by a vapour that well nigh stifled me. Cospetto, I have spat blood ever since.'

'It must be Zicci,' whispered Glyndon.

'I knew you would say so,' returned Merton, laughing.

The little party had now arrived nearly at the summit of the mountain: and unspeakably grand was the spectacle on which they gazed. From the crater arose a vapour, intensely dark, that overspread the whole back-ground of the heavens; in the centre whereof rose a flame, that assumed a form singularly beautiful. It might have been compared to a crest of gigantic feathers, the diadem of the mountain, high-arched, and drooping downward, with the hues delicately shaded off, and the whole shifting and tremulous as the plumage on a warrior's helm. The glare of the flame spread, luminous and crimson, over the dark and rugged ground on which they stood, and drew an innumerable variety of shadows from crag and hollow. An oppressive and sulphureous exhalation served to increase the gloomy and sublime terror of the place; but on turning from the mountain, and towards the distant and unseen ocean, the contrast was wonderfully great; the heavens serene and blue, the stars still and calm as the eyes of Divine Love. It was as if the realms of the opposing principles of Evil and of Good were brought in one view before the gaze of man! Glyndon—the enthusiast, the poet, the artist, the dreamer—was enchained and entranced by emotions vague and undefinable, half of delight and half of pain. Leaning on the shoulder of his friend, he gazed around him, and heard, with deepening awe, the rumbling of the earth below, the wheels and voices of the Ministry of Nature in her darkest and most inscrutable recess. Suddenly, as a bomb from a shell, a huge stone was flung hundreds of yards up from the jaws of the crater, and falling with a mighty crash upon the rock below, split into ten thousand fragments, which bounded down the sides of the mountain, sparkling and groaning as they went. One of these, the largest fragment, struck the narrow space of soil between the Englishmen and the guide, not three feet from the spot where the former stood. Merton uttered an exclamation of terror, and Glyndon held his breath, and shuddered.

'Diavolo,' cried the guide. 'Descend, Excellencies, descend; we have not a moment to lose: follow me close.'

So saying, the guide and the peasant fled with as much swiftness as they were able to bring to bear. Merton ever more prompt and ready than his friend, imitated their example; and Glyndon, more confused than alarmed, followed close. But they had not gone many yards, before, with a rushing and sudden blast, came from the crater an enormous volume of vapour. It pursued—it overtook—it overspread them. It swept the light from the heavens. All was abrupt and utter darkness; and through the gloom was heard the shout of the guide, already distant, and lost in an instant amidst the sound of the rushing gust, and the groans of the earth beneath. Glyndon paused. He was separated from his friend,—from his guide. He was alone

—with the Darkness and the Terror. The vapour rolled sullenly away; the form of the plumed fire was again dimly visible, and its struggling and perturbed reflection again shed a glow over the horrors of the path. Glyndon recovered himself, and sped onward. Below, he heard the voice of Merton calling on him, though he no longer saw his form. The sound served as a guide. Dizzy and breathless, he bounded forward; when—hark! a sullen, slow, rolling sound in his ear! He halted—and turned back to gaze. The fire had overflowed its course; it had opened itself a channel amidst the furrows of the mountain. The stream pursued him—fast—fast; and the hot breath of the chasing and preternatural foe came closer and closer upon his cheek. He turned aside: he climbed desperately, with hands and feet, upon a crag, that, to the right, broke the scathed and blasted level of the soil. The stream rolled beside and beneath him, and then, taking a sudden wind round the spot on which he stood, interposed its liquid fire, a broad and impassable barrier, between his resting-place and escape. There he stood, cut off from descent, and with no alternative but to retrace his steps towards the crater, and thence seek—without guide or clue—some other pathway.

For a moment his courage left him: he cried in despair, and in that overstrained pitch of voice which is never heard afar off, to the guide—to Merton—to return—to aid him.

No answer came—and the Englishman, thus abandoned solely to his own resources, felt his spirit and energy rise against the danger. He turned back, and ventured as far towards the crater as the noxious exhalation would permit; then, gazing below, carefully and deliberately he chalked out for himself a path, by which he trusted to shun the direction the fire-stream had taken,—and trod firmly and quickly over the crumbling and heated strata.

He had proceeded about fifty yards, when he halted abruptly: an unspeakable and unaccountable horror, not hitherto felt amidst all his peril, came over him. He shook in every limb; his muscles refused his will: he felt, as it were, palsied and death-stricken. The horror, I say, was unaccountable, for the path seemed clear and safe. The fire, above and behind, burnt out clear and far; and beyond, the stars lent him their cheering guidance. No obstacle was visible—no danger seemed at hand. As thus, spell-bound and panic-stricken, he stood chained to the soil—his breast heaving; large drops rolling down his brow; and his eyes starting wildly from their sockets—he saw before him, at some distance, gradually shaping itself more and more distinctly to his gaze, a Colossal Shadow—a shadow that seemed partially borrowed from the human shape, but immeasurably above the

human stature; vague—dark—almost formless; and differing—he could not tell where, or why—not only from the proportions, but also from the limbs and outline of man.

The glare of the volcano, that seemed to shrink and collapse from this gigantic and appalling apparition, nevertheless threw its light, redly and steadily, upon another shape that stood beside, quiet, and motionless; and it was, perhaps, the contrast of these two things—the Being and the Shadow—that impressed the beholder with the difference between them—the Man and the Superhuman. It was but for a moment, nay, for the tenth part of a moment, that this sight was permitted to the wanderer. A second eddy of sulphureous vapours from the volcano, yet more rapidly, yet more densely than its predecessor, rolled over the mountain; and either the nature of the exhalation, or the excess of his own dread was such that Glyndon, after one wild gasp for breath, fell senseless on the earth.

CHAP. X.

Merton and the Italians arrived in safety at the spot where they had left the mules; and not till they had recovered their own alarm and breath did they think of Glyndon. But then, as the minutes passed, and he appeared not, Merton—whose heart was as good, at least, as human hearts are in general—grew seriously alarmed. He insisted on returning, to search for his friend; and, by dint of prodigal promises, prevailed at last on the guide to accompany him. The lower part of the mountain lay calm and white in the starlight; and the guide's practised eye could discern all objects on the surface, at a considerable distance. They had not however gone very far, before they perceived two forms, slowly approaching towards them.

As they came near, Merton recognised the form of his friend. 'Thank Heaven, he is safe,' he cried, turning to the guide.

'Holy angels befriend us,' said the Italian, trembling, 'Behold the very being that crossed me last Sabbath night. It is he!—but his face is human now!'

'Signior Inglese,' said the voice of Zicci, as Glyndon—pale, wan, and silent—returned passively the joyous greeting of Merton, 'Signior Inglese, I told your friend that we should meet to-night: you see you have not foiled my prediction.'

'But how!—but where?' stammered Merton, in great confusion and surprise.

'I found your friend stretched on the ground, overpowered by the mephitic exhalation of the crater. I bore him to a purer atmosphere; and, as I know the mountain well, I have conducted him safely to you. This is all our history. You see, sir, that were it not for that prophecy which you desired to frustrate, your

friend would, ere this time, have been a corpse: one minute more, and the vapour had done its work. Adieu; good night, and pleasant dreams.'

'But, my preserver, you will not leave us,' said Glyndon, anxiously, and speaking for the first time. 'Will you not return with us?'

Zicci paused, and drew Glyndon aside.—'Young man,' said he, gravely, 'it is necessary that we should again meet to-night. It is necessary that you should, ere the first hour of morning, decide on your own fate. Will you marry Isabel di Pisani—or lose her for ever? Consult not your friend; he is sensible and wise; but not now is his wisdom needed. There are times in life when, from the imagination, and not the reason, should wisdom come—this for you is one of them. I ask not your answer now. Collect your thoughts—recover your jaded and scattered spirits. It wants two hours of midnight—at midnight I will be with you!'

'Incomprehensible being,' replied the Englishman, 'I would leave the life you have preserved in your own hands. But since I have known you, my whole nature has changed. A fiercer desire than that of love burns in my veins—the desire not to resemble, but to surpass my kind—the desire to penetrate and to share the secret of your own existence—the desire of a preternatural knowledge and unearthly power. Instruct me—school me—make me thine; and I surrender to thee at once, and without a murmur, the woman, that till I saw thee, I would have defied a world to obtain.'

'I ask not the sacrifice, Glyndon,' replied Zicci, coldly, yet mildly:—'yet, shall I own it to thee!—I am touched by the devotion I have inspired. I sicken for human companionship, sympathy, and friendship; yet, I dread to share them,—for bold must be the man who can partake my existence, and enjoy my confidence. Once more I say to thee, in compassion and in warning, the choice of life is in thy hands—to-morrow it will be too late. On the one hand, Isabel, a tranquil home, a happy and serene life:—on the other hand, all is darkness—darkness, that even this eye cannot penetrate.'

'But thou hast told me, that if I wed Isabel, I must be contented to be obscure; and if I refuse, that knowledge and power may be mine.'

'Vain man! knowledge and power are not happiness.'

'But they are better than happiness. Say,—if I marry Isabel, wilt thou be my master—my guide!—Say this—and I am resolved.'

'Never! It is only the lonely at heart—the restless—the desperate—that may be my pupils.'

'Then I renounce her!—I renounce love—I renounce happiness. Welcome solitude—welcome despair—if they are the entrances to thy dark and sublime secret.'

'I will not take thy answer now;—at midnight thou shalt give it in one word—aye, or no! Farewell till then.'

The mystic waived his hand; and, descending rapidly,—was seen no more.

Glyndon rejoined his impatient and wondering friend; but Merton gazing on his face, saw that a great change had passed there. The flexible and dubious expression of youth was for ever gone. The features were locked, rigid, and stern; and so faded was the natural bloom, that an hour seemed to have done the work of years.

CHAPTER XI.

On returning from Vesuvius or Pompeii, you enter Naples, through its most animated, its most Neapolitan, quarter—through that quarter in which Modern life most closely resembles the Ancient; and in which, when on a fair day, the thoroughfare swarms alike with Indolence and Trade, you are impressed at once with the recollection of that restless, lively race, from which the population of Naples derives its origin: so that in one day you may see at Pompeii the habitations of a remote age; and on the Mole, at Naples, you may imagine you behold the very beings with which those habitations had been peopled. The language of words is dead, but the language of gestures remains little impaired. A fisherman, a peasant, of Naples, will explain to you the motions, the attitudes, the postures of the figures painted on the antique vases, better than the most learned antiquary of Gottingen or Leipsic.

But now, as the Englishmen rode slowly through the deserted streets, lighted but by the lamps of heaven, all the gaiety of day was hushed and breathless. Here and there, stretched under a portico or a dingy booth, were sleeping groups of houseless Lazzaroni; a tribe now happily merging this indolent individuality amidst an energetic and active population.

The Englishmen rode on in silence; for Glyndon neither appeared to heed or hear the questions and comments of Merton, and Merton himself was almost as weary as the jaded animal he bestrode.

Suddenly the silence of earth and ocean was broken by the sound of a distant clock, that proclaimed the last hour of night. Glyndon started from his reverie, and looked anxiously round. As the final stroke died, the noise of hoofs rung on the broad stones of the pavement; and from a narrow street to the right emerged the form of a solitary horseman. He neared the Englishmen, and Glyndon recognised the features and mien of Zicci.

'What! do we meet again, Signior!' said Merton, in a vexed but drowsy tone.

'Your friend and I have business together,' replied Zicci, as he wheeled his powerful and fiery steed to the side of Glyndon: 'but it will be soon transacted. Perhaps you, sir, will ride on to your hotel.'

'Alone?'

'There is no danger,' returned Zicci, with a slight expression of disdain in his voice.

'None to me—but to Glyndon?'

'Danger from me!—Ah, perhaps you are right.'

'Go on, my dear Merton,' said Glyndon, 'I will join you before you reach the hotel.'

Merton nodded, whistled, and pushed his horse into a kind of amble.

'Now your answer—quick.'

'I have decided:—the love of Isabel has vanished from my heart. The pursuit is over.'

'You have decided?'

'I have.'

'Adieu! join your friend.'

Zicci gave the rein to his horse; it sprang forward with a bound; the sparks flew from its hoofs, and horse and rider disappeared amidst the shadows of the street whence they had emerged.

Merton was surprised to see his friend by his side, a minute after they had parted.

'What business could you have with Zicci? Why will you not confide in me?'

'Merton, do not ask me to-night; I am in a dream.'

'I do not wonder at it, for even I am in a sleep. Let us push on.'

In the retirement of his chamber, Glyndon sought to re-collect his thoughts. He sat down on the foot of his bed, and pressed his hands tightly to his throbbing temples. The events of the last few hours—the apparition of the gigantic and shadowy Companion of the Mystic amidst the fires and clouds of Vesuvius—the strange encounter with Zicci himself, on a spot in which he could never have calculated on finding Glyndon, filled his mind with emotions, in which terror and awe the least prevailed. A fire, the train of which had long been laid, was lighted at his heart—the asbestos fire that once lit, is never to be quenched. All his early aspirations—his young ambition—his longings for the laurel, were merged in one passionate yearning to overpass the bounds of the common knowledge of man, and reach that solemn spot, between two worlds, on which the mysterious stranger appeared to have fixed his home.

Far from recalling with renewed affright the remembrance of the apparition that had so appalled him, the recollection only served to kindle and concentrate his curiosity into a burning focus. He had said aright—love had vanished from his heart; there was no longer a serene space amidst its disordered elements for human affection to move and breathe. The enthusiast was rapt from this earth; and he would have surrendered all that beauty ever promised, that mortal hope ever whispered, for one hour with Zicci beyond the portals of the visible world.

He rose, oppressed and fevered with the new

thoughts that raged within him, and threw open his casement for air. The ocean lay suffused in the starry light, and the stillness of the heavens never more eloquently preached the morality of repose to the madness of earthly passions. But such was Glyndon's mood, that their very hush only served to deepen the wild desires that preyed upon his soul. And the solemn stars, that are mysteries in themselves, seemed by a kindred sympathy to agitate the wings of the spirit no longer contented with its cage. As he gazed, a star shot forth from its brethren—and vanished from the depth of space!

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

Nicholas starts for Yorkshire.—Of his leave-taking and his fellow-travellers, and what befel them on the road.

If tears dropped into a trunk were charms to preserve its owner from sorrow and misfortune, Nicholas Nickleby would have commenced his expedition under most happy auspices. There was so much to be done, and so little time to do it in, so many kind words to be spoken, and such bitter pain in the hearts in which they rose to impede their utterance, that the little preparations for his journey were made mournfully indeed. A hundred things which the anxious care of his mother and sister deemed indispensable for his comfort, Nicholas insisted on leaving behind, as they might prove of some after use, or might be convertible into money if occasion required. A hundred affectionate contests on such points as these, took place on the sad night which preceded his departure; and, as the termination of every angerless dispute brought them nearer and nearer to the close of their slight preparations, Kate grew busier and busier, and wept more silently.

The box was packed at last, and then there came supper, with some little delicacy provided for the occasion, and as a set-off against the expense of which, Kate and her mother had feigned to dine when Nicholas was out. The poor lad nearly choked himself by attempting to partake of it, and almost suffocated himself in affecting a jest or two, and forcing a melancholy laugh. Thus they lingered on till the hour of separating for the night was long past: and then they found that they might as well have given vent to their real feelings before, for they could not suppress them, do what they would. So they let them have their way, and even that was a relief.

Nicholas slept well till six next morning; dreamed of home, or of what was home once—no matter which, for things that are changed or gone will come back as they used to be, thank God, in sleep—and rose quite brisk and gay. He wrote a few lines in pencil to say

the good bye which he was afraid to pronounce himself, and laying them with half his scanty stock of money at his sister's door, shouldered his box and crept softly down stairs.

'Is that you, Hannah?' cried a voice from Miss La Creevy's sitting-room, whence shone the light of a feeble candle.

'It is I, Miss La Creevy,' said Nicholas, putting down the box and looking in.

'Bless us!' exclaimed Miss La Creevy, starting and putting her hand to her curl-papers; 'You're up very early, Mr. Nickleby.'

'So are you,' replied Nicholas.

'It's the fine arts that brings me out of bed, Mr. Nickleby,' returned the lady. 'I'm waiting for the light to carry out an idea.'

Miss La Creevy had got up early to put a fancy nose into a miniature of an ugly little boy, destined for his grandmother in the country, who was expected to bequeath him property if he was like the family.

'To carry out an idea,' repeated Miss La Creevy; 'and that's the great convenience of living in a thoroughfare like the Strand. When I want a nose or an eye for any particular sitter, I have only to look out of the window and wait till I get one.'

'Does it take long to get a nose, now?' inquired Nicholas, smiling.

'Why, that depends in a great measure on the pattern,' replied Miss La Creevy. 'Snubs and Romans are plentiful enough, and there are flats of all sorts and sizes when there's a meeting at Exeter Hall; but perfectly aquilines, I am sorry to say, are scarce, and we generally use them for uniforms, or public characters.'

'Indeed!' said Nicholas. 'If I should meet with any in my travels, I'll endeavour to sketch them for you.'

'You don't mean to say that you are really going all the way down to Yorkshire this cold winter's weather, Mr. Nickleby?' said Miss La Creevy. 'I heard something of it last night.'

'I do, indeed,' replied Nicholas. 'Needs must, you know, when somebody drives. Necessity is my driver, and that is only another name for the same gentleman.'

'Well, I am very sorry for it, that's all I can say,' said Miss La Creevy; 'as much on your mother's and sister's account as on yours. Your sister is a very pretty young lady, Mr. Nickleby, and that is an additional reason why she should have somebody to protect her. I persuaded her to give me a sitting or two, for the street-door case. Ah! she'll make a sweet miniature.' As Miss La Creevy spoke, she held up an ivory countenance intersected with very perceptible sky-blue veins, and regarded it with so much complacency, that Nicholas quite envied her.

'If you ever have an opportunity of showing Kate

some little kindness,' said Nicholas, presenting his hand, 'I think you will.'

'Depend upon that,' said the good-natured miniature painter; 'and God bless you, Mr. Nickleby; and I wish you well.'

It was very little that Nicholas knew of the world, but he guessed enough about its ways to think, that if he gave Miss La Creevy one little kiss, perhaps she might not be the less kindly disposed towards those he was leaving behind. So he gave her three or four with a kind of jocose gallantry, and Miss La Creevy evinced no greater symptoms of displeasure than declaring, as she adjusted her yellow turban, that she had never heard of such a thing, and couldn't have believed it possible.

Having terminated the unexpected interview in this satisfactory manner, Nicholas hastily withdrew himself from the house. By the time he had found a man to carry his box it was only seven o'clock, so he walked slowly on, a little in advance of the porter, and very probably with not as half light a heart in his breast as the man had, although he had no waistcoat to cover it with, and had evidently from the appearance of his other garments, been spending the night in a stable, and taking his breakfast at a pump.

Regarding with no small curiosity and interest all the busy preparations for the coming day which every street and almost every house displayed; and thinking now and then that it seemed rather hard that so many people of all ranks and stations could earn a livelihood in London, and that he should be compelled to journey so far in search of one, Nicholas speedily arrived at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. Having dismissed his attendant, and seen the box safely deposited in the coach-office, he looked into the coffee room in search of Mr. Squeers.

He found that learned gentleman sitting at breakfast, with the three little boys before noticed, and two others who had turned up by some lucky chance since the interview of the previous day, ranged in a row on the opposite seat. Mr. Squeers had before him a small measure of coffee, a plate of hot toast, and a cold round of beef; but he was at that moment intent on preparing breakfast for the little boys.

'This is twopenn'orth of milk is it, waiter?' said Mr. Squeers, looking down into a large blue mug, and slanting it gently so as to get an accurate view of the quantity of liquid contained in it.

'That's twopenn'orth, Sir,' replied the waiter.

'What a rare article milk is, to be sure, in London!' said Mr. Squeers with a sigh. 'Just fill that mug up with lukewarm water, William, will you?'

'To the wery top, Sir!' inquired the waiter. 'Why, the milk will be drowned.'

'Never you mind that,' replied Mr. Squeers.

'Serve it right for being so dear. You ordered that thick bread and butter for three, did you?'

'Coming directly, Sir.'

'You needn't hurry yourself,' said Squeers; 'there's plenty of time. Conquer your passions, boys, and don't be eager after vittles.' As he uttered this moral precept, Mr. Squeers took a large bite out of the cold beef, and recognised Nicholas.

'Sit down, Mr. Nickleby,' said Squeers. 'Here we are, a breakfasting you see.'

Nicholas did *not* see that anybody was breakfasting except Mr. Squeers; but he bowed with all becoming reverence, and looked as cheerful as he could.

'Oh! that's the milk and water, is it, William?' said Squeers. 'Very good; don't forget the bread and butter presently.'

At this fresh mention of the bread and butter, the five little boys looked very eager, and followed the waiter out with their eyes; meanwhile Mr. Squeers tasted the milk and water.

'Ah!' said that gentleman, smacking his lips, 'here's richness! Think of the many beggars and orphans in the streets that would be glad of this, little boys. A shocking thing hunger is, isn't it, Mr. Nickleby?'

'Very shocking, Sir,' said Nicholas.

'When I say number one,' pursued Mr. Squeers, putting the mug before the children, 'the boy on the left hand nearest the window may take a drink; and when I say number two the boy next him will go in, and so till we come to number five, which is the last boy. Are you ready?'

'Yes, Sir,' cried all the little boys with great eagerness.

'That's right,' said Squeers, calmly getting on with breakfast; 'keep ready till I tell you to begin. Subdue your appetites, my dears, and you've conquered human nature. This is the way we inculcate strength of mind, Mr. Nickleby,' said the schoolmaster, turning to Nicholas, and speaking with his mouth very full of beef and toast.

Nicholas murmured something—he knew not what—in reply, and the little boys dividing their gaze between the mug, the bread and butter (which had by this time arrived), and every morsel which Mr. Squeers took into his mouth, remained with strained eyes in torments of expectation.

'Thank God for a good breakfast,' said Squeers when he had finished. 'Number one may take a drink.'

Number one seized the mug ravenously, and had just drunk enough to make him wish for more, when Mr. Squeers gave the signal for number two, who gave up at the same interesting moment to number three, and

the process was repeated till the milk and water terminated with number five.

'And now,' said the schoolmaster, dividing the bread and butter for three into as many portions as there were children, 'you had better look sharp with your breakfast, for the horn will blow in a minute or two, and then every boy leaves off.'

Permission being thus given to fall to, the boys began to eat voraciously, and in desperate haste, while the schoolmaster (who was in high good humour after his meal) picked his teeth with a fork and looked smilingly on. In a very short time the horn was heard.

'I thought it wouldn't be long,' said Squeers, jumping up and producing a little basket from under the seat; 'put what you haven't had time to eat, in here, boys! You'll want it on the road!'

Nicholas was considerably startled by these very economical arrangements, but he had no time to reflect upon them, for the little boys had to be got up to the top of the coach, and their boxes had to be brought out and put in, and Mr. Squeer's luggage was to be seen carefully deposited in the boot, and all these offices were in his department. He was in the full heat and bustle of concluding these operations, when his uncle, Mr. Ralph Nickleby, accosted him.

'Oh! here you are, Sir?' said Ralph. 'Here are your mother and sister, Sir.'

'Where!' cried Nicholas, looking hastily round.

'Here!' replied his uncle. 'Having too much money and nothing at all to do with it, they were paying a hackney coach as I came up, Sir.'

'We were afraid of being too late to see him before he went away from us, said Mrs. Nickleby, embracing her son, heedless of the unconcerned lookers-on in the coach-yard.

'Very good, ma'am,' returned Ralph, 'you're the best judge of course. I merely said that you were paying a hackney coach. I never pay a hackney coach, ma'am, I never hire one. I hav'n't been in a hackney coach of my own hiring for thirty years, and I hope I shan't be for thirty more, if I live as long.'

'I should never have forgiven myself if I had not seen him,' said Mrs. Nickleby. 'Poor dear boy—going away without his breakfast too, because he feared to distress us.'

'Mighty fine certainly,' said Ralph, with great testiness. 'When I first went to business, ma'am, I took a penny loaf and a ha'porth of milk for my breakfast as I walked to the city every morning; what do you say to that, ma'am! Breakfast! Pshaw!'

'Now, Nickleby,' said Squeers, coming up at the moment buttoning his great-coat; 'I think you'd better get up behind. I'm afraid of one of them boys falling off, and there's twenty pound a year gone.'

'Dear Nicholas,' whispered Kate, touching her brother's arm, 'who is that vulgar man?'

'Eh!' growled Ralph, whose quick ears had caught the inquiry. 'Do you wish to be introduced to Mr. Squeers, my dear?'

'That the schoolmaster! No, uncle. Oh, no!' replied Kate, shrinking back.

'I'm sure I heard you say as much, my dear,' retorted Ralph in his cold sarcastic manner. 'Mr. Squeers, here's my niece, Nicholas's sister!'

'Very glad to make your acquaintance, Miss,' said Squeers, raising his hat an inch or two. 'I wish Mrs. Squeers took gals, and we had you for a teacher. I don't know though whether she mightn't grow jealous if we had. Ha! Ha! Ha!'

If the proprietor of Dotheboys Hall could have known what was passing in his assistant's breast at that moment, he would have discovered with some surprise, that he was as near being soundly pummelled as he had ever been in his life. Kate Nickleby having a quicker perception of her brother's emotions led him gently aside, and thus prevented Mr. Squeers from being impressed with the fact in a peculiarly disagreeable manner.

'My dear Nicholas,' said the young lady, 'who is this man? What kind of place can it be that you are going to?'

'I hardly know, Kate,' replied Nicholas, pressing his sister's hand. 'I suppose the Yorkshire folks are rather rough and uncultivated, that's all.'

'But this person,' urged Kate.

'Is my employer, or master, or whatever the proper name may be,' replied Nicholas quickly, 'and I was an ass to take his coarseness ill. They are looking this way, and it is time I was in my place. Bless you love, and good bye. Mother; look forward to our meeting again some day. Uncle, farewell! Thank you heartily for all you have done and all you mean to do. Quite ready, Sir.'

With these hasty adieus, Nicholas mounted nimbly to his seat, and waved his hand as gallantly as if his heart went with it.

At this moment, when the coachman and guard were comparing notes for the last time before starting, on the subject of the way-bill; when porters were screwing out the last reluctant sixpences, itinerant newsmen making the last offer of a morning paper, and the horses giving the last impatient rattle to their harness, Nicholas felt somebody pulling softly at his leg. He looked down, and there stood Newman Noggs, who pushed up into his hand a dirty letter.

'What's this?' inquired Nicholas.

'Hush!' rejoined Noggs, pointing to Ralph Nickleby, who was saying a few earnest words to Squeers a short

distance off. 'Take it. Read it. Nobody knows. That's all.'

'Stop!' cried Nicholas.

'No,' replied Noggs.

Nicholas cried stop, again, but Newman Noggs was gone.

A minute's bustle, a banging of the coach doors, a swaying of the vehicle to one side, as the heavy coachman, and still heavier guard climbed into their seats; a cry of all right, a few notes from the horn, a hasty glance of two sorrowful faces below and the hard features of Mr. Ralph Nickleby—and the coach was gone too, and rattling over the stones of Smithfield.

The little boys' legs being too short to admit of their feet resting upon anything as they sat, and the little boys' bodies being consequently in imminent hazard of being jerked off the coach, Nicholas had enough to do to hold them on: and between the manual exertion and the mental anxiety attendant upon this task, he was not a little relieved when the coach stopped at the Peacock at Islington. He was still more relieved when a hearty-looking gentleman, with a very good-humoured face, and a very fresh colour, got up behind and proposed to take the other corner of the seat.

'If we put some of these youngsters in the middle,' said the new comer, 'they'll be safer in case of their going to sleep; eh?'

'If you'll have the goodness, Sir,' replied Squeers, 'that'll be the very thing. Mr. Nickleby, take three of them boys between you and the gentleman. Belling and the youngest Snawley can sit between me and the guard. Three children,' said Squeers, explaining to the stranger, 'books as two.'

'I have not the least objection I am sure,' said the fresh-coloured gentleman; 'I have a brother who wouldn't object to book his six children as two at any butcher's or baker's in the kingdom, I dare say. Far from it.'

'Six children, Sir,' exclaimed Squeers.

'Yes, and all boys,' replied the stranger.

'Mr. Nickleby,' said Squeers, in great haste, 'catch hold of that basket. Let me give you a card, Sir, of an establishment where those six boys can be brought up in an enlightened, liberal, and moral manner, with no mistake at all about it, for twenty guineas a year each—twenty guineas, Sir; or I'd take all the boys together upon an average right through, and say a hundred pound a year for the lot.'

'Oh!' said the gentleman, glancing at the card, 'You are the Mr. Squeers mentioned here I presume?'

'Yes, I am, Sir,' replied the worthy pedagogue; 'Mr. Waekford Squeers is my name, and I'm very far from being ashamed of it. These are some of my boys, Sir, that's one of my assistants, Sir—Mr. Nickleby, a gentleman's son, and a good scholar, mathematical, classi-

cal, and commercial. We don't do things by halves at our shop. All manner of learning my boys take down, Sir; the expense is never thought of, and they get paternal treatment and washing in.'

'Upon my word,' said the gentleman, glancing at Nicholas with a half smile, and a more than half expression of surprise, 'these are advantages indeed.'

'You may say that, Sir,' rejoined Squeers, thrusting his hands into his great-coat pockets. 'The most unexceptionable references are given and required. I wouldn't take a reference with any boy that was not responsible for the payment of five pound five a quarter, no, not if you went down on your knees, and asked me with the tears running down on your face to do it.'

'Highly considerate,' said the passenger.

'It's my great aim and end to be considerate, Sir,' rejoined Squeers. 'Snawley, junior, if you don't leave off chattering your teeth, and shaking with the cold, I'll warm you with a severe thrashing in about half a minute's time.'

'Sit fast here, gentlemen,' said the guard as he clambered up.

'All right behind there, Dick?' cried the coachman.

'All right,' was the reply. 'Off she goes.' And off she did go,—if coaches be feminine—amidst a loud flourish from the guard's horn, and the calm approval of all the judges of coaches and coach-horses congregated at the Peacock, but more especially of the helpers, who stood with the cloths over their arms, watching the coach till it disappeared, and then lounged admirably stable-wards, bestowing various gruff encomiums on the beauty of the turn-out.

When the guard (who was a stout old Yorkshireman) had blown himself quite out of breath, he put the horn into a little tunnel of a basket fastened to the coach-side for the purpose, and giving himself a plentiful shower of blows on the chest and shoulders, observed it was uncommon cold, after which he demanded of every person separately whether he was going right through, and if not where he *was* going. Satisfactory replies being made to these queries, he surmised that the roads were pretty heavy arter that fall last night, and took the liberty of asking whether any of them gentlemen carried a snuff box. It happening that nobody did, he remarked with a mysterious air that he had heard a medical gentleman as went down to Grantham last week say how that snuff-taking was bad for the eyes; but for his part he had never found it so, and what he said was, that every body should speak as they found. Nobody attempting to controvert this position, he took a small brown paper parcel out of his hat, and putting on a pair of horn spectacles (the writing being crabbed) read the direction half a dozen times over, having done which he consigned the parcel to its old place, put up his spectacles again, and stared at every body in turn.

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After this, he took another blow at the horn by way of refreshment, and having now exhausted his usual topics of conversation folded his arms as well as he could in so many coats, and falling into a solemn silence, looked carelessly at the familiar objects which met his eye on every side as the coach rolled on; the only things he seemed to care for, being horses and droves of cattle, which he scrutinized with a critical air as they were passed upon the road.

The weather was intensely and bitterly cold; a great deal of snow fell from time to time, and the wind was intolerably keen. Mr. Squeers got down at almost every stage—to stretch his legs as he said, and as he always came back from such excursions with a very red nose, and composed himself to sleep directly, there is reason to suppose that he derived great benefit from the process. The little pupils having been stimulated with the remains of their breakfast, and further invigorated by sundry small sups of a curious cordial carried by Mr. Squeers, which tasted very like toast and water put into a brandy bottle by mistake, went to sleep, woke, shivered, and cried, as their feelings prompted. Nicholas and the good-tempered man found so many things to talk about, that between conversing together, and cheering up the boys, the time passed with them as rapidly as it could, under such adverse circumstances.

So the day wore on. At Eton Slocomb there was a good coach dinner, of which the box, the four front outsides, the one inside, Nicholas, the good-tempered man, and Mr. Squeers, partook; while the five little boys were put to thaw by the fire, and regaled with sandwiches. A stage or two further on, the lamps were lighted, and a great to-do occasioned by the taking up at a road-side inn of a very fastidious lady with an infinite variety of cloaks and small parcels, who loudly lamented for the behoof of the outsides the non-arrival of her own carriage which was to have taken her on, and made the guard solemnly promise to stop every green chariot he saw coming; which, as it was a dark night and he was sitting with his face the other way, that officer undertook, with many fervent asseverations, to do. Lastly, the fastidious lady, finding there was a solitary gentleman inside, had a small lamp lighted which she carried in her reticule: and being after much trouble shut in, the horses were put into a brisk canter and the coach was once more in rapid motion.

The night and the snow came on together, and dismal enough they were. There was no sound to be heard but the howling of the wind; for the noise of the wheels and the tread of the horses' feet were rendered inaudible by the thick coating of snow which covered the earth, and was fast increasing every moment. The streets of Stamford were deserted as they passed through the town, and its old churches rose frowning and dark

from the whitened ground. Twenty miles further on, two of the front outside passengers wisely availing themselves of their arrival at one of the best inns in England, turned in for the night at the George at Grantham. The remainder wrapped themselves more closely in their coats and cloaks, and leaving the light and warmth of the town behind them, pillowed themselves against the luggage and prepared, with many half-suppressed moans, again to encounter the piercing blast which swept across the open country.

They were little more than a stage out of Grantham, or about half way between it and Newark, when Nicholas, who had been asleep for a short time, was suddenly roused by a violent jerk which nearly threw him from his seat. Grasping the rail, he found that the coach had sunk greatly on one side, though it was still dragged forward by the horses: and while—confused by their plunging and the loud screams of the lady inside—he hesitated for an instant whether to jump off or not, the vehicle turned easily over, and relieved him from all further uncertainty by flinging him into the road.

CHAPTER VI.

In which the occurrences of the accident mentioned in the last chapter, affords an opportunity to a couple of gentlemen to tell stories against each other.

'Wo ho!' cried the guard, on his legs in a minute, and running to the leaders' heads. 'Is there any genelman there, as can len' a hand here? Keep quiet, dang ye. Wo ho!'

'What's the matter?' demanded Nicholas, looking sleepily up.

'Matther mun, matther eneaf for one neight,' replied the guard; 'dang the wall-eyed bay, he's gane mad wi' glory I think, earse t'coorch is over. Here, can't ye len' a hand? Dom it, I'd ha dean it if all my boans were brokken.'

'Here!' cried Nicholas, staggering to his feet, 'I'm ready. I'm only a little abroad, that's all.'

'Hooold 'em toight,' cried the guard, 'while ar coot treaces. Hang on tiv 'em sumhoo. Weel deame, my lad. That's it. Let 'em goa noo. Dang 'em, they'll gang whoam fast eneaf.'

In truth, the animals were no sooner released than they trotted back with much deliberation to the stable they had just left, which was distant not a mile behind.

'Can you blo' a harm?' asked the guard, disengaging one of the coach-jamps.

'I dare say I can,' replied Nicholas.

'Then just blo' away into that 'un as lies on the grund, fit to wakken the deead, will'ee,' said the man, 'while I stop sum o' this here squealing inside. Cumin', cumin', dean't make that noise, wooman.'

As the man spoke he proceeded to wrench open the

uppermost door of the coach, while Nicholas seizing the horn, awoke the echoes far and wide with one of the most extraordinary performances on that instrument ever heard by mortal ears. It had its effect, however, not only in rousing such of the passengers as were recovering from the stunning effects of their fall, but in summing assistance to their relief, for lights gleamed in the distance, and the people were already astir.

In fact, a man on horseback galloped down before the passengers were well collected together, and a careful investigation being instituted it appeared that the lady inside had broken her lamp, and the gentleman his head; that the two front outsides had escaped with black eyes, the box with a bloody nose, the coachman with a contusion on the temple, Mr. Squeers with a portmanteau bruise on his back, and the remaining passengers without any injury at all—thanks to the softness of the snow-drift in which they had been overturned. These facts were no sooner thoroughly ascertained than the lady gave several indications of fainting, but being forewarned that if she did, she must be carried on some gentleman's shoulders to the nearest public-house, she prudently thought better of it, and walked back with the rest.

They found on reaching it, that it was a lonely place with no very great accommodation in the way of apartments—that portion of its resources being all comprised in one public room with a sanded floor, and a chair or two. However, a large faggot and a plentiful supply of coals being heaped upon the fire, the appearance of things was not long in mending, and by the time they had washed off all effaceable marks of the late accident, the room was warm and light, which was a most agreeable exchange for the cold and darkness out of doors.

'Well, Mr. Nickleby,' said Squeers, insinuating himself into the warmest corner, 'you did very right to catch hold of them horses. I should have done it myself if I had come too in time, but I am very glad you did it. You did it very well; very well.'

'So well,' said the merry-faced gentleman, who did not seem to approve very much of the patronising tone adopted by Squeers, 'that if they had not been firmly checked when they were, you would most probably have had no brains left to teach with.'

This remark called up a discourse relative to the promptitude Nicholas had displayed, and he was overwhelmed with compliments and commendations.

'I am very glad to have escaped, of course,' observed Squeers; 'every man is glad when he escapes from danger, but if any one of my charges had been hurt—if I had been prevented from restoring any one of these little boys to his parents whole and sound as I received him—what would have been my feelings! Why the wheel a-top of my head would have been preferable to it.'

'Are they all brothers, Sir?' inquired the lady who had carried the 'Davy,' or safety-lamp.

'In one sense they are, ma'am,' replied Squeers, diving into his great-coat pocket for cards. 'They are all under the same parental and affectionate treatment. Mrs. Squeers and myself are a mother and father to every one of 'em. Mr. Nickleby, hand the lady them cards, and offer these to the gentlemen. Perhaps they might know of some parents that would be glad to avail themselves of the establishment.'

Expressing himself to this effect, Mr. Squeers, who lost no opportunity of advertising gratuitously, placed his hands upon his knees and looked at the pupils with as much benignity as he could possibly affect, while Nicholas, blushing with shame, handed round the cards as directed.

'I hope you suffer no inconvenience from the overturn, ma'am?' said the merry-faced gentleman addressing the fastidious lady, as though he were charitably desirous to change the subject.

'No bodily inconvenience,' replied the lady.

'No mental inconvenience, I hope?'

'The subject is a very painful one to my feelings, Sir,' replied the lady with strong emotion; 'and I beg of you as a gentleman, not to refer to it.'

'Dear me,' said the merry-faced gentleman, looking merrier still, 'I merely intended to inquire—'

'I hope no inquiries will be made,' said the lady, 'or I shall be compelled to throw myself on the protection of the other gentlemen. Landlord, pray direct a boy to keep watch outside the door—and if a green chariot passes in the direction of Grantham, to stop it instantly.'

The people of the house were evidently overcome by this request, and when the lady charged the boy to remember, as a means of identifying the expected green chariot, that it would have a coachman with a gold-laced hat on the box, and a footman most probably in silk stockings behind, the attentions of the good woman of the inn were redoubled. Even the box-passenger caught the infection, and growing deferential, immediately inquired whether there was not very good society in that neighbourhood, to which the lady replied yes, there was, in a manner which sufficiently implied that she moved at the very tip-top and summit of it all.

'As the guard has gone on horseback to Grantham to get another coach,' said the good-tempered gentleman when they had been all sitting round the fire for some time in silence, 'and as he must be gone a couple of hours at the very least, I propose a bowl of hot punch. What say you, Sir?'

This question was addressed to the broken-headed inside, who was a man of very genteel appearance, dressed in mourning. He was not past the middle age, but his hair was grey; it seemed to have been pre-

maturely turned by care or sorrow. He readily acceded to the proposal, and appeared to be prepossessed by the frank good-nature of the individual from whom it emanated.

This latter personage took upon himself the office of tapster when the punch was ready, and after dispensing it all round, led the conversation to the antiquities of York, with which both he and the grey-haired gentleman appeared well acquainted. When this topic flagged, he turned with a smile to the grey-headed gentleman and asked if he could sing.

'I cannot indeed,' replied the gentleman, smiling in his turn.

'That's a pity,' said the owner of the good-humoured countenance. 'Is there nobody here who can sing a song to lighten the time?'

The passengers one and all protested that they could not; that they wished they could, that they couldn't remember the words of anything without the book, and so forth.

'Perhaps the lady would not object,' said the president with great respect, and a merry twinkle in his eye. 'Some little Italian thing out of the last opera brought out in town, would be most acceptable I am sure.'

As the lady condescended to make no reply, but tossed her head contemptuously, and murmured some further expression of surprise regarding the absence of the green chariot, one or two voices urged upon the president himself the propriety of making an attempt for the general benefit.

'I would if I could,' said he of the good-tempered face: 'for I hold that in this, as in all other cases where people who are strangers to each other are thrown unexpectedly together, they should endeavour to render themselves as pleasant for the joint sake of the little community as possible.'

'I wish the maxim were more generally acted on in all cases,' said the grey-headed gentleman.

'I'm glad to hear it,' returned the other. 'Perhaps, as you can't sing, you'll tell us a story?'

'Nay. I should ask you.'

'After you, I will, with pleasure.'

'Indeed!' said the grey-haired gentleman, smiling. 'Well, let it be so. I fear the turn of my thoughts is not calculated to lighten the time you must pass here; but you have brought this upon yourselves, and shall judge.'

* * * * *

'The fresh coach is ready, ladies and gentlemen, if you please,' said a new driver, looking in.

This intelligence caused the punch to be finished in a great hurry, and prevented any discussion relative to the last story. Mr. Squeers was observed to drag the grey-headed gentleman on one side and to ask a ques-

* We omit the Stories.—*Museum*.

tion with great apparent interest; it bore reference to the Five Sisters of York, and was in fact an enquiry whether he could inform him how much per annum the Yorkshire convent got in those days with their boarders.

The journey was then resumed. Nicholas fell asleep towards morning, and when he awoke found, with great regret, that during his nap both the Baron and Grogzwig and the grey-haired gentleman had got down and were gone. The day dragged on uncomfortably enough, and about six o'clock that night he and Mr. Squeers, and the little boys, and their united luggage, were all put down together at the George and New Inn, Greta Bridge.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. and Mrs. Squeers at Home.

Mr. Squeers being safely landed, left Nicholas and the boys standing with the luggage in the road, to amuse themselves by looking at the coach as it changed horses, while he ran into the tavern and went through the leg stretching process at the bar. After some minutes he returned with his legs thoroughly stretched, if the hue of his nose and a short hiccup afforded any criterion, and at the same time there came out of the yard a rusty pony-chaise and a cart, driven by two labouring men.

'Put the boys and the boxes, into the cart,' said Squeers, rubbing his hands, 'and this young man and me will go on in the chaise. Get in, Nickleby.'

Nicholas obeyed, and Mr. Squeers with some difficulty inducing the pony to obey also, they started off, leaving the cart-load of infant misery to follow at leisure.

'Are you cold, Nickleby?' inquired Squeers, after they had travelled some distance in silence.

'Rather, Sir, I must say.'

'Well, I don't find fault with that,' said Squeers; it's a long journey this weather.'

'Is it much further to Dotheboys Hall, Sir?'

'About three miles from here,' replied Squeers.

'But you needn't call it a Hall down here.'

Nicholas coughed, as if he would like to know why.

'The fact is, it ain't a Hall,' observed Squeers drily.

'Oh, indeed!' said Nicholas, whom this piece of intelligence much astonished.

'No,' replied Squeers. 'We call it a Hall up in London, because it sounds better, but they don't know it by that name in these parts. A man may call his house an island if he likes; there's no act of Parliament against that, I believe.'

'I believe not, Sir,' rejoined Nicholas.

Squeers eyed his companion slyly at the conclusion of this little dialogue, and finding that he had grown thoughtful and appeared in no wise disposed to volunteer any observations, contented himself with lashing the pony until they reached their journey's end.

'Jump out,' said Squeers. 'Hallo there! come and put this horse up. Be quick, will you.'

While the schoolmaster was uttering these and other impatient cries, Nicholas had time to observe that the school was a long cold-looking house, one story high, with a few straggling outbuildings behind, and a barn and stable adjoining. After the lapse of a minute or two, the noise of somebody unlocking the yard gate was heard, and presently a tall lean boy, with a lantern in his hand, issued forth.

'Is that you, Smike?' cried Squeers.

'Yes, Sir,' replied the boy.

'Then why the devil didn't you come before?'

'Please, Sir, I fell asleep over the fire,' answered Smike, with humility.

'Fire! what fire? Where's there a fire?' demanded the schoolmaster, sharply.

'Only in the kitchen, Sir,' replied the boy. 'Missus said as I was sitting up, I might go in there for a warm.'

'Your missus is a fool,' retorted Squeers. 'You'd have been a deuced deal more wakeful in the cold, I'll engage.'

By this time Mr. Squeers had dismounted; and after ordering the boy to see to the pony, and take care that he hadn't any more corn that night, he told Nicholas to wait at the front door a minute while he went round and let him in.

A host of unpleasant misgivings, which had been crowding upon Nicholas during the whole journey, thronged into his mind with redoubled force when he was left alone. His great distance from home, and the impossibility of reaching it, except on foot, should he feel ever so anxious to return, presented itself to him in the most alarming colours; and as he looked up at the dreary house and dark windows, and upon the wild country round covered with snow, he felt a depression of heart and spirit which he had never experienced before.

'Now then,' cried Squeers, poking his head out at the front door. 'Where are you, Nickleby?'

'Here, Sir!' replied Nicholas.

'Come in then,' said Squeers, 'the wind blows in at this door fit to knock a man off his legs.'

Nicholas sighed and hurried in. Mr. Squeers having bolted the door to keep it shut, ushered him into a small parlour scantily furnished with a few chairs, a yellow map hung against the wall, and a couple of tables, one of which bore some preparations for supper; while on the other, a tutor's assistant, a Murray's grammar, half a dozen cards of terms, and a worn letter directed to Wackford Squeers, Esquire, were arranged in picturesque confusion.

They had not been in this apartment a couple of minutes when a female bounced into the room, and seizing Mr. Squeers by the throat gave him two loud

kisses, one close after the other, like a postman's knock. The lady, who was of a large raw-boned figure, was about half a head taller than Mr. Squeers, and was dressed in a dimity night jacket with her hair in papers; she had also a dirty night-cap on relieved by a yellow cotton handkerchief which tied it under the chin.

'How is my Squeery!?' said this lady in a playful manner, and a very hoarse voice.

'Quite well, my love,' replied Squeers. 'How are the cows!'

'All right, every one of 'em,' answered the lady.

'And the pigs?' said Squeers.

'As well as they were when you went away.'

'Come; that's a blessing,' said Squeers, pulling off his great-coat. 'The boys are all as they were, I suppose!'

'Oh, yes, they're well enough,' replied Mrs. Squeers, snappishly. 'That young Pitcher's had a fever.'

'No!' exclaimed Squeers. 'Damn that boy, he's always at something of that sort.'

'Never was such a boy, I do believe,' said Mrs. Squeers; 'whatever he has, is always catching too. I say it's obstinacy, and nothing shall ever convince me that it isn't. I'd beat it out of him, and I told you that six months ago.'

'So you did, my love,' rejoined Squeers. 'We'll try what can be done.'

Pending these little endearments, Nicholas had stood awkwardly enough in the middle of the room, not very well knowing whether he was expected to retire into the passage, or to remain where he was. He was now relieved from his perplexity by Mr. Squeers.

'This is the new young man, my dear,' said that gentleman.

'Oh,' replied Mrs. Squeers, nodding her head at Nicholas, and eyeing him coldly from top to toe.

'He'll take a meal with us to-night,' said Squeers, 'and go among the boys to-morrow morning. You can give him a shake down here to-night, can't you?'

'We must manage it somehow,' replied the lady. 'You don't much mind how you sleep, I suppose, Sir?'

'No, indeed,' replied Nicholas, 'I am not particular.'

'That's lucky,' said Mrs. Squeers. And as the lady's humour was considered to lie chiefly in retort, Mr. Squeers laughed heartily, and seemed to expect that Nicholas should do the same.

After some further conversation between the master and mistress relative to the success of Mr. Squeer's trip, and the people who had paid, and the people who had made default in payment, a young servant girl brought in a Yorkshire pie and some cold beef, which being set upon the table, the boy Smike appeared with a jug of ale.

Mr. Squeers was emptying his great-coat pockets of

letters to different boys, and other small documents, which he had brought down in them. The boy glanced with an anxious and timid expression at the papers as if with a sickly hope that one among them might relate to him. The look was a very painful one, and went to Nicholas's heart at once, for it told a long and very sad history.

It induced him to consider the boy more attentively, and he was surprised to observe the extraordinary mixture of garments which formed his dress. Although he could not have been less than eighteen or nineteen years old, and was tall for that age, he wore a skeleton suit, such as is usually put upon very little boys, and which, though most absurdly short in the arms and legs, was quite wide enough for his attenuated frame. In order that the lower part of his legs might be in perfect keeping with his singular dress, he had a very large pair of boots originally made for tops, which might have been once worn by some stout farmer, but were now too patched and tattered for a beggar. God knows how long he had been there, but he still wore the same linen which he had first taken down; for round his neck was a tattered child's frill, only half concealed by a coarse man's neckerchief. He was lame; and as he feigned to be busy in arranging the table, glanced at the letters with a look so keen, and yet so dispirited and hopeless, that Nicholas could hardly bear to watch him.

'What are you bothering about there, Smike?' cried Mrs. Squeers; 'let the things alone, can't you.'

'Eh!' said Squeers, looking up. 'Oh! it's you, is it!'

'Yes, Sir,' replied the youth, pressing his hands together, as though to control by force the nervous wandering of his fingers; 'Is there—'

'Well!' said Squeers.

'Have you—did anybody—has nothing been heard—about me!'

'Devil a bit,' replied Squeers testily.

The lad withdrew his eyes, and putting his hand to his face moved towards the door.

'Not a word,' resumed Squeers, and never will be. Now, this is a pretty sort of thing, isn't it, that you should have been left here all these years and no money paid after the first six—nor no notice taken, nor no clue to be got who you belong to! It's a pretty sort of thing that I should have to feed a great fellow like you, and never hope to get one penny for it, isn't it?'

The boy put his hand to his head as if he were making an effort to recollect something, and then looking vacantly at his questioner, gradually broke into a smile and limped away.

'I'll tell you what, Squeers,' remarked his wife as the door closed, 'I think that young chap's turning silly.'

'I hope not,' said the schoolmaster; 'for he's a handy fellow out of doors, and worth his meat and drink any way. I should think he'd have wit enough for us though, if he was. But come; let's have supper, for I am hungry and tired, and want to get to bed.'

This reminder brought in an exclusive steak for Mr. Squeers, who speedily proceeded to do it ample justice. Nicholas drew up his chair, but his appetite was effectually taken away.

'How's the steak, Squeers?' said Mrs. S.

'Tender as a lamb,' replied Squeers. 'Have a bit.'

'I couldn't eat a morsel,' replied his wife. 'What'll the young man take, my dear?'

'Whatever he likes that's present,' rejoined Squeers, in a most unusual burst of generosity.

'What do you say, Mr. Knuckleboy?' inquired Mrs. Squeers.

'I'll take a little of the pie, if you please,' replied Nicholas. 'A very little for I'm not hungry.'

'Well, it's a pity to cut the pie if you're not hungry, isn't it?' said Mrs. Squeers. 'Will you try a piece of the beef?'

'Whatever you please,' replied Nicholas abstractedly; 'it's all the same to me.'

Mrs. Squeers looked vastly gracious on receiving this reply; and nodding to Squeers, as much as to say that she was glad to find the young man knew his station, assisted Nicholas to a slice of meat with her fair hands.

'Ale, Squeery?' inquired the lady, winking and frowning to give him to understand that the question propounded was, whether Nicholas should have ale, and not whether he (Squeers) would take any.

'Certainly,' said Squeers, re-telegraphing in the same manner. 'A glassful.'

So Nicholas had a glassful, and being occupied with his own reflections, drank it in happy innocence of all the foregone proceedings.

'Uncommon juicy steak that,' said Squeers as he laid down his knife and fork, after plying it in silence for some time.

'It's prime meat,' rejoined his lady. 'I bought a good large piece of it myself on purpose for——'

'For what?' exclaimed Squeers hastily. 'Not for the——'

'No, no; not for them,' rejoined Mrs. Squeers; 'on purpose for you against you came home. Lor! you didn't think I could have made such a mistake as that.'

'Upon my word, my dear, I didn't know what you were going to say,' said Squeers, who had turned very pale.

'You needn't make yourself uncomfortable,' remarked his wife, laughing heartily. 'To think that I should be such a noddly! Well!'

This part of the conversation was rather unintelligible; but popular rumour in the neighbourhood asserted

that Mr. Squeers, being amiably opposed to cruelty to animals, not unfrequently purchased for boy consumption the bodies of horned cattle who had died a natural death, and, possibly he was apprehensive of having unintentionally devoured some choice morsel intended for the young gentlemen.

Supper being over, and removed by a small servant girl with a hungry eye, Mrs. Squeers retired to lock it up, and also to take into safe custody the clothes of the five boys who had just arrived, and who were half way up the troublesome flight of steps which leads to death's door, in consequence of exposure to the cold. They were then regaled with a light supper of porridge, and stowed away side by side in a small bedstead, to warm each other and dream of a substantial meal with something hot after it if their fancies set that way, which it is not at all improbable they did.

Mr. Squeers treated himself to a stiff tumbler of brandy and water, made on the liberal half and half principle, allowing for the dissolution of the sugar; and his amiable helpmate mixed Nicholas the ghost of a small glassful of the same compound. This done, Mr. and Mrs. Squeers drew close up to the fire, and sitting with their feet on the fender talked confidentially in whispers; while Nicholas, taking up the tutor's assistant, read the interesting legends in the miscellaneous questions, and all the figures into the bargain, with as much thought of consciousness of what he was doing, as if he had been in a magnetic slumber.

At length Mr. Squeers yawned fearfully, and opined that it was high time to go to bed; upon which signal Mrs. Squeers and the girl dragged in a small straw mattress and a couple of blankets, and arranged them into a couch for Nicholas.

'We'll put you into your regular bed-room to-morrow, Nickleby,' said Squeers. 'Let me see, who sleeps in Brooks's bed, my dear?'

'In Brooks's,' said Mrs. Squeers, pondering. 'There's Jennings, little Bolder, Graymarsh, and what's his name.'

'So there are,' rejoined Squeers. 'Yes! Brooks is full!'

'Full!' thought Nicholas. 'I should think he was.'

'There's a place somewhere I know,' said Squeers; 'but I can't at this moment call to mind where it is. However, we'll have that all settled to-morrow. Good night, Nickleby. Seven o'clock in the morning, mind.'

'I shall be ready, Sir,' replied Nicholas. 'Good night.'

'I'll come in myself and show you where the well is,' said Squeers. 'You'll always find a little bit of soap in the kitchen window; that belongs to you.'

Nicholas opened his eyes, but not his mouth; and Squeers was again going away, when he once more turned back.

'I don't know, I am sure,' he said, 'whose towel to

put you on; but if you'll make shift with something to-morrow morning, Mrs. Squeers will arrange that, in the course of the day. My dear, don't forget.'

'I'll take care,' replied Mrs. Squeers; 'and mind *you* take care, young man, and get first wash. The teacher ought always to have it; but they get the better of him if they can.'

Mr. Squeers then nudged Mrs. Squeers to bring away the brandy bottle, lest Nicholas should help himself in the night; and the lady having seized it with great precipitation, they retired together.

Nicholas being left alone, took half a dozen turns up and down the room in a condition of much agitation and excitement, but growing gradually calmer, sat himself down in a chair and mentally resolved that, come what come might, he would endeavour for a time to bear whatever wretchedness might be in store for him, and that remembering the helplessness of his mother and sister, he would give his uncle no plea for deserting them in their need. Good resolutions seldom fail of producing some good effects in the mind from which they spring. He grew less desponding, and—so sanguine and buoyant is youth—even hoped that affairs at Dotheboys Hall might yet prove better than they promised.

He was preparing for bed with something like renewed cheerfulness, when a sealed letter fell from his coat pocket. In the hurry of leaving London it had escaped his attention and had not occurred to him since, but it at once brought back to him the recollection of the mysterious behaviour of Newman Noggs.

'Dear me!' said Nicholas; 'what an extraordinary hand!'

It was directed to himself, was written upon very dirty paper, and in such cramped and crippled writing as to be almost illegible. After great difficulty and much puzzling, he contrived to read as follows:—

'My dear young Man.

'I know the world. Your father did not, or he would not have done me a kindness when there was no hope of return. You do not, or you would not be bound on such a journey.

'If ever you want a shelter in London, (don't be angry at this, I once thought I never should,) they know where I live at the sign of the Crown, in Silver Street, Golden Square. It is at the corner of Silver Street and James Street, with a bar door both ways. You can come at night. Once nobody was ashamed—never mind that. It's all over.

'Excuse errors. I should forget how to wear a whole coat now. I have forgotten all my old ways. My spelling may have gone with them.

'NEWMAN NOGGS.

'P. S. If you should go near Barnard Castle, there is good ale at the King's Head. Say you know me, and I am sure they will not charge you for it. You

may say Mr. Noggs there, for I was a gentleman then. I was indeed.'

It may be a very undignified circumstance to record, but after he had folded this letter and placed it in his pocket-book, Nicholas Nickleby's eyes were dimmed with a moisture that might have been taken for tears.

From Waterton's Natural History.

FIGHT WITH A LION.

We close our extracts with a graphic and most interesting description of an encounter between a brave young English officer and a full grown lion of India, which Mr. Waterton heard from the officer himself when at Frankfort-on-the-Maine some months since. "I shall never forget," says Mr. Waterton, "the affable and unassuming manner in which he related it to me. I repeatedly urged him to allow me to put it on record, and at the same time to make use of his name; but I plainly saw that his feelings were against his complying with my request; and I think I should not have succeeded, had I not luckily brought to my assistance the plea of benefit to natural history."

"In the month of July, 1831, two fine lions made their appearance in a jungle some twenty miles distant from the cantonment of Rajcoté, in the East Indies, where Captain Woodhouse, and his two friends, Lieutenants Delamain and Lang, were stationed. An elephant was despatched to the place in the evening on which the information arrived; and on the morrow, at the break of day, the three gentlemen set off on horseback, full of glee, and elated with the hope of a speedy engagement. On arriving at the edge of the jungle, people were ordered to ascend the neighbouring trees, that they might be able to trace the route of the lions in case they left the cover. After beating about in the jungle for some time, the hunters started the two lordly strangers. The officers fired immediately, and one of the lions fell to rise no more. His companion broke cover, and took off across the country. The officers now pursued him on horseback as fast as the nature of the ground would allow, until they learned from the men who were stationed in the trees, and who held up flags by way of signal, that the lion had gone back into the thicket. Upon this the three officers returned to the edge of the jungle, and having dismounted from their horses, they got upon the elephant; Captain Woodhouse placing himself in the hindmost seat. They now proceeded towards the heart of the jungle, in the expectation of rousing the royal fugitive a second time. They found him standing under a large bush, with his face directly towards them. The lion allowed them to approach within range of his spring, and then he made a sudden dart at the elephant, clung on his trunk with a tremendous roar, and wounded him just above the eye. While he was in the act of doing this, the two lieutenants fired at him, but without success. The elephant now shook him off; but the fierce and sudden attack on the part of the lion seemed to have thrown him into the greatest consternation. This was the first time he had ever come in contact with so formidable an animal; and much exertion was used be-

fore his riders succeeded in urging him on again in quest of the lion. At last he became somewhat more tractable; but as he was advancing through the jungle, all of a sudden the lion, which had lain concealed in the high grass, made at him with redoubled fury. The officers now lost all hopes of keeping their elephant in order. He turned round abruptly, and was going away quite ungovernable, when the lion again sprang at him, seized his hinder parts with his teeth, and hung on them till the affrighted animal managed to shake him off by incessant kicking.

"The lion retreated farther into the thicket; Capt. Woodhouse in the meantime firing a random shot at him, which proved of no avail, as the jolting of the elephant and the uproar of the moment prevented him from taking a steady aim. No exertions on the part of the officers could now force the terrified elephant to face his fierce foe, and they found themselves reduced to the necessity of dismounting. Determined, however, to come to still closer quarters with the formidable king of quadrupeds, Captain Woodhouse took the desperate resolution to proceed on foot in quest of him; and after searching about for some time; he observed the lion indistinctly through the bushes, and discharged his rifle at him; but he was pretty well convinced that he had not hit him, for he saw the lion retire with the utmost composure into the thicker parts of the brake. The two lieutenants, who had remained at the outside of the jungle, joined their companion on hearing the report of his gun.

"The weather was intolerably sultry. After vainly spending a considerable time in creeping through the grass and bushes, with the hope of discovering the place of the lion's retreat, they concluded that he had passed quite through the jungle, and gone off in an opposite direction. Resolved not to let their game escape, the lieutenants returned to the elephant, and immediately proceeded round the jungle, expecting to discover the route which they conjectured the lion had taken. Captain Woodhouse, however, remained in the thicket: and as he could discern the print of the animal's feet on the ground, he boldly resolved to follow up the track at all hazards. The Indian gamefinder, who continued with his commander, at last espied the lion in the cover, and pointed him out to the captain, who fired, but unfortunately missed his mark. There was now no alternative left but to retreat and load his rifle. Having retired to a distance, he was joined by Lieutenant Delamain, who had dismounted from his elephant on hearing the report of the gun. This unexpected meeting increased the captain's hopes of ultimate success. He lost no time in pointing out to the lieutenant the place where he would probably find the lion, and said he would be up with him in a moment or two.

"Lieut. Delamain, on going eight or ten paces down a sheep track, got a sight of the lion, and instantly discharged his rifle at him.

'Impetus est fulvis, et vasta leonibus ira!'

This irritated the mighty lord of the woods, and he rushed towards him, breaking through the bushes (to use the captain's own words) 'in a most magnificent style.' Capt. Woodhouse now found himself placed in an awkward situation. He was aware that if he retraced his steps in order to put himself in a better position for attack, he would just get to the point from which the lieutenant had fired, and to which the lion was making, wherefore he instantly resolved to stand still, in the hopes that the lion would pass by, at a distance of four yards

or so, without perceiving him, as the intervening cover was thick and strong. In this, however, he was most unfortunately deceived; for the enraged lion saw him in passing, and flew at him with a dreadful roar. In an instant, as though it had been done by a stroke of lightning, the rifle was broken and thrown out of the captain's hand, his left arm at the same moment being seized by the claws, and his right by the teeth, of his desperate antagonist. While these two brave and sturdy combatants, 'whose courage none could stain,' were yet standing in mortal conflict, Lieutenant Delamain ran up, and discharged his piece full at the lion. This caused the lion and the captain to come to the ground together, while Lieutenant Delamain hastened out of the jungle to reload his gun. The lion now began to crouch the captain's arm, but as the brave fellow, notwithstanding the pain which this horrid process caused, had the cool determined resolution to lie still, the lordly savage let the arm drop out of his mouth, and quietly placed himself in a crouching position, with both his paws upon the thigh of his fallen foe. While things were in this untoward situation, the captain unthinkingly raised his hand to support his head, which had got placed ill at ease in the fall. No sooner, however, had he moved it, than the lion seized the lacerated arm a second time, crouched it as before, and fractured the bone still higher up. This additional *memento mori* from the lion was not lost upon Captain Woodhouse; it immediately put him in mind that he had committed an act of imprudence in stirring. The motionless state in which he persevered after this broad hint, showed that he had learned to profit by the painful lesson.

"He now lay bleeding and disabled under the foot of a mighty and an irritated enemy. Death was close upon him, armed with every terror calculated to appal the heart of a prostrate and defenceless man. Just as this world, with all its flitting honours, was on the point of vanishing for ever, he heard two faint reports of a gun, which he thought sounded from a distance; but he was totally at a loss to account for them. He learned, after the affair was over, that the reports were caused by his friend at the outside of the jungle, who had flashed off some powder in order to be quite sure that the nipples of his rifle were clean.

"The two lieutenants were now hastening to his assistance, and he heard the welcome sound of feet approaching; but, unfortunately, they were in a wrong direction, as the lion was betwixt them and him. Aware that if his friends fired, the balls would hit him, after they had passed through the lion's body, Captain Woodhouse quietly pronounced, in a low and subdued tone, 'to the other side! to the other side!' Hearing the voice, they looked in the direction from whence it proceeded, and to their horror saw their brave comrade in his utmost need. Having made a circuit, they cautiously came up on the other side, and Lieutenant Delamain, whose coolness in encounters with wild beasts had always been conspicuous, from a distance of about a dozen yards, fired at the lion over the person of the prostrate warrior.

"The lion merely quivered; his head dropped upon the ground, and in an instant he lay dead on his side close to his intended victim."

The proof Mr. Waterton draws from this ever-memorable homo-leonine encounter, is not of the noble or generous nature of the Lion—but simply of the utility of lying quite still when we have the misfortune to be struck to the ground by an animal of the Cat Tribe.